

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget

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OCTOBER 6, 1954

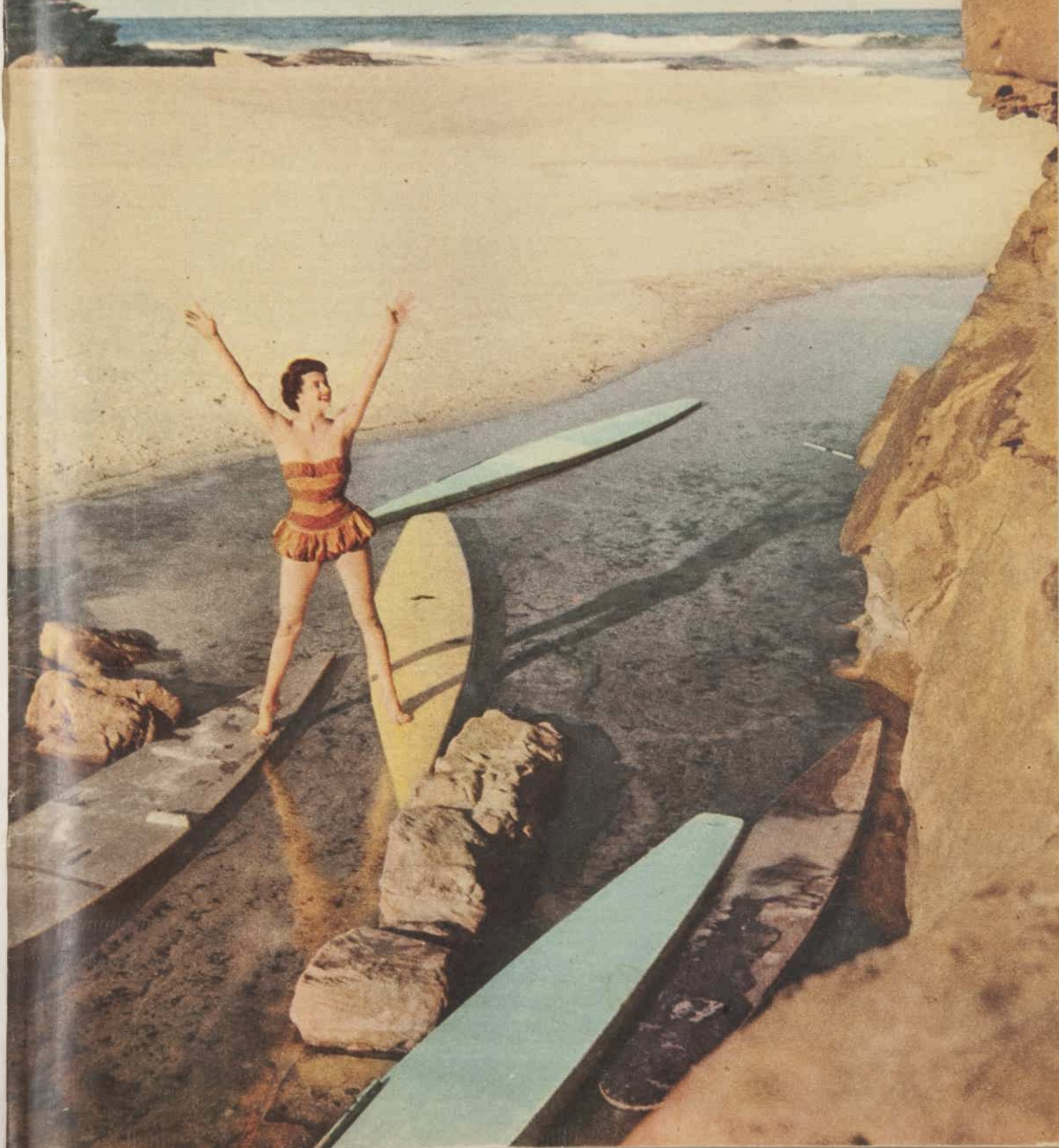
PRICE



The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week





In 1750

great, great, great
grandmother was simply
bursting with pride when
she showed off her
Glory Box to the girls!



Today, also, a girl is thrilled to have

Finlay's sheets

to show in her Glory Box;
so much beauty, such value!

This love of quality has passed from mother to daughter for over two hundred years; just the way Finlay's Sheets are often passed from one generation to another. They're famous for their long-wearing qualities and every pair bears Finlay's guarantee. Woven in the Highlands of Scotland from the best cotton, they have that treasured linen-finish. Choose white or six lovely pastels: blue, primrose, apricot, nil green, rose or dark rose. Look for the name Finlay's on the selvage!



FINLAY'S

FAMED LINEN-FINISH SHEETS

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

OCTOBER 6, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 19

PRINCESS WOULD BE WELCOME

SUGGESTIONS that Princess Margaret should be invited to Australia for the Olympic Games in 1956 have aroused much interest.

Whether the proposal will come to anything is still doubtful. The Duke of Edinburgh has already been invited by the chairman of the organising committee, the Minister for the Interior, Mr. Kent Hughes.

The country's affection for Royalty was demonstrated during the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh this year. A welcome is assured for any member of the Royal Family.

Australians would be glad to see Princess Margaret at any time. If she is unable to come for the Games, perhaps she could make a special visit.

There is probably no young woman in the world who arouses more interest than Princess Margaret.

As a member of the Royal Family she has the affection and respect of citizens of the British Commonwealth. As well, because she is young and attractive, she has the kind of glamor which invests film stars.

She is said to have a lively, inquiring mind, and she enjoys new places and new people.

For the Princess, it might be possible to lighten the ceremonial programme. It was natural enough during the Queen's tour that the accent was chiefly on formality, that the citizens she met were chiefly older members of the community whose inclusion on invitation lists was due to official position.

If Princess Margaret made a tour, perhaps a number of gay and more youthful entertainments could be included. She could be given a chance to see more of the remoter and picturesque parts of Australia.

In any case, whenever she comes, and however the tour is arranged, she can be certain of a loyal and delighted reception.

Our cover:

● The girl with the summery look on our cover is 19-year-old Jean Newington. Born in India of English parents, she came to Australia with them and her sister five years ago, and has done modelling work for two years. Photographer Laurie Le Guay took the picture at Tamarama Beach, Sydney.

This week:

● In this issue are color pictures of Australian flowers that few Australians see. They are the alpine flowers which, when the snow has melted and the skiers have departed, stud the uplands round Mt. Kosciuszko. Most of them are rare in Australia, and their closest relatives are to be found in the Swiss Alps and the White Mountains of the United States. The pictures were taken by two Sydney men, Mr. Allen Keast and Mr. N. Chaffer, of Roseville.

● A Press photographer's occupation presents an unusual problem in dress. He seldom knows from day to day whether he will be assigned to a fire or a garden party. When staff photographer Ernie Mann took the swimming and diving pictures on pages 22 and 23 he stood rather too close to a dive that went flat, showering him and his camera. After he had dried off the camera, he dried his clothes on the picture glazer in the darkroom.

● In our cookery section this week we begin a new feature: the special family dish — a recipe selected to provide an inexpensive, substantial meal. This week's dish costs 5/- or less, depending on the price of meat in your city. Some of the recipes in the series will be a little more expensive, but none should cost more than 10/- for ingredients.

Next week:

● Besides the second of our special family dish series, we have another new cookery feature beginning next week. This one is in the glamor bracket. A noted restaurateur, Tony, of the Colony Club, Sydney, is introduced in a color page showing some of the creations of his chef. Even if you are not an ambitious cook, you'll enjoy reading this series.

● Wonderful iron-on transfers—they're an absolute boon for the decoration of clothes and household linen. Unlike the old days, you don't have to spend hours embroidering the pattern; you simply iron on the color-fast motif you choose. In next week's paper we're featuring a page showing these iron-on transfers, which you will be able to buy. Sketches show suggestions for using them.

Letters from our readers

MRS. A. CRAIG (A.W.W.

September 29), who complains that the high price of meat is forcing her family to eat rissoles, should count her blessings. In most countries of the world, including the wealthy United States, she wouldn't be able to afford any meat at all.

Butcher's Wife (name supplied), Newtown, N.S.W.

THE rush for Davis Cup seats, which according to many people proves the great sportsmanship of Australians, seems to me to prove the very opposite. Where does sportsmanship come in sitting still for three days watching drilled robots bang tennis balls at each other? Not until we're doers, not lookers, can we claim to be a truly sporting nation.

(Miss) B. Grace, Ivanhoe, Vic.

ARE we to let the whim of a of a sensation-seeking dressmaker, Christian Dior, ruin our lives with his "H"-

line? We women of 1954 have won emancipation and freedom from unnatural fashions; we must not revert and become victims of vogue.

Ada Smith, Manly, N.S.W.

A COMPULSORY retirement age seems to me to be a bad thing. Are people too silly to decide when they should give up work? Everyone knows that some people are old at 55 and others spry

and capable at 70. Why not let people work while they can produce a doctor's certificate of fitness?

John Harris, Adelaide.

WHAT has happened to the mothers of Australia?

I bow my head with shame when I think of the children they raise now — teenagers who scream when Johnny Ray sings, who tear his clothes and seek his kisses. It is time the Government took over child-raising if women cannot train their children to be more stable emotionally.

J. Brugen, Carlton, Vic.

LONDON, I see, has two children's playgrounds with rubber surfaces to reduce injuries caused when children fall. When will Australia get round to this latest convenience? My children's knees are scarred and scratched from stony, rough playground surfaces.

Joan James, Camberwell, Vic.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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address.

Why Vitamin C is good for you

Vitamin C, found in fresh fruit and vegetables, is essential to the formation of strong bones and teeth in early life. Adults need it to build resistance to colds, flu, rheumatism and virus infections.

Tests overseas showed that children given a daily dose of 50 mgm. of Vitamin C were absent from school because of illness only half as often as children not receiving the Vitamin. This quantity is less than the Vitamin C content of one packet of Vit-O-Fruits.

For your children to receive this same quantity of Vitamin C from fruit and vegetables, it would be necessary for them to eat nearly 3½ lb. of fresh peas, beans, potatoes or tomatoes daily—remember that Vitamin C is destroyed by cooking or storing.

Get your essential daily intake of health-giving Vitamin C from delicious, lime-flavoured Vit-O-Fruits—the most healthful sweet you can eat. In addition to 70 mgm. of Vitamin C, Vit-O-Fruits contain cane sugar for energy and glucose to steady the nerves.



Since girlhood
grandma has
always insisted
on genuine

PHILIPS



HAY
FEVER

Secure complete and long
lasting relief by taking NEW
AMAZING

ANDOXIN

Available at all Chemists
"It takes the sting out of
spring."

The boys had many heroes to worship,
but never one quite like Merideth

The Character Actor

By ALAN W. ALLEN

SOFT and cool, the breeze stole along the canal bank, curling the tall grass, and starting a whispered conversation among the leaves. It was late spring, the sun shone, and a blue sky promised to keep it smiling.

Along the path an animated group of boys ran, skipped, then fell to walking again. They were full of that particular kind of happiness that comes only to boys on summer days. A natural feeling of complete freedom, a magic sense of elation that can never quite be recaptured.

Swimming togs swinging from their hands, they made for a low parapet bridge just ahead of them. The sun on the water glittered with lights of invitation, and the boys changed in joyous anticipation.

In the far distance the sound of the Church bell gently admonished their truancy.

Joseph Merideth Summers awoke with a start. He had been dozing into a world of Shakespeare, indeed, the audience were still shouting excitedly for an encore—or was it?—no—not by any stretch of imagination would an audience clap immersed in water.

He pulled a massive watch from his waistcoat pocket. The time was three-thirty. He had been asleep for one hour.

"Enough," he murmured. "Morpheus shall chain me no longer."

He relaxed a while. The seat gave a rustic comfort, and overhead the green canopy of leaves made a delightful shade.

He watched the brown figure of one of the boys as he poised on the curved stone of the bridge. It was an excellent dive.

Summers got to his feet, stretched, yawned once, and strolled to the water's edge.

"Greetings," he called as he drew near, "such graceful energy throws a challenge to Mercury himself." The boys looked up, startled. The rich voice boomed again. "Ah! fain would I weep on the fair shoulders of youth, for the dreams of yesteryear tantalise my eager soul."

Ginger's green eyes opened wide, the freckles chasing themselves on his face as he grinned.

"Jeepers!" he said.

David was polite, he was also impressed. "Good afternoon, sir," he said.

The rest gazed at the portly form of the beaming Mr. Summers.

William, who was nearly eight, and clearly the youngest of the boys, said suddenly, "You don't look sad!"

Mr. Summers fingered a flowing cravat. "Sad! My little friend, I am not sad."

William took in the dark suit, strange tie, and flowered waistcoat and the white hair fluffed out behind the ears.

"What do you want to weep on our shoulders for then?" he inquired.

The round, pink face chuckled. The boys, no longer resenting the intrusion, resumed their swimming.

David and William lingered. William's eyes were caught by the fob on the stranger's watch-chain, a bunch of silver acorns that glinted in the sun.

Greatly daring, David said, "Are you—are you an artist, sir?"

"You will go far my boy, for I see you are of a discerning nature—Joseph Merideth Summers, Actor and Gentleman, at your service."

"My name is David, this is William. Do you really act on the stage?"

Mr. Summers struck a pose, "The gala theatre," he said, "knows well my voice. Nightly battle do I give with my natural enemy the acoustics."

This was way above both the boys, but they liked the sound of it.

David was entranced, he had never met anyone like Mr. Summers before.

"It must be wonderful to be an actor, sir," he said reverently.

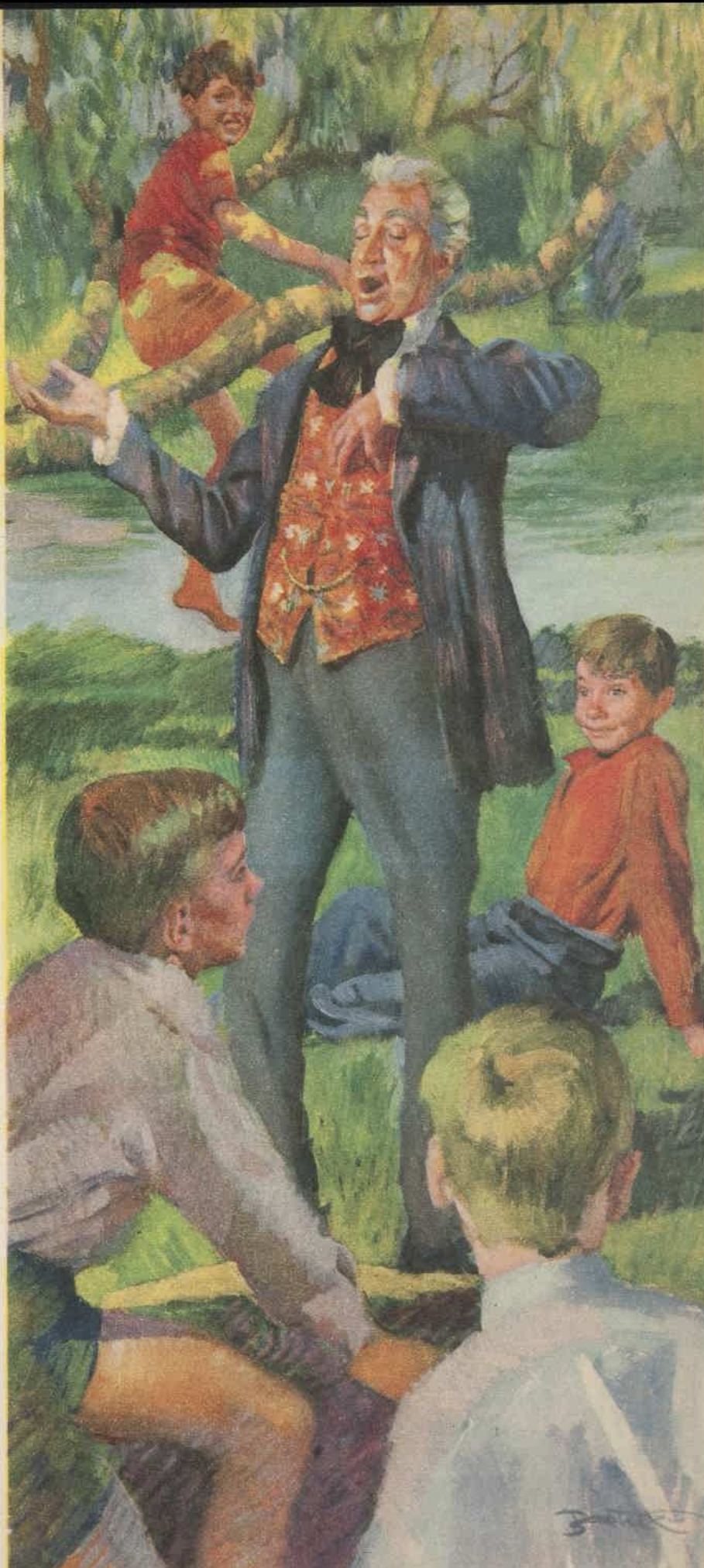
The boys had finished swimming and were now gathered round listening. Even the football was ignored, for here was a real actor.

Mr. Summers' blue eyes twinkled merrily, his audience was admiring, receptive, and very quiet.

"My soul is a stick of grease-

To page 92

Merideth, with his splendid oration, stirred the imaginations of the young friends gathered about him.



SYBIL CONNOLLY

World-acclaimed Irish designer

has chosen
'MOYGASHEL'

for so many of her fashions that call for linens of classic fineness; as in this finely-tucked blouse and superbly-draping Georgian-embroidered skirt.



Exciting fourth instalment of our fascinating
five-part serial

FALSE FACE

By VERA CASPARY

NINA REDFIELD, pretty art teacher, disappears on Hallowe'en after over a week of danger and sensational publicity.

Because she told police the whereabouts of the wanted murderer **BUSHIE NEAL**, others thought she must have information also about Neal's former colleague, **NICK BRAZZA**, known to have been her schoolgirl sweetheart. She was pestered by reporters, and by threats of blackmail and reprisals. A supposed insurance man who called answered the description of **JAKE LANDSOME**, a big "crime boss."

No one is more perturbed over Nina's disappearance than **PHILIP EVERCLYDE**, head of a committee formed to fight vice. More than half in love with her, he forms common cause with his rival, **DISTRICT ATTORNEY SHANNON**, in an attempt to find her.

Actually, all the time, Nina is with Nick. When he heard of the threats to her, he broke out of gaol, then turned up masked and hooded at her house, masquerading as her escort to the Hallowe'en party being given by her friend **FLO ALLAN**.

Against her better sense, Nina lets Nick take her to the remote retreat of **Oakheart**, a fantastically-elaborate place, once Nick's gambling salon, now in disuse. After dozing in what was once an office, she finds herself alone in the place. NOW READ ON:

THE voiceless wind grew stronger. The chill wrapped itself more firmly about Nina. Turning to face the cold she found light of a strange, milky hue. One of the velvet curtains had been pushed aside, the long window opened, timid light admitted. Free, thought Nina, and, forgetful of the cold, ran out on to the stone terrace.

In the old days there had been tables on this terrace, flowers in crystal bowls, a dance band. Someone watched her. In the tangled bushes lurked a creature with eyes.

The echo reached her before she knew she had screamed. There were footsteps behind her. She heard the window open. She was seized, lifted, carried back into the house.

"Never yell like that again!" Nick's voice was hard against her ear.

"Someone was here."

"Don't be such a little fool."

"Was there someone?"

"What've you got to worry about? I'm here to look after you." Before he would light a candle, he locked the long door and closed the curtains.

"Have you heard the good news?" asked Shannon cheerily.

"Good news?" It was only a few minutes past seven and Philip had been awakened by the telephone. Suddenly he recalled the meaning of good news.

"Has she been found?"

"We've got a lead. Nick Brazza's broken gaol."

"No! When?"

"No one's quite sure. A couple of prisoners reported seeing him on the grounds yesterday . . ."

"But she was missing yesterday. Perhaps he's gone to rescue her."

"On the other hand," Shannon said slowly, "the warden thinks he might have got out earlier. According to the records, he's both in his cell-block and the infirmary."

"Let me compliment the warden on the remarkable efficiency of his staff."

"Try running a big organisation!" retorted Shannon. "You'll discover that it's not such a cinch. But you ought to be pleased with the news, anyway. She's probably with Brazza now."

"What's so pleasant about that?"

The telephone magnified Shannon's laughter. "I beg your pardon. Have I touched a tender spot? But I consider

it good news because it's probable that she's alive."

"At least we won't have to go to Westfield," Philip said.

Every front page told of Nick Brazza's escape. Every radio newscaster announced it in bombastic tones. One person who could not hide his pleasure in the turn of events was William Halstead Rubble. To him the new sensation was pure gold. Morning papers had carried an advertisement:

ALISON BRIGHT

interviews

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS!

Hear Their Stories!

See Their Faces!

Once more your Girl Reporter brings you

Front Page Celebrities.

Tonight's Scoop!

Alison talks to:

THE MAN WHO FOUND NINA REDFIELD

missing Television Executive

W. Halstead Rubble,

Whose hitherto undisclosed information will shock

Press, Public, and Police.

HEAR HIM—SEE HIM

at 6 p.m.

Philip was at first angry, then aroused to action. He tried to reach Rubble on the telephone, but the line was engaged. Since Rubble's house was not far from his other destination, Philip drove to the Tevney cottage and burst in upon Rubble's hearty country breakfast.

"Will you kindly explain this?" Philip pushed the offensive advertisement across the waxed surface of an early American table.

Rubble smiled with becoming modesty. "Ordinarily I'd be the last to exploit myself on our programme. But since I happened to be on the spot, I consider it my duty to tell the public what I know. Alison's written a sensational interview. I advise you to listen."

"Have you actually any undisclosed information?"

"A bombshell."

"In that case, wouldn't it be your duty to report it to the authorities?"

"That's just what Mr. Shannon said," remarked Betsy Rubble, coming into the breakfast nook.

"So Shannon's talked to you?"

"He telephoned me as soon as he'd read the ad."

"Nothing gets by him, does it? What's your information, Rubble?"

The television executive shook his head.

"Shannon wouldn't mind your disclosing it to me. I'm Nina Redfield's attorney."

"Go on, Bill; this isn't Space Man in the 25th Century," said his wife.

"I happen to know that Nina isn't the victim of a trunk murder or cut to bits . . ."

Philip hastily set down his coffee cup and Mrs. Rubble interrupted, "You know nothing of the sort, Bill. All you know is that she wasn't carried off naked."

"It's the sensationalism of the newspapers we're fighting," Rubble explained.

"That nudity angle they're making such a fuss about. I happen to know Nina was fully clothed. Circumstances . . ."

"He means that Flo Allan sent him to bring Nina to her party. It was Hallowe'en and we were all in costume. That's why none of Nina's clothes were missing. And if you don't think, Bill, that you're not being as sensational as any newspaper . . ."

"Now, Betsy, let us look at facts."

Leaving the Rubbles to look at facts in their own cosy way, Philip drove across town, through the slums where Nick Brazza and Bushie Neal had grown up, over the railway bridge to a tidy, dull street behind a factory. He rang three times before he had an answer.

Presently a female voice bade him wait, and after a time the door opened and a woman's face, freshly made up, scrutinised him over a brass chain.

She had seen his car from the window and had run to her dressing-table to prepare herself for the meeting. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Are you Mrs. Malloy?"

She offered a smile and opened the chain.

"I'm Philip Everclyde, attorney for Miss Redfield."

The smile vanished. "What do you want with me?"

"I thought we might have a little talk before I file suit against you."

"Sue me?" Gracie Malloy was too





Cautiously, Philip began moving around the dark cabin, examining windows and shutters with his torch.

upset to disguise astonishment. "What for?" "Attempted extortion."

"Yeah?" She covered a faked yawn with a lary hand. "How much for?" "Ten thousand dollars."

The yawn ended. The hand fell. "Ten grand! If I had money like that, you think I'd have bothered with Nina?"

"Then I'm afraid I shall have to lodge a complaint against you. Blackmail and threats of assault."

"Maybe you'd better come in. Some of the neighbors get nosy."

She led Philip into a living-room furnished with couch, chairs, lamp, and cabinet in the time-payment style of modern design. Stretching her handsome body on the couch, she asked with artificial boredom, "What did I do wrong? Who had to stand being pushed around by a lot of fresh cops, Nina or me? I deserve my half of the five grand as much as any squealer and all I did was try to scare her into splitting with me. Is that so bad?"

"How much does your husband know of this?"

Shaven eyebrows rose. "Who thought of the angle? And who was always ringing her number and not talking? If you want to put anyone in gaol for blackmail, you'll be doing me a favor."

"When you attempted to obtain money you mentioned certain facts which you believe my client wished to remain secret."

"I know she didn't want 'em-written up in the papers."

"These facts concern her friendship with Nick Brazza."

"She told you that?"

"Miss Redfield's not so stupid that she'd conceal information from her attorney." The more pompous he became, the more easily Philip could intimidate Gracie. "I have heard the complete story of the incident at The Cushion and if it was on such evidence that you hoped to base your extortion, I do feel sorry for you, Mrs. Malloy."

"Just the same she wouldn't want it talked about."

"Haven't we all made mistakes in our youth?" Philip waited until Gracie acknowledged this with a rueful nod. "But such things are hardly the basis for blackmail."

"What's the use of threatening me now?" pouted Gracie as she rose and came towards him. "With Nina turning down the reward, what could I get out of it, anyway?"

"Five years in gaol for attempted extortion with no extenuating circumstances." Philip walked towards her. "This is very serious, I assure you. Unless Miss Redfield returns home alive and without injury, your conduct will be regarded as sinister and suspicious."

"You think I got anything to do with that?" squealed Gracie. "I wouldn't kidnap Nina and have her on my hands if there was nothing else between me and starvation."

"I am not accusing you of being party to the abduction, but it is obvious that you know more than you've told."

"So help me, I don't know any more than you about it."

"Do you know any of Bushie's pals?"

"It was over a year since I saw Bushie till last Thursday."

"Did Bushie tell you anything about Nick Brazza?"

"He was only here long enough to brag about himself when the police busted in."

"Why did he come here?"

"You don't know Bushie. Every so often he'd come around to show off he was better than my husband. I wish I didn't go for him so hard, honest I do."

Philip pulled her towards him. For a moment she thought this had been inspired by her coquetry, but when she saw how solemn he was, she became alarmed. "What are you trying to do to me?"

"I want the truth about that incident at The Cushion."

Behind the make-up Gracie's color drained away. She tried to show bravado. "If Nina's told you everything, what do you want from me?"

Nina had told him nothing. It was from the official file on Nick Brazza that Philip had learned of Nick's having been named as a suspect in the shooting of Tootsie Martinson, then owner of the Oakheart Club. Nick had been released when he furnished an alibi. The alibi had not been named, but Philip had learned from Shannon that Grace McHenry had sworn an affidavit that she spent the entire Sunday of the shooting with Nick Brazza at a place called The Cushion.

When Philip had mentioned the Martinson shooting, Nina had become confused and raised both hands to cover her blushes. Gracie had gone pale, pale.

"Perjury's involved."

It was a shot in the dark, but it hit the bull's eye.

"So Nina told you that?"

"She's too smart to hide the truth from her lawyer," lied Philip.

"I thought she didn't know."

"Naturally she knew, if she was involved."

"What a rat!" Gracie raised her right hand as though to strike the rat. "Though I don't like talking evil of the dead."

"Who?"

"Her old man. Didn't she tell you that part

To page 10

DIXIE DEBS...

FIVE FOR FUN!



you'll love

Dixie Debs

COMFORT BUILT CASUALS

AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD SHOE STORES ★ MADE BY HOLDCROFT BROS. PTY. LTD., SOUTH AUST.

If you love shoes and your feet love freedom—you're the girl for Dixie Debs! Sparkling, imaginative fashions that will go to your feet in the shape of fun to come. However you spend your time—lazy days basking in the summer haze, or strenuous hours in the shimmering sun, you'll be comfortable, confident that Dixie Debs underscore your prettiest, smartest outfits. Yes—Dixie Debs are a smart girl's idea of heavenly transportation.

Illustrated are but five of the many thrilling styles and colours available. See the complete range at your favourite shoe store.

Dixie Debs Introducing the "Junior"—styled and made for particular young ladies!



It's a wise man who learns early in life that...

You can't have everything

By **ROBERT SHECKLEY**

ILLUSTRATED BY BROADHURST

AFTER Albuquerque, Route 66 is flat and hot. It shoots like a searing pain through the Mojave Desert, into southern California. Route 66 is a road that knows where it's going.

I knew where I was going, too. My gas tank was full, and I had a water-bag strapped to my front bumper. The radio wasn't working, of course, and the air was like the kiss of a blast furnace.

On top of that, I was lonely. But it didn't matter. I was on my way to Alaska, Hawaii, Tahiti—or any other place you could name.

Then I saw the hitchhiker. He was standing on the shoulder of the road, ninety miles from nowhere. He wore a dark suit, and he was carrying a worn, brown suitcase.

I was fifty yards past him before I could stop. He came up to my car at a full sprint, evidently afraid I might change my mind.

"Didn't anyone tell you not to get dumped in the middle of a desert?" I asked him.

He got in and leaned back, catching his breath. "Man picked me up outside of Albuquerque," he said, "took me out here, then turned off to some Indian village in the desert. Said he was a schoolteacher."

"You'll learn," I said. I judged that he was about twenty-two, only a few years younger than I. He was a big guy with neat features and

carefully combed hair. "You sound like a New Yorker," I said.

"That's right."

"Going far?" I asked him.

He didn't answer for a moment.

Then he said, "Yeah. California, I guess."

I liked him right off, probably because he reminded me of myself four years ago. I'd wanted to travel, too, and yet I'd been scared—leaving my home and girl and job.

When people asked me, I hadn't been able to tell them where I was going or what I was going to do once I got there. But I went. I travelled and worked all over the country, and, except for scenery, one place was about like another.

We drove all day without talking much. I gave him a turn at the wheel and took a nap. Then I drove again. When we stopped for gas we got in the shade and had some pop, and he said, "Are you going through Pasadena?"

"Sure," I said. "Want to get off there?"

"I'm not sure," he said. "I know some people in Pasadena and I thought maybe I'd drop in and say hello. But I don't know if I should."

"Why not?"

"Well, they moved out here from New York three years ago and they probably wouldn't remember me."

"Might as well try them for a free meal," I said.

The sun was almost down when we got started again, and the desert was beginning to cool off. "If you don't mind my asking," he said, after we had been driving a while, "where are you going?"

"I don't mind. Alaska, first."

He said, "Gee! Why?"

"I've never been there. Haven't you ever wanted to go to a place you've never been to?"

After a long pause he said, "I'd kinda like to see them myself."

"Okay, come along," I said.

"I don't have much money."

"You can work. I've done everything, everywhere. In Alaska maybe I'll chop trees or pull a fishing-net or wash dishes. If you're not afraid of hard work you can be your own man anywhere in the world," I said. I left out the loneliness. He could find that out for himself.

"You'd take me along?"

"Why not, if you want to come? I figure on selling the car, going up to Alaska, and then working a tramp to Hawaii. Spend some time there and then ship for Tahiti."

He was impressed. But he still didn't accept.

And then I knew what his trouble was. "Is she very pretty?" I asked.

"What?"

"That girl in New York." He didn't answer, which was answer enough. "I figured that was it," I said. "But believe me, it can't be helped. I left a pretty nice girl in New York—a nurse. I suppose she's married by now."

"Are you ever sorry?" he asked me cautiously.

"Sure. But you can't have everything. I chose the road."

We were both quiet then. I suppose he was thinking about his girl, and I was remembering mine. We had been nearly engaged, but I had the travelling fever.

One night I wrote her a long, incoherent letter about how much I loved her and how I had to travel. I tossed a bag in my car and set out. A thousand miles from home I had almost turned back. Almost.

My friend sat quiet for a long time, staring ahead into the darkness. Finally he sighed and leaned back. "I'd like to stop in Pasadena first," he said.

"Suit yourself," I said. He wanted to have his last look at familiar faces, his last taste of normality before the big jump. I didn't blame him.

It was morning when we got to Pasadena. He hadn't spoken for hours, except to give me his friends' address. Now he smoked and stared out of the window, not seeing anything.

"Well, here we are," I said, stopping the car.

"Wait for me," he said.

The house was small. There were two middle-aged people sitting in metal chairs on the front lawn, soaking up the California sunshine. They both stood up when they saw him. "Why, Roy Ellison!" the man said, getting up.

"Roy!" his wife said. "Whatever are you doing out here?"

"Well, I was just passing through," he said unhappily, jamming his hands into his pockets. "I just thought I'd—"

The front door opened and a girl



came out with a tray of cold drinks. She was about nineteen and pretty, if you like blondes. "Roy!" she said, and the tray slipped out of her hands and crashed on the porch floor. She just stood there staring at Roy Ellison.

"I was just passing through," he said, with desperation in his voice. "I just thought I'd drop by for old times' sake—"

"You're staying, aren't you?" the girl asked.

"Well, I don't know," Roy said, glancing back at me.

"You're staying," she said firmly. They looked at each other. Then they began to smile.

I slipped the car quietly into gear, but Roy remembered me. Hand in hand, he and the girl walked over. "This is a friend of mine," Roy said.

"Won't you come in and have something to drink?" the girl asked, and then blushed, remembering she had dropped the tray.

"I've got a long way to go," I said. I leaned out of the window and punched Roy on the arm, winked at the girl, and started the motor.

"Roy!" exclaimed the girl, staring at him while the tray slipped from her hands.

What an idiot he was, I told myself, gripping the steering-wheel very tightly. This was the New York girl—moved to California! He'd hitchhiked three thousand miles just to find out if she was married or engaged or in love with someone else... What an idiot he was.

But it was no use. The loneliness had swallowed me now, and I knew that, except for scenery, Alaska, Hawaii, and Tahiti were the same as Indiana and Ohio and Pennsylvania. All places were the same.

I slowed the car and made a sloppy, four-corner turn. But going back to New York was a terrifying thought. What if she were married, engaged, or in love with someone else? I would just have to find out the hard way.

I had three thousand miles to go, but I detoured around the girl's block. I didn't want Roy to see me going back, after all I had said.

(Copyright)



Everybody's Two People



By **NORMA MANSFIELD**

I began about two o'clock in the morning when Bill woke to hear this whanging on his door, bam, bam, bam. For a minute or two he thought the whole thing was going on in his head, one of those dreams you dream you're dreaming. But there it was again, bam, bam, bam!

"Open up," a hoarse voice said. "Open up. Police."

There was a full moon beyond the window, casting a frosty eye on the litter of Bill's one-room apartment. He never wasted time picking things up. The moon revealed the clock, and the clock said two a.m.

Bill yawned and rolled over and thought what a dismal world it was where a drunk could wake a sober man in the name of the law.

"Open up! Open up!" That hoarse voice bellowing this time. A rough hand was shaking his doorknob.

"Go away," Bill said wearily. "You've got the wrong house." But the clamor continued, and Bill got sick of it and jumped out of bed and headed for the door, his bare toes curling back in horror from the cold boards slapping past beneath his feet.

"Listen," Bill said, yanking the door open and offering mayhem with his doubled fist.

Three policemen stood there, waiting for him. One of them thrust a blue arm towards the light switch while the other two came on in and looked at what there was to be seen as though they were in a bargain basement.

Bill stood there, naked to the waist the way he always slept, getting colder and angrier with every breath he drew.

"Have you been asleep?" the big red-headed policeman said.

"Not since you got here with your little hatchet."

"Smart, eh?" This from the one who was about Bill's size, short, chunky.

"Have you got a gun in here?" the red-head, Sullivan, said.

"No," Bill said. "I sleep with my tomahawk. Have you lost your gun?"

"Listen," Sullivan said patiently, "there's a lot of people I've got to talk to night after night. Tonight it happens to be everybody on this floor, and maybe some on the one below. You don't like being hauled out of bed at this time of night, and I don't like doing it to you. Get a dressing-gown on. You're turning blue. What I'm asking you is, did you know the old lady living next door to you here, name of Adkins, Dora Adkins?"

"I know her," Bill said. "I almost got her lured down to the lake for drowning one day, but I found out she knows how to swim."

"Oh? She made trouble for you?"

"She's a screecher," Bill said. "I'm sitting here studying and she goes down the hall to use the telephone and she screeches, 30 minutes, 40 minutes, one hour. When there's nobody else to talk to she's screeching at the elevator boy, Lufe. He's seventy-two and he's patient. I'm not."

Sullivan cut him off.

"Did you hear a shot tonight?"

"No," Bill said, he hadn't. He was beginning to wake up and he reached for his coat, slung over a chair, to find his packet of cigarettes. With his coat in one hand he turned back to Sullivan.

"Shot?" he said.

"The old lady's dead," Sullivan said. "Somebody shot her, right next door here. And you didn't hear it happen?"

"Never heard a thing," Bill said. "But I had my earplugs in when I went to bed. I do that, sometimes, forget 'em, take them out later in my sleep."

"Earplugs?" the short, squat officer said. "What sort of earplugs?"

So Bill found the little pink plugs he used in his ears and passed them round for inspection.

"They're the only thing I've found that'll keep Dora's screech from penetrating. You have to moisten them," he said to Sullivan, "stick them in and screw them round."

"Are you a student?" Squatty said. Bill said he was.

Sullivan, leaning forward, tapped his arm.

"Say something loud," he said.

Presently he pulled the plugs from his ears.

"You can hear through those things," he said. "Not much, but a bit. You could hear a shot."

"Not if you were asleep," Bill said. After a while they told him to stay close to his room, there were some other people to talk to. Then they eased out through the door one at a time, closing it quietly behind them.

Bill started looking for a cigarette. He was lighting it when he heard sounds again near the door, and he turned round thinking maybe Squatty



Bill was determined to hate everyone, even charming little blondes. But Vanessa had a very different outlook on life... Besides, she reasoned, she and Bill had a mutual interest... they were both suspects in the same murder

wanted to try the earplugs this time. But it wasn't Squatty. It was a girl.

"Well," he said. "Tiddlywinks."

This girl was wrapped from head to foot in a small and dainty flannel kimono with a ruffle at the neck and a belt tied round the middle. Her blond hair was fixed in curls held there with two thousand bobby pins, and she was carrying a paper bag, a brown paper bag.

"I ate only two doughnuts for dinner, so I had some left over," she said. "And I brought some milk, if you have glasses. Coffee keeps me awake. Does it bother you?"

"Nothing bothers me," Bill said, "except people. I don't like people, policemen, blondes."

"Did you like Dora?" the girl said. She was noticeably polite. Washing two glasses at his sink she was noticeably tidy, too.

"Who did?"

He had no time in his life for women, probably never would have. He was making his own way as well as he could and he didn't want help or interference from anybody. He was hungry, however. He was always hungry.

"I tried to like her," the girl said, "but I never did get acquainted with both of her. I haven't lived here very long, about 10 days. I'm straight across the hall from Dora. You didn't know that, probably, but I've seen you coming and going sometimes."

With this mouth full of doughnut Bill said, "What'd you just say? Both of her? What do you mean by that?"

"These doughnuts aren't very good, are they? Why, I mean everybody is two people. You know that, don't you? Two people and sometimes more than two people... The you I'm talking to now, for instance, probably isn't the you you are at all. Maybe the real you does like people, only this other

you is surely all the time so people won't find out. Humans are queer, aren't they?" She sighed.

So did Bill. First a murder, now a nut. "Are you going to eat that other doughnut?" he said. "No use wasting it. What did you say your name is?"

"Vanny," she said, "for Vanessa. Vanessa Price, and I'm a suspect, too." She smoothed the garment covering her knees. "I thought, both of us being suspects, we might be able to help each other."

"Now, wait," he said, "I don't want help from anybody. My uncle had me pushed off on him when I was a kid, and he never let me forget it. I'm not going to help you," he said, "and nobody else will, either. I learned fast." He could feel the old anger swelling up inside him again.

"I've been paying my own way ever since I was old enough to work. I'm doing all right, too. I don't want help," Bill said, "from anybody."

She leaned towards him, her eyes as bright as sapphires.

"That isn't you talking," she told him calmly. "At least, it isn't the real you."

Bill stood up.

"You'd better go on home."

"I expect you're pretty tired," she said. "I am, too, a little. I am a typist at Penney's downstairs store." She washed the glasses again, dried them. "You ought to clean things up in here. This is a mess," she said.

"You ought to mind your own business," Bill said. "The real me likes things this way." And he washed the milk bottle himself and shoved it at her and started her towards the door, the pink flannel of her kimono making a soft little shushy noise as she moved. "You can get yourself into a lot of trouble, nosing round."

At the door she stopped short suddenly,

and he found his hands full of her for a startled moment. He backed away.

"I've got to find out who did the murder," Vanny said.

"What for?" he said. "What good will that do you?"

"My reasons," she said, with dignity, "are purely personal."

Bill didn't care. He was glad to get the door locked behind her and to crawl back into his bed, which was cold by this time. The moon had shifted round until it was leering right into his face, and 40 questions leaped into his head and went round and round like popcorn in a machine, firing first from this corner and then from that.

He couldn't sleep. He hadn't asked Vanny if she'd heard the shot. He should have done that. And he should have asked Sullivan when the murder had occurred and whether they'd taken Dora away. He tried feeling sorry for her for a minute or two, but he wasn't a hypocrite. It was a miracle she'd survived all this she had.

Presently he began thinking that murder was an ugly word, even meeting out justice to Dora. Murder was committed by a murderer, and murderers had a nasty way of committing the same act twice when people started looking for them. Vanny was already looking for the murderer. Well, let her. Was it his business?

Presently he got up and switched on his light and began an angry survey of his room. Up here on the top floor the apartments were shrunk to the size of his pocketbook, which was why he lived here. It hardly seemed worth while picking things up, but it gave him something to do.

Dora's death was murder all right, but who'd have the nerve to walk in on her and pop off a gun a couple of times in the middle of the night, with people sleeping in rooms all up and down the hall. Unless the elevator had been going when the shots were fired. The elevator made a considerable clatter, going up and down, and the elevator was across the hall from Dora's. It was beside Vanny's corner room, but it seldom ran after midnight, weekdays.

Obviously a nut had killed the old lady. Vanessa Price was the only nut Bill knew.

Bill worked in the afternoons in a pharmacy. The man he worked for, Gavin Polk, used pharmacy students when he could, and when business was slack he did a good deal of talking to them. He had an idea that anybody with average brains could graduate in pharmacy, but it took a man of special gift to be a good pharmacist.

That next afternoon, it came to Bill that Gavin Polk might be able to give him advice. Polk was a tall thin man with a balding head and a chronic stoop, but his special gift in pharmacy was understanding people. He always knew why they did what they did.

Bill told the story. Polk had read some of it in the papers and he listened to the rest of it with solemn attention.

"Wanted you to clean up your room?" he said at last. He looked at Bill through his unrimmed spectacles, his tired eyes bright with speculation. "That's what she said? She wanted you to clean your room. Aren't the police going to wonder when they come back and see your room all cleaned up?"

Bill shrugged. "Why should they? A man's got a right to have a tidy room. But don't worry, what that girl wants me to do and what I'll do are two quite different things," he added aggressively.

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Polk soothingly. "But I just wanted to warn you. You're always such an impulsive young man."

Bill snorted. "Not as impulsive as that blonde," he said, "bursting into a man's room like that."

He thought about it for the rest of the afternoon and was still pondering over Vanessa when he walked slowly home from the pharmacy to the building where once... here Bill sighed... life had been so peaceful... no murders, no strange blondes, no police.

And as it to strengthen his regrets there were policemen in the dingy hall when Bill stepped out on the top floor. There were people talking to policemen and policemen talking to people; someone wanted to move out, but the police liked having everyone nestled down right here. That was all right with Bill, so long as he could nestle down alone.

He opened his door and walked in to find Vanessa Price cooking hamburgers on his stove. She was wearing a dress covered by a capacious white apron, and her hair was a silky yellow froth all over her head.

He clapped the door shut and stood, letting fury build up in him before he spoke. So she had the first word.

"It's almost ready," she said, "if you'll wash your hands. And I don't think you should go away and leave your door unlocked. Dora always left her door unlocked because of fire, and look what happened to her. You tidied up, didn't you?"

She swept her bright blue glance over the premises.

"I like a man who accepts suggestion," Vanny said, "although I felt a little timid last night about speaking."

"Like fun you did," Bill said.

She surveyed him calmly.

"You aren't used to someone like me who's only one people. Most people you know are two people, like you. But I found out it isn't much harder to be one people than to be two people. All you do is stop pretending. Do you like hamburgers well done?"

"I don't like hamburgers," Bill began, and paused because it occurred to him he didn't have to lie, he could tell the absolute truth and still be insulting.

"I don't like finding you here. This is my place," he said.

She nodded. "I didn't think you would. I hope these buns are still warm. They were just out of the oven at the bakery. Shall I sit over here? Do you usually sit over there? I thought you'd be angry, but the police talked to me again today, and I thought I ought to tell you what I told them because they're going to ask you about it."

The hamburgers were tastier than Bill's, although he was outstaying himself with hamburgers.

"Have a little of the broccoli," Vanny said. "I don't like it much myself, but it's a pretty color. I told them about hearing your door last night, round midnight."

"So what? I went to the bathroom."

"Then I heard it again, at twelve-fifteen."

"I came back," Bill said triumphantly, "from the bathroom. Where are we now?"

"Dora was shot between twelve and twelve-fifteen," Vanny said, and bit into her bun.

It made Bill thoughtful. It made him very thoughtful. Between twelve and twelve-fifteen, then, any nut — Vanny, for instance — could have stepped into Dora's room and popped off a couple of shots, and stepped out again while Bill, Dora's closest neighbor, was beyond earshot, in the community bath.

"So you heard the shots?" he said. Smart, he thought.

Vanny looked at him blandly.

"I heard something," she said. "That's why I looked out to see if a cable had snapped on the elevator, only it hadn't. The elevator was there, with the door propped open the way people sometimes leave it when they're going to use it right away again. I'll try a little catsup on this other half, please. The elevator was there. It was dark. There was somebody in it."

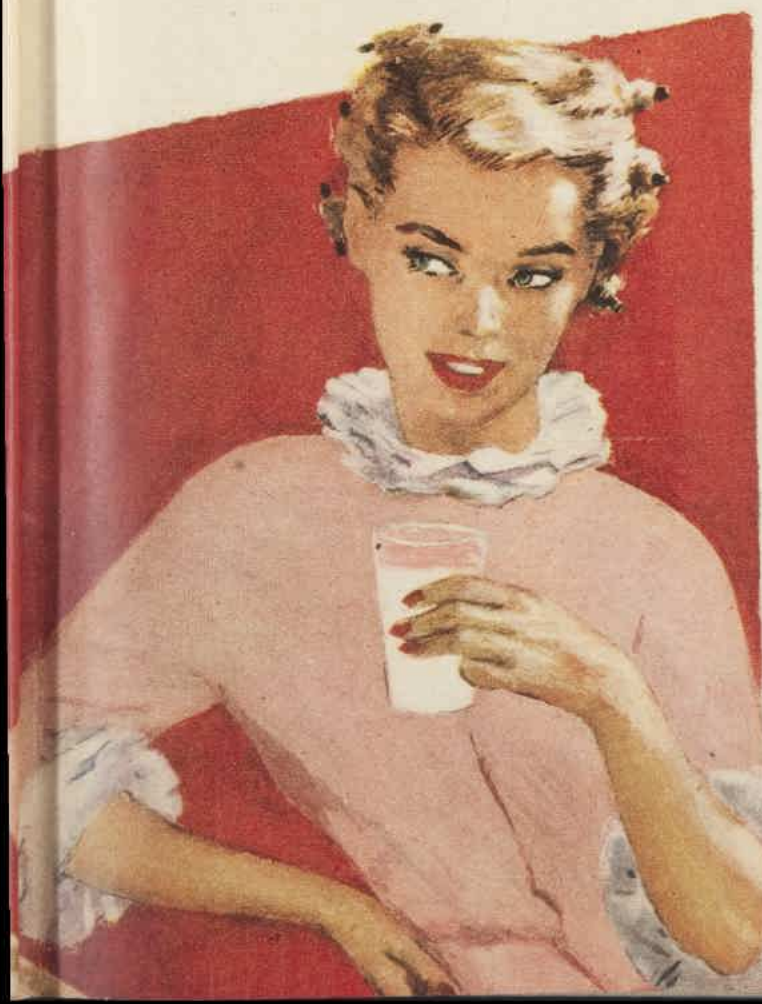
Bill jumped. That bland look again from Vanny's big blue eyes.

"How do you know there was somebody in it?" he said.

She was superbly composed.

"It was breathing," she said. She hadn't waited, she said, to pull a kimono over her nightgown, so she had gone back into her room, and presently the elevator had started

To page 93



"That isn't you talking," Vanessa told Bill calmly, as she leaned towards him. "At least, it isn't the real you."

"Far whiter than last week...Look! I've just tried PERSIL"



"MY CURIOSITY WON" says Mrs. McIvor of Drummoyno, Sydney.

"Being naturally curious, I thought I'd try this Persil which I've read so much about. I did. Oh my, what a difference! My Persil wash was so much whiter."

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PERSIL WASHES WHITER!

P.109.WW143g

of it? How he promised nobody'd ever know? Not even her, he said. He must have paid plenty of people to hush it up. I heard he sold some of his oil paintings. Nina's name was never brought in. That's what happens when your family's got money or oil paintings. Your reputation's holy."

"How much did you get for saying you'd been with Nick that Sunday?" Another shot in the dark, but now Philip knew his target.

"Seven hundred and seventy dollars."

The odd amount suggested compromise. Philip did not like to think of the haggling that had gone on over Nina's reputation. He vented his distaste upon Gracie. "For seven hundred and seventy dollars you perjured yourself."

"I wish I'd never seen the dough. If I hadn't put down payments on a new car and this furniture, Malloy'd never have made me an honest woman."

"A perjurer can hardly call herself that."

"You're not going to bring that up now? It'd be just as bad for Nina as for me. That's what my husband said when he thought up this angle."

"But Nina hasn't perjured herself. She wasn't even party to it, knew nothing about it."

"But the whole world'll know she went with him to The Cushion."

"What is The Cushion?"

"A place."

"What kind of place?"

"Well, you know, a place. Kind of a hunting place. The boys used to go there from Sutton when they were on honor. Nick was crazy about it; he was always going there, camping and spending nights in the cabin. He'd hunt and fish, too."

"And take girls there?"

"I never went there with him."

"Where is it?"

"In the country some place. How would I know where? A country dump."

"Did you ever go there with Bushie?"

"He always did the driving."

"You must know where it is."

"I'm not the type who looks at scenery."

"In what direction? Near Lake Chatham?"

"Beyond. Much farther."

"Close to Sutton, isn't it?"

"I never went to Sutton. It's a boy's place."

Her reluctance irritated Philip. He could not believe her indifferent to a place visited passionately and often, and he came to the conclusion that she thought evasion would protect her. "You're not trying very hard to help yourself. If I were in your situation, I'd be more co-operative."

"How can it help my situation to blab to you?"

"An extortion suit would be bad enough, but if you're convicted of perjury, your hair'll be grey by the time you get out."

"If I tell you anything, what proof have I got that you won't blab?"

"No proof at all," he said blandly. "But if you don't co-operate, you'll be served with a subpoena tomorrow. And if you do"—he watched the

Continuing... False Face

from page 5

shrewd and eager look rise in her eyes—"you'll find it handy to have a good lawyer. One who won't send you a bill."

"What've I got to lose?" sighed Gracie. "You know everything except where The Cushion is, and I wasn't lying when I said I didn't remember. All I can tell you is that its name isn't really The Cushion; that's what the boys called it on account of the way the hill goes up like a pillow. It's a part of a place called the Cushing Estate."

Nick stood beside the bed. "Sorry to disturb you, but someone's coming. I thought I ought to tell you before you get all hot and bothered again."

On the terrace outside her window there was movement, dragging, irregular, cut into shuffling sounds. In Nick's pocket the gun bulged.

Nina ran to the window, but she was afraid to draw the curtain. The thick folds of highly piled velvet seemed more of a protection than the locks of the glass doors. Anyone could break a pane, thrust in his hand and turn the key. She had often seen this in the movies.

Nick went into the hall and Nina, once more wrapped in the brown cape, followed on tiptoe. The curtain had been drawn aside, the glass door opened.

A creature bounded into the room awkwardly. He was neither old nor young but had never been either. His head, balanced on a wry neck, fitted his body badly and in moving he slapped his limbs about as if he were unsure of their intentions. At sight of Nick his whole body wriggled. He uttered a few grunts.

"Hi, Andy. How's the kid?"

Nick asked genially. Out of the side of his mouth he told Nina, "Don't be scared. He's a half-wit. Couldn't hurt a fly."

"But if you're afraid to have anyone know you're here," faltered Nina, shrinking as the creature came closer. "Besides, he might talk."

"He can't. Not so people understand. And he could bring us stuff from the store. You're my pal, aren't you, kid?"

The kid's chin and cheeks spouted a grey stubble. Andy pawed Nick eagerly. Nick took it without shinking. Stupid people like Bushie Neal irritated him, but he had the Latin's tenderness for the sick and crippled. Patiently he waited for words to form in Andy's formless mind and to be ejected by the uncertain mouth.

The dirty paw circled vaguely and came at last to rest in the direction of the fireplace. "Moke."

"Yes, you saw the smoke and knew someone was here. That's great. You're a smart boy, Andy." And to Nina, added, "That's probably who you saw watching last night. He's like an animal, can sit and look for hours."

Andy stared at Nina. At length a light dawned in the foggy eyes. "Wipe?"

"Uh-huh," said Nick quickly.

"You got it, Andy. My wife. We're on our honeymoon. You understand that?"

Certain elemental instincts were alive in Andy. His body wagged like a dog's tail.

"It's very secret and we don't want anyone to know we're here. No one at all, Andy."

"Titter?"

"Not even your sister. And I'm going to give you a list of things to get for us at the store. If they ask you what they're for, Andy, say the groceries are for your sister."

"Titter," Andy repeated as he took the list and stumbled away.

"Poor, poor creature," sighed Nina. "You think it's safe if he knows?"

"Andy'd never squeal on me. He's not smart, but he's loyal."

"What makes you so sure?"

"When I had the place here he hung around all the time. Followed me like a dog. There's something about me, I guess—dogs and dumb-bells never stop loving me."

"Thank you," said Nina.

"Don't be like that." She had turned back towards her room, but Nick caught her by the arm. "Honey, it's wonderful being here with you. Like a dream... even better than The Cushion."

She pulled away, unwilling to let him sense heat and tremor. "But we can't stay. We've got to get away. It's ridiculous."

"But perfect. The second perfect time in my life. Remember the other?"

"Why do you always have to talk about it?"

Nick said gently, "I like to remember the good things that happen to me even if bad comes later. It was so pretty that day. Was there ever a place like The Cushion? No body but you and me there, and the birds."

His voice dropped to reverence. "Like in church, and too brook, that was flute music and the wind like violins in the trees. We talked about getting married."

She sat on a pouf, spreading the velvet of her mother's cape about her legs so that their bareness and the thin nylon petticoat should be concealed. "And you promised to go straight. Remember that part of it?"

"I'm not forgetting. And not about your father either, how he was willing to say yes."

"But you... you..." The rage and humiliation of those days came alive within her. She remembered endless scenes with her father, for upon her cheeks the dampness of pillowcases, ached with hopelessness. "You couldn't go straight. You thought you were tough, but you weren't tough enough to resist that easy money."

"I meant to, but certain things happened."

"Is that another alibi?" she cried, hurt at fresh disappointment.

Nick studied the pattern of the Chinese rug and, without

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUI

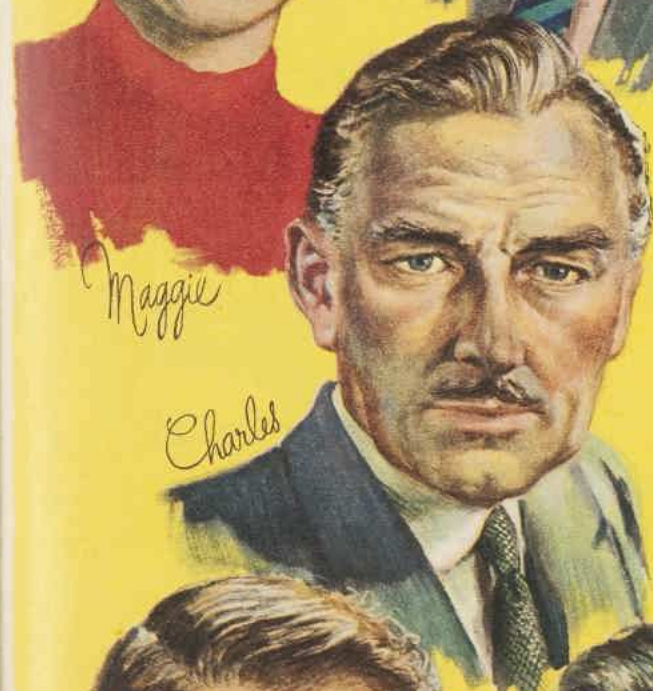
Love is a lonely thing

Romantic two-part serial—Part 1

BY FLORENCE JANE SOMAN



Steven



Charles



Iris



Louise



Dorothy

MAGGIE awoke early to a room that was still thick with shadow. She could hear Julia, the girl who lived with her, breathing evenly in sleep on the other side of the bed. There was no other sound but an occasional truck in the distance, its motor whining into life and then dying out again.

For a moment she was caught up in a sense of the unfamiliar; the shape of things was strange.

And then a shadow lifted and she saw the small dressing-table against the wall, and on top of it the jumble of perfume bottles and small china animals.

The sight of them pulled all the unrelated factors in the room together as it on strings until there was the familiar whole again and she knew instantly what day it was and felt a sudden bright flash inside her so sharp that she closed her eyes.

I'm going to see Charles today, she thought.

She lay very still and all of her was light and happy as she began to dream that she was going to Europe with Charles.

Charles was divorced and they were married and leaving on their honeymoon. She saw the bright flags fluttering in the wind, and the people waving and shouting, and herself and Charles moving up the gangplank with Charles holding her arm, looking handsome and remarkably young despite his greying hair, and two people near the railing nudging each other and whispering: "Do you know who that is? Charles Hallowell, the writer. Isn't he stunning? That must be his new wife."

Maggie opened her eyes. Don't be ridiculous, she told herself. This affair with Charles wasn't going to lead to marriage. It was something that flared into beauty and brilliance and then died out again.

But, perversely, a part of her still floated away with the wonderful dream of Charles and the honeymoon to Europe, and finally, as if to knock it out of her head, she got out of bed—very carefully, so that she wouldn't wake Julia—and padded out of the room in her nightgown on her bare feet.

It was a ground-floor apartment. Moving out of the bedroom with its high windows which faced the dilapidated square of garden in the back, Maggie reached the living-room, which was so tiny that it seemed to be all fireplace, with room only for a daybed sofa opposite and an outside leather chair.

It was a queer apartment, Maggie knew as she moved towards the window. But its queerness was somehow gay and young. Unconventional. She liked that.

This house was old, really old; the floorboards creaked and the ceiling slanted and the outside hall was floored with ancient flagstones. The house, Maggie and Julia thought, had atmosphere. And this more than made up for the wretched kitchenette and the tiny rooms and the noise from the night club next door.

In the living-room, Maggie looked around her and tried to imagine Charles there, at a party, sitting on the floor. The vision made her uncomfortable enough, but when she pictured

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FOR YOU....

All the Leg Glamour of a Film Star

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Cyd Charisse, star of M.G.M. colour film . . . "Brigadoon", says: "Soft, misty nylons spell leg loveliness."



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Ava Gardner, star of M.G.M. colour film . . . "Knights of the Round Table", says: "Keep that soft, misty glamour right down to your toes."

Esther Williams, star of M.G.M. colour film . . . "Jupiter's Darling", says: "You're bright about glamour when you wear sheer nylons."



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Fanfare
15 Denier Mesh . . 17/11

Velvet Sole
Service Weight . . 12/11

his face among the faces of the young men she and Julia knew—all nice-looking, eager boys, who worked in advertising or with their fathers in some business or other—she felt a shocked uneasiness. It was true that when Charles asked her about her private life, she talked little about it; she wanted him to think of her as a girl more or less alone, a little remote and mysterious.

Now she peered through the slats of the Venetian blinds to the street. The sun had come up and now it spread thinly down the centre of the narrow block, highlighting only one side of the stores and buildings.

She was happy that the sun was out and that it was going to be a fine day, although, actually, she would be seeing Charles at a cocktail party and it wouldn't matter if the sun were shining or not.

Today would be their eighth meeting. Or was it only the seventh? A little smile came to her mouth. She would go over them one by one in her mind, remembering everything that had happened; she loved to do that, it was almost as good as having it happen all over again.

She would start with that first meeting, up at Ben's office.

She had been sitting there with her hands on her lap, staring unseeing at the wall, thinking of her mother in Chicago and the letter that had come that morning; she was trying not to remember the dissatisfaction between the lines, the bitterness that always crept in somewhere—a word, a phrase that cried out from the paper: "Oh, it's not the same since your father and I were together!"

It was almost as if she could see her mother's face before her, flushed and perpetually harassed, but with a childish prettiness, the mouth small and round, the light eyes clinging to yours as she talked.

She had heard the door open and close, heard the steps entering the reception room, and the girl at the switchboard calling out a greeting, but she did not turn her head, did not move; it was as if, in trying to block out from her thoughts the memory of her mother's letter, she had made of her mind and her body a blank, a hollow, a pool of emptiness.

And then, finally, she turned her head and saw the man sitting only a few feet away from her, a thin morocco case resting on his lap and his hat on top of that. He was looking at her with an odd intentness and there was something about his face, his glance that caught at her suddenly.

"Ah," he said. "You have no idea how relieved I am that you moved." He had a deep voice, very beautiful.

"Relieved?"
"I wasn't sure if you were alien. You were so still. You didn't seem to be breathing."
She tilted her head. "I was practising my own brand of Yogi. It's supposed to work even better if you're standing on your head."

"It sounds like a very handy thing to know," he said. "Is there some special procedure for coming out of it? The thought of getting stuck in a perpetual mental void alarms me."

"I'm not sure about in India," she said. "But for me—well, I don't like to take chances; I let my mind go in only a little way so that it's easy to come out again."

"I understand perfectly," he said. "I apply the same principle to lecture halls. I invariably sit in the last row, and seat."

She felt flushed, titillated. He's much older, she thought, but he has a marvellous face. She leaned forward slightly in

LOVE IS A LONELY THING

her chair. "Are you one of Ben's clients?"

"I have been for a long time. My name is Hallowell, Charles Hallowell."

Excitement caught at her. "Why, I've read your books," she said. She was suddenly breathless. "They're very good." And now, looking at his pale, handsome face, it seemed to her that he would have to look like that since he was a distinguished author and that he would have to be a distinguished author if he looked like that.

"Thank you," he said. "And you? Do you write, too?"

She blushed, leaning back in her chair again. "Only articles." She felt a sense of inadequacy; it would have been so wonderful if she could have turned out to be a famous novelist, too.

CHARLES HALLOWELL said, "You probably reach millions more than I do." He took out a package of cigarettes and offered her one, leaning over. "What is your name?"

"Maggie Morgan." And as she took one of the cigarettes, she blushed again. "It's really Margaret, but I thought Maggie might stick more in people's minds."

"It suits you." He took a lighter from his pocket and pressed it in front of her face. Flame sputtered.

She lowered her eyes as she lit her cigarette, then she raised them. She felt a small shock. His eyes were dark and disquieting. She sat with her body locked, hardly breathing, the spiralling smoke from her cigarette the only thing that moved between them.

And then there was a stir at the doorway leading to the inner offices. Ben's secretary came in.

"Miss Morgan," she said. "Mr. Taunton will see you now. Oh, hello, Mr. Hallowell. Miss Morgan won't be long." She turned and was gone.

But as Maggie rose, she felt a sharp disappointment. It's over, she thought; it's all over.

He was rising, too. "I'll be here when you come out," he said. "And after I see Ben, which won't be long, I wonder if you'd talk to me again."

"All right," she said, knowing a moment of quick joy.

He looked down at his watch. "I have an hour," he said. Meeting her eyes again, he smiled, and his youth came back to him when he smiled. "Have you an hour, too?"

"Yes." It was like a grave, charming little ceremony, she thought, in which they exchanged gifts. "I'll be only a minute with Ben." Her breath came lightly in her throat. He liked her; he was attracted to her. She could not believe it. Everything about him was different from any man she had ever known—his face, his voice, the way he moved; it was as if he bore some stamp attesting to a rare quality, a special value that set him completely apart.

Only one hour, she thought, and part of it already going, passing now; I must go inside and hurry, hurry so that I will have a little more time with him—

She was pulled back to reality by a cool puff of morning air coming in from the top of the window. She stirred, her hands going up to her bare arms to rub them.

It has always been like that for us, she thought; there has never been enough time.

She turned, moved back into the bedroom, and slipped into bed again. She just meant to lie there and think of Charles, but after a few moments she

fell asleep. When she awoke, it was after ten and Julia was just emerging from the bathroom.

"How are you, darling?" she greeted Maggie.

"I'm fine," Maggie said. Then a clock chimed the half-hour somewhere, and Charles came back to her mind. In less than seven hours, she thought, I'll be with him.

Happiness boiled up inside her like a spring. Oh, I wish it were time now! she thought. I wish it were already beginning!

Dorothy came out of the apartment house at five-thirty that afternoon, adjusting her fur stole around her shoulders. She was glad there was no wind. It had taken her more than an hour to get ready for the cocktail party and a brisk wind could spoil everything in a matter of moments.

But the early evening air was motionless and she could stand for a moment under the canopy, savoring the moment of anticipation. She knew she looked as attractive as she could look, that there was nothing more she could do. She was forty, and she had never been a beauty to start with. But she was very

under a hair drier; the monotony of her diet; the tedious facial massage at night with the rich, expensive creams when she wanted nothing more than to fall, exhausted, into bed.

Now, though, as she sat in the taxi, as they started, stopped, jerked on again in the choked traffic, she was glad that she had never let go. The black silk dress she wore was a size fourteen and it hugged her figure closely; her waist was surprisingly small for a woman of her age.

Her mind went back to the invitation to the cocktail party, made over the telephone a week ago.

"Shall I get you a man?" Marion had said. "Or would you like to bring your own?" Dorothy had hesitated. She had wanted to laugh lightly, easily, to say something like: "Maybe you'd better get me one, sweetie, I'm in the mood for a change from the current crop." But in that moment of hesitation she had sensed shrewdly that she couldn't fool Marion. And so she had said, with just the right amount of dryness: "You're wonderful to be able to dig up someone for

terminally out the window, seeing that they had turned into Park.

The taxi swerved to the kerb. Dorothy got out, paid the driver, and looked at the imposing facade of Marion's apartment building. Her spirits had lifted, now that she was here, poised on the brink of a bright, golden moment of promise.

She could hear the party as she got out of the elevator—the mingled voices, the bursts of laughter, some music in the background. Something quickened inside her; even now, after all these years, the sound was a challenge to display those gifts for which she had always been known—the sharp wit, the quick mind, the final, sly thrust in the word-play that always ended in a sudden shout of laughter around her. How she had always loved parties!

The maid let her in; Dorothy saw Marion almost at once, talking to Charles Hallowell and his wife—what was her name? Dorothy could never remember. The huge living-room was already well filled with people standing in groups; at the far corner they were crowded around the bar, everywhere there were swirls of smoke, there was noise and laughter.

Marion looked up, saw her, excused herself to the Hallowells. Watching her come forward, Dorothy thought: She's certainly let her figure go. Marion looked, as usual, cheerful and a little square in her black lace dress; she had the eager, happy look of a child who trusted people on sight and could not believe that they would ever want to do her harm.

"I thought you were coming early," she said when she was close. They both pressed cheeks lightly and kissed the air.

"I got tied up," Dorothy straightened and looked at Marion, feeling for the thousandth time a passionate envy for her soft pink and white complexion. "How's the clambake going?"

"Well, they're all on their feet," Marion said. "Which is always a blessing. I think the first rule for a good party is to remove all the chairs. This is a queer party, anyway. All mixed up."

"Mixed up?"

"Young and old. Some of it's business for Ben." She sighed. "And then people kept calling and asking if they could bring Aunt Tillie's boy, who's in town, or their best friend from Oswego. Thirteen extras. I hope the canapés hold out; there's been a run on the chicken liver already."

DOROTHY had begun to feel impatient. She wanted to say: "Who did you get for me? What's he like? Has he come yet?" but it sounded too anxious. Besides, other people were arriving and the overhead light in the foyer was bad; if he came in now and was introduced to her—No, she didn't want it like this; her sure instinct for drama told her that the background, the timing, would be all wrong.

She turned from Marion to move to the bedroom. "I'll be right back," she said. But, already, Marion was greeting someone else, her face cheerful again.

Dorothy liked the festive swish of her taffeta dress as she moved down the carpeted hall. A door opened a little way and a young girl came out and stood for a moment in the doorway. She was very thin and wore horn-rimmed glasses through which her dark eyes glowed rather fiercely. The glasses were harlequin-shaped and did not suit her face; they seemed like a rather sad attempt to bring an elfin look to features that were too uncompromisingly square.

Dorothy, recognising Marion's daughter, felt a prick of impatience. The amenities called

for a little chat and she was anxious to get back to the party. She settled for a bright smile and a slight slowing of her step as she passed.

"Well, Iris," she said. "How is school?"

"All right," the girl said. "How are you?" But she didn't wait for an answer; as soon as she had spoken, she disappeared inside the room again, the door closing behind her.

Dorothy shook her head as she entered the beautiful bedroom and gave the colored maid her wrap. She stared critically into the mirror, debating if she should put on more lipstick, deciding against it. But, then, as she straightened, something caught her eye. Her heart clogged and stood still. She leaned forward again, her face catching the light as it had before. She saw two sharp little lines spraying out from her upper lip, as if tiny cuts had been made by a knife.

She felt a kind of terror. They weren't there before, she thought; I never saw them before. She felt old and sick. It's coming, she thought. All the lines, the flabby places. But she wasn't ready to be old. She wasn't nearly ready.

She turned. A girl had entered the room, tall and pretty, with light hair. She smiled. "Hello, Mrs. Farnham," she said. She slipped off the loose wool coat she was wearing and handed it to the maid in one quick movement, then she turned towards the mirror.

Dorothy remembered the girl's name—Maggie Morgan; she was one of Ben's clients who did articles for some of the slick magazines. Now, gazing at her, she saw the smooth, fine texture of her skin, the shining clarity of her eyes. She felt a stab of jealousy, sudden and sharp.

Oh, to look like that again.

And against her will, she stood there, watching the girl leaning over. She wore a dress with a sharply defined waistline and soft skirt; it had very short sleeves and her arms, emerging from the dark silk, were firm and polished and still lightly tanned from the summer.

The girl straightened, turning to leave. She hesitated, as if some afterthought told her she was being rude. She tilted her head at Dorothy. "Coming inside?" she said. She had a slightly husky voice.

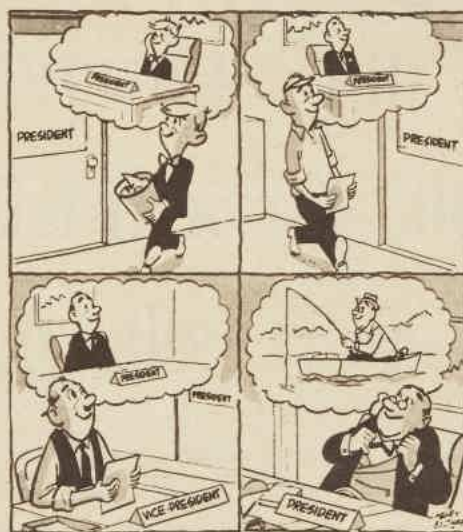
"In a minute," Dorothy said. "You go ahead."

"Right," the girl said. And she turned quickly, as if she were anxious to get back to the party.

Dorothy, watching her go, suddenly remembered something. Only a few weeks ago she had turned a corner in the west Fifties and come across this girl walking with Charles Hallowell. He had been talking and the girl had been looking up at him; they had moved away without seeing her, soon becoming lost in the crowd. Dorothy hadn't thought much about it, but now, remembering, she wondered: Is something going on here?

For a moment her mind was held by the thought. It was a rather strange combination—Charles Hallowell and this girl. Oh, he was handsome enough if you cared for the type, and famous in his way, but he was fifty if he was a day, and married, and he looked a little worn around the edges.

Her interest dissolved as quickly as it had formed. With her dress rustling, she moved out of the room. In the hall, she could hear the noise and hubbub of the party, rising in volume. Oh, she thought, let it turn into something. It happened so seldom now that you met anyone new, anyone eligible. It wouldn't matter if he weren't attractive, if he weren't a good conversationalist or the right age. Not any more. Those were demands that she had



good at making the most of what she had.

She gave her fur stole a slight hitch on her shoulders and smiled at Mac, the janitor, but it was only a faint smile, because she did not want her laugh lines, after her facial, to become set again.

"Taxi, Mrs. Farnham?" he said, touching his gold-braided cap that was a little shabby.

"Please, Mac." She felt fresh and buoyant; it made her think of the time, so long ago, when she had waited in the Biltmore lobby, at the Weylin Bar, for all the young men from Cornell and Dartmouth and Princeton, the new wise-cracks in the back of her mind, the new songs spinning brightly inside her head.

The taxi came and she got inside and gave the driver Marion Taunton's address. It was a good address and Dorothy knew a moment of satisfaction. It ought to be a good party. Marion had always known attractive people.

She sat rigidly in her seat as the taxi started off. Her girdle, which was a size too small for her, was very tight; it encircled her waist like a whip when she was sitting down.

She acknowledged the discomfort only vaguely in her mind because she was resigned to it as she was to so many things that had to be suffered through in the name of her appearance—the baking

me. I was beginning to think that bachelors in their early forties had gone out with the whooping crane."

Marion's giggle had come back clearly over the wire. "You never change," she had said. "Try to come early so that we can talk before the onslaught begins."

Dorothy looked down at her watch. It wasn't too early, thank goodness. The last thing she wanted to do was to sit down with Marion and talk. Marion would bring up the past.

Marion never tired of evoking ghostlike images from their college and early-married days. But Dorothy would feel a kind of pain, something inside her would shrink from remembering. And when Marion would start on Harry, she would say quickly, "Oh, let's put away our memory books. Did you see those tweed suits in Saks' window?"

Dorothy knew why all references to her early youth were so painful. Any allusion to the past served only to remind her that she was not at the juncture in time where she ought to be. And it was when she was thinking like this sometimes that the terrible feeling of emptiness would come over her.

She had come to dread the feeling as a migraine sufferer dreads the first tinge announcing an attack, and now she opened her eyes and stared de-

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A
WEEKLY
FEATURE.

PICTURE PARADE



The Poppy Pickers

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1954

It was a fine Spring day when staff photographer Phillip Merchant saw the ingredients for this picture—children and flowers. The result makes a charming study that symbolises the innocence of childhood.

Page 15

New features! New beauty! New convenience and value!

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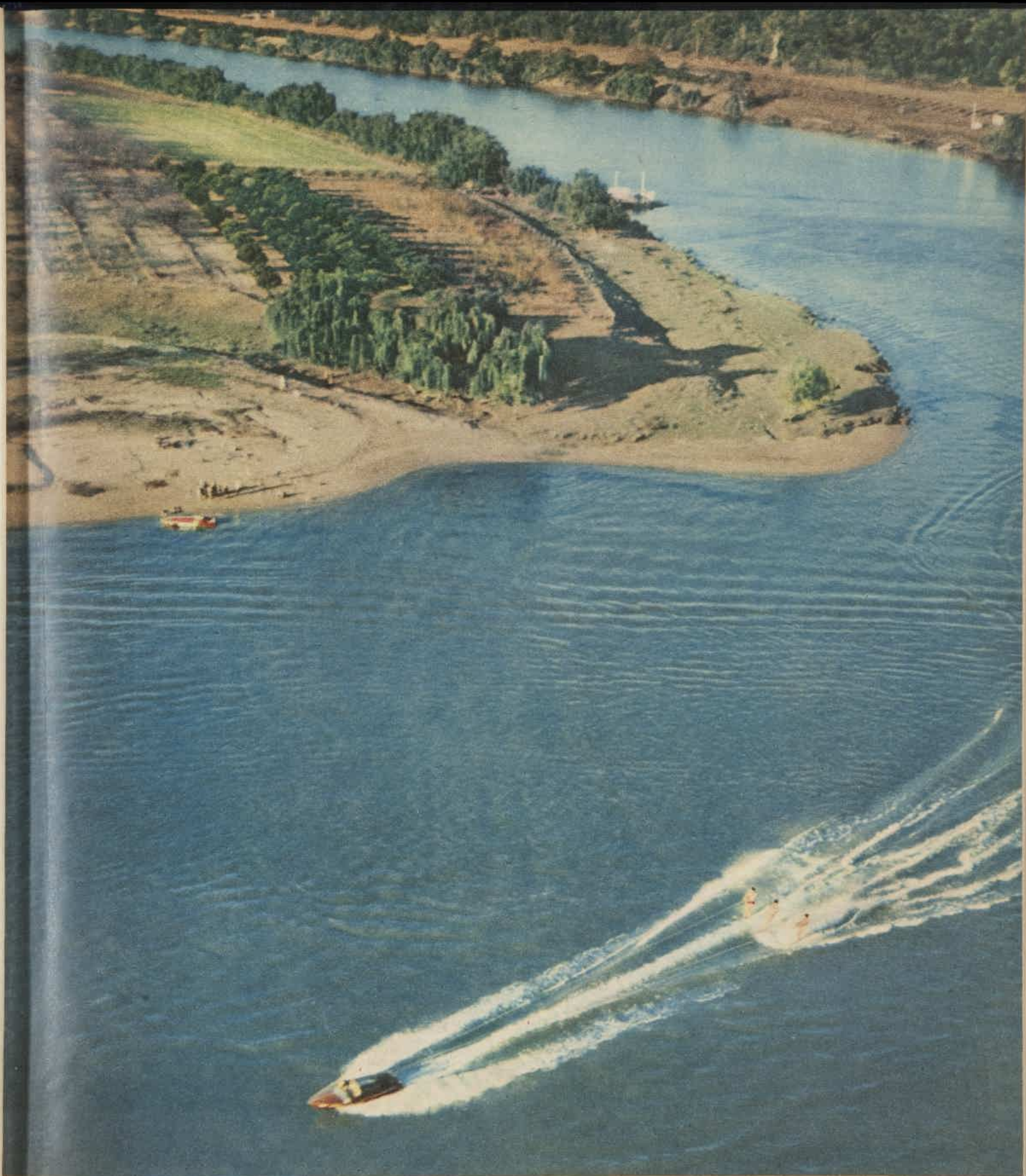
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BLUE-WATER SKIERS

● To its devotees, and there are many hundreds of them in Australia, there is no sport quite as thrilling as water ski-ing.

The Australian Water Ski Association, founded in 1946, now has 25 affiliated clubs (with a membership of about 500) in N.S.W. Similar clubs have been formed in Vic-

toria and Queensland, while in South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania, enthusiasm is growing for this newest of Australian sports.

This picture, taken on the upper reaches of the Hawkesbury River by staff photographer Ron Berg, gives an idea of the skill and balance you need to become an expert skier on water.



The hungry cats of

Rome



● Rome is famous for its cats, its women, its ruins, and its fountains. Take one item from this quartet of attractions—the cats. In a way they sum up the other items.

They are sometimes as beautiful as the women, sometimes as broken-down as the ruins, and just about as numerous as the fountains. One gang of about fifty hangs round the Pantheon, where the famous dead are buried, sunning themselves and waiting for passers-by to give them food.

Arrogant, greedy, they take your food, lick their whiskers, and wait in the confident knowledge that there'll be someone else along any minute.



ON THREE SIDES of the Pantheon runs a pit, sank below the street, and this is where the cats of Rome parade in the sunshine.

A CRUMBLING wall may be no silken cushion, but to tired cats of independent outlook it's warm and comfortable enough.

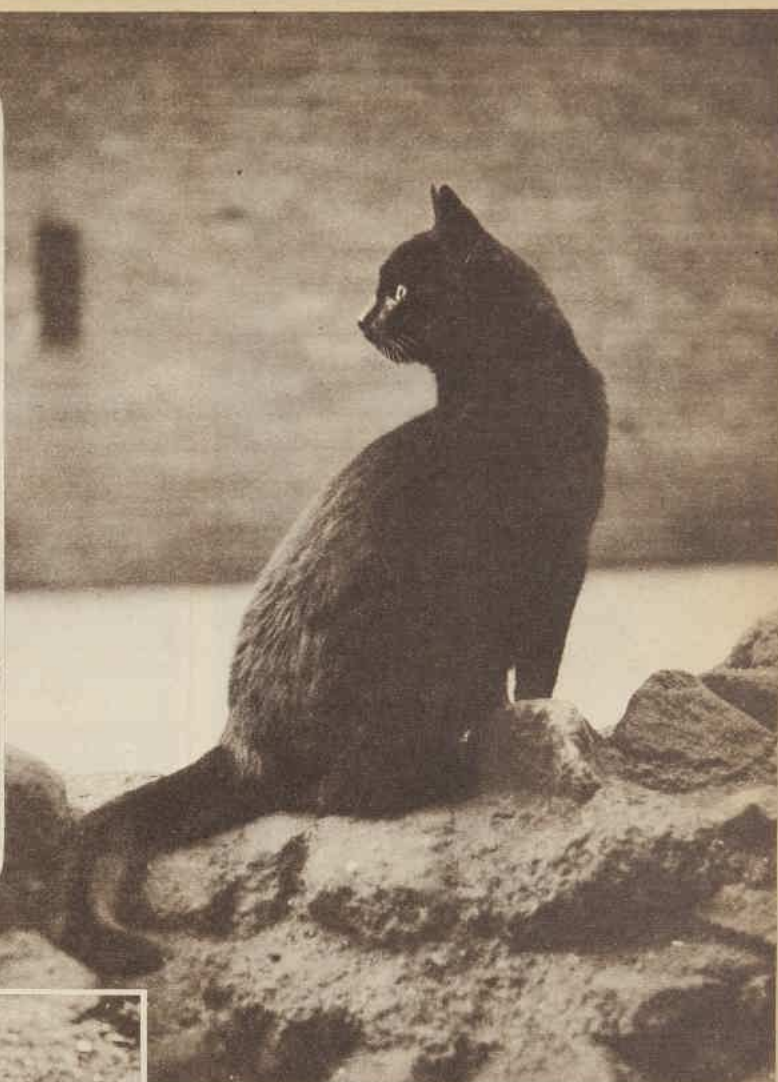


BESIDE the Forum, where once the fiery eyes of Cicero flashed in debate, a modern Roman slinks by, his own eyes fiery and alert for hidden danger.



THE PANTHEON, headquarters of the cats of Rome. Under its dome the famous dead are buried, and round its walls congregate the cat gangs, begging for food, as confident as the two priests that charity is the great human virtue. Charity, as the cats know it, is rarely lavish, but it suffices for the needs of hungry waifs.

B
A
R



ROME has no wild woods where a cat may walk alone, but ruined stones, to a cat who knows his way round, can give as much solitude and isolation as the wildest of wild woods.



SOME Roman cats hunt their own food. Others, lazier or less enterprising, prefer to rely on the tender heart of this woman who comes every day with food scraps.

NOT ALL the ruins of Rome are ancient, and there's refuge for a frightened kitten in a discarded headlight. It may be broken, but it's comfortingly solid and safe.



LIFE can be kind as well as cruel, and on sunny days Romans toss scraps to the strays. When the food comes down, all dignity goes. The cat army marches on its stomach, and its hunger is never fully satisfied.

HIS only home may be behind rusted barbed wire in a rubbish dump, but the Roman alley cat never forgets his feline pride. When his rest is disturbed he'll snarl with the savagery of a jungle tiger defending its lair.



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Then Coty "AirSpun" Face Powder . . . so fine, so smooth . . . the beautifully perfumed face powder that clings and clings and never, never cakes.

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INSTANT BEAUTY, 9/6

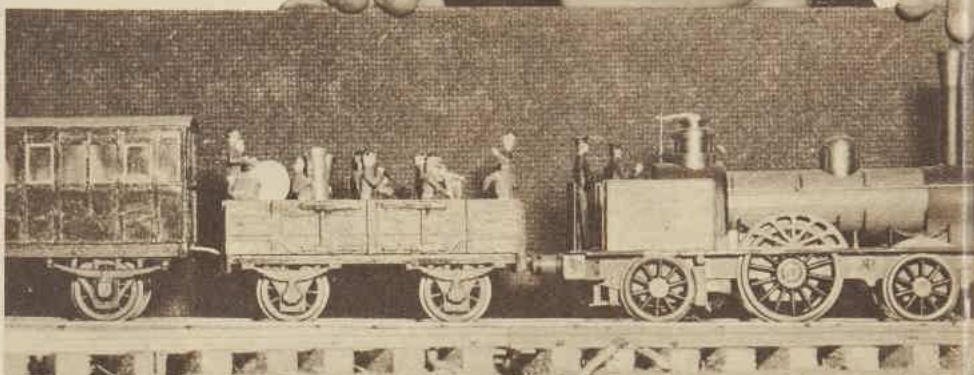
"AIRSPUN"
FACE POWDER, 7/6



COTY

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TRAINS: Fascinating to old and young



DELIGHTED VISITOR Peter Westcott (above) inspects a model of Australia's first train at the Victorian Railways Centenary Exhibition.

RAPT INTEREST shows on the face of three-year-old Robert Kane (right) when he holds a model engine at Melbourne Town Hall.



BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY for Mr. Jim Hanrahan (above), a railway employee who spent his day off inspecting the models on show.

"I REMEMBER THESE," says Mrs. C. E. Tilley (right), pointing out old models to her son Russell. Pictures by Sam Blakeway.





DONNA and Diana Morris, 20-year-old conegirls from Sierra Madre, won the title of "prettiest" at California's recent "Two of a Kind" contest (above).



LUDWIG and William Prosznik, who are aged 74, won a prize as the oldest pair. The youngest were only 6 weeks.

Two of a Kind

• These are American twins, taken at a "Two-of-a-Kind" contest. Send us a snapshot of any twins or triplets in your family. We will pay ten guineas for the picture we consider best, three guineas for others published. Closing date is

October 28. Address your entries to "Twins," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. It doesn't matter how young or old the twins or triplets are. As you see, the U.S. contest included grandfathers.



ROSALYN and Marilyn Borden, who at 19 weigh a total of 32st, 2lb., were two of the fattest competitors. In all, 236 entrants turned up.



THESE contestants made sure they were recognised as twins with their Mohawk haircuts.

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AT ALL CHEMISTS
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DIVING LESSON



WRONG WAY. "Don't do it like this," says Barbara (above, right) as she and Pamela dive in. Pamela's dive is marred because her feet are apart, Barbara's because her legs and feet are not stretched out enough.



SWALLOW DIVE. Little Pamela Thicknesse (above) makes a graceful descent into the water at the City Baths in Melbourne.

LEARNING to use her legs (right), Pamela takes a slight spring from the edge instead of just falling into the water, as Barbara gives instructions.



● When on school holidays, 11-year-old Pamela Thicknesse, of Cabarita, N.S.W., goes to Melbourne for special coaching in diving by Mr. Tom Donnet, who also trains amateur champion diver 24-year-old Barbara McAulay, of Hawthorn, Victoria. Barbara, winner of the tower-diving championship at this year's Empire Games, helps Pamela with her swimming and diving lessons. Pamela's mother, Mrs. John Thicknesse, was Lesley Thompson, of Victoria, a diver who competed at the 1934 Empire Games.

Champion gives some tips



FOOTWORK. One of the first steps in learning to swim is to hold on to the edge of the pool and kick the legs up and down. Barbara watches Pamela practising.



BREAST-STROKE. "Keep the body perfectly balanced and the shoulders up," Barbara (above, at right) tells Pamela as they do their training together. Barbara is amateur diving champion.



CORRECT STANCE (left) for a standing dive is learnt by Pamela, assisted by Barbara, during their daily training routine in Melbourne. Pictures by staff photographer Ernest Mann.

FORWARD DIVE (right) in "Pike position" is demonstrated by Barbara, who is about to touch her toes at maximum height of her dive before straightening out and diving in head first.

FALLING DIVE (right) from the edge of the pool is recommended for beginners. Pamela bends over from hips and stretches her hands so that they will hit the water first.



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- and the materials used in Laconia mattresses are of the
- highest possible standard, and the comfort . . . well,
- you've just got to experience Laconia's deep, restful
- luxury to appreciate the value of the many new, practical
- features and advanced design. See this beautiful mattress
- . . . test it thoroughly and you'll be quickly convinced
- that Laconia is your finest innerspring investment — a
- mattress with a name that has stood for quality and
- satisfaction for nearly three generations.



Drivers must be alert in holiday traffic

Drivers must always be on the alert for unexpected and dangerous situations, but on holiday week-ends they must be doubly careful.

On this page are traffic pictures arranged by two members of our Redex trial team, Nan Broughton and Helen Frizell.

By NAN BROUGHTON

EXCESSIVE speed was the cause of most road deaths last year.

A knowledge of braking distances, kept in mind while driving, is one way to control the natural urge to put your foot hard on the accelerator.

Remember that your car will travel a considerable distance before you can bring it to a sudden halt in case of danger. The three-quarter-second reaction time (at least) taken by average drivers to apply the brakes lengthens this distance. At 30 miles per hour the vehicle needs 84 feet in which to pull up. At 60 m.p.h. the distance is 292 feet.

Here are some other points which I have found most important in my job as a car-driver:

- Overtake other vehicles only if you have a clear view ahead for a distance of at least 500 feet. Do not allow any part of the vehicle to be over the centre line of the roadway, particularly on curves or on the crests of hills.

- The vehicle on your right-hand side has the right of way. More than 50 per cent.

of traffic accidents occur at intersections, and strict observance of this rule would prevent many of them.

- Always be sure you can pull up well within the distance you can see is clear ahead of you.

- When travelling slowly, keep as close as possible to the left-hand side of the road. Driving in the centre causes a queue to form, and drivers, irritated by slow progress, may try to overtake at blind spots, causing an accident.

- Use the horn only as a warning of danger, or of your intention to pass the car ahead. It is illegal to use the horn for any other purpose. The driver of a car being overtaken must not increase his speed or swing to the right until the overtaking car has drawn clear.

- Leave enough distance between your car and the one in front so that you can pull up without colliding with it if someone higher in a traffic queue has to stop suddenly. You will then be able to signal the car behind you in time to prevent its crashing into the rear of your car.

- Observe general speed restrictions. The 30 m.p.h. limit is in force in any street or road provided with street lamps, unless the appropriate sign excepts it. The 30 m.p.h. sign may

be displayed in unlit roads and streets, and must be obeyed.

- In places where speed is unrestricted you may drive at over 50 miles an hour (if you think you can prove that the speed at which you are travelling is not dangerous to others.)

- Even 20 miles an hour can be dangerous in some circumstances.

- If the driver ahead gives a stop signal, overtake with caution. He may see a danger which is not visible to you. (Children sliding or falling down a bank, for instance.) If it is a single-track road, stop behind him.

- If pedestrians are in a safe position do not wave them on if the road has more than one line of traffic. You may find another car comes through without seeing them, because your vehicle obstructs the driver's view.

- Approach pedestrian crossings at a speed which enables you to pull up safely. Remember the pedestrian has right of way.

- If you wave another vehicle on, be sure the road is clear for the driver and that there is no other car likely to shoot through and collide with the one you have waved on.

- As well as pulling into the kerb for ambulances, fire-engines, and Red Cross blood transfusion cars, you must observe signals or requests by the driver of a restive horse.

- Never use a motor vehicle if you have any doubt of the brakes or steering. See that these are in perfect order before setting out. If there is any pull to the left or right, or one wheel skids and the other wheel on the same axle continues to turn, the brakes badly need attention. Smooth tyres are dangerous and reduce braking power.

- Test the windscreen wiper when washing the car to make sure the wiper is serviceable.

- Do not pull out from the kerb or out of the traffic line simultaneously with giving the hand signal, "I am about to turn (or diverge) to the right." When the car is in motion, this signal and the stop signal should be given at least a hundred feet before the move is made.

- At night, drive at a speed which will enable you to stop within the distance lit up by your headlights. If you are dazzled, slow down.

- Leave the car at home if you are going to a party at which alcoholic drinks will be served. Drinking and driving do not mix safely.



PASSING ON A CURVE. This is always dangerous and the little car would be in trouble if there was any opposing traffic. Soft edges on this bush road add to the hazard. Overtaking is not safe without a clear view ahead of at least 500 feet.



RIGHT-HAND TURN. Driver of the sedan cuts the corner, and doesn't go round the "egg." This could be one short-cut too many. Men on the bike are doing the right thing. Staff photographer Ken Isitt took these pictures, driver Colin Marchant co-operating.



HUGGING THE INSIDE CURVE, the sedan is on the wrong side of the road when it meets the little car on a bend coming down.

NEARLY A CRASH. The convertible nerves sharply as sedan driver pulls out from the kerb without a signal and without looking.



HERE'S THAT CAR AGAIN. He's asking for it. Crossing the double line means trouble, leading to a smash — or a fine.



DISTRACTING. Drivers cannot afford to take their eyes off the road, even for a minute. There is one dog too many here.

HOW TO ENJOY A HOLIDAY

● Summer holidays are the time for enjoyment and relaxation, but they can be marred by the many hazards facing the inexperienced holiday-maker at the sea or in the bush.

HOWEVER, a little care and commonsense about the rules of safety can keep accidents to the level of quick-healing scratches and bruises.

Never, never bathe outside the flags, even if it seems safe. The lifesavers who know the beach have tested it out for currents, sandbars, and channels and have marked out the flagged areas as the safest.

Swimming alone, too far out, or near rocks is just asking for trouble.

A sudden current or cramp and you may be swept on to the rocks or out to sea before you are noticed.

Don't dive into unfamiliar waters. There may be unseen rocks or snags below the surface.

Rocks near headlands make interesting exploring at the beach, but keep well away from the edge where freak waves occasionally break with terrific force.

Small children lose their balance easily in the surf, so make sure they are not left to paddle in the surf alone.

It is a common enough sight to see a lone child fishing from the end of a rickety pier over deep water. Before you let

your child do it be sure there is someone within hailing distance.

Never go out in a boat unless accompanied by someone experienced in handling that kind of boat. There is a knack to handling any kind of craft, and until it is mastered a boat is potentially dangerous.

Skylarking in boats causes many avoidable accidents. Never stand up in a boat or rock it from side to side. It just isn't worth the risk.

Outdoor Week-end

Before going out in a hired boat, make sure the ropes on the anchor and kelly are not rotted and are strong enough to stand the strain. Something to use as a bailer is always handy, as most small boats leak to some extent.

If you are going out in a motor-boat, see that there is a usable pair of oars and a set of rowlocks aboard. And see that you have enough petrol.

When anchoring a boat make sure the anchor won't drag and that the flow or ebb of the tide won't affect pushing off. It is very easy to become stranded if you forget the minor details.

Advice from one of the local residents about possible pitfalls—quick-running tides, strong currents, submerged rocks, or bad weather—is always useful.

One of the commonest causes of seaside discomfort to which most people succumb, despite repeated warnings, is sunburn. Well, just another warning—don't overdo it.

Exploring the bush is delightful, but to an inexperienced bushwalker one tree looks remarkably like another, and it is easy to get lost.

Don't go into the bush alone. You may be injured, and there will be no one to go for help. Go with at least one companion.

Always let someone know when you are going into the bush, giving some idea of the general direction you plan to take, and what time you expect to be back.

If you are long overdue, searchers will then have an idea of where to start looking.

Take note of landmarks and the direction in which you are going so you will be able to find your way out again.

If you plan to explore a strange area, plot your probable route on a map first, or at least study a map to get an idea of the terrain.



LIBERAL APPLICATIONS of protective cream and a shady hat will help prevent the agonies of sunburn. Here young Michael Ert, of Faclaase, N.S.W., who is the fair type, has sunburn lotion applied by his mother.

If you should happen to be lost in the bush, stay put and wait for the searchers to come to you. Moving about will only delay rescue, as you may move into an area that has already been combed.

As long as there is no danger of starting a bush fire, a small smoke fire will give searchers a marker.

Never put a hand or foot into a hollow log or a hole in the rock. Spiders or snakes may resent the intrusion.

Rock climbing presents some pitfalls. If you go up make sure you can get down again, and vice-versa. It's often easy to go one way, but can be very hard getting back.

Hiking and climbing can be

agony with the wrong sort of clothes. See that your shoes are low-heeled, well-fitting, and will not slip.

Sturdy clothes will protect you from scratches and prickles while making your way through dense bush, and will keep off insects.

Many accidents are caused through careless handling of guns. Be careful when climbing through a fence. Your gun may catch on the wire and go off.

Either put the gun through the wire first and climb after it or give it to a companion to hold until you are through.

Don't wave a gun around, don't point it at anyone whether it is loaded or not,

and carry it so no twig or branch can catch it and fire it.

When camping take food that won't perish in the heat. Keep all food away from flies, and don't throw your rubbish around to attract flies and rats.

Drinking water from sources you are not sure about can be dangerous. You may be drinking tainted water, or campers upstream from you may be bathing or washing their dishes in it.

And whether in the bush or at the beach, don't go swimming too soon after a meal.

Lighting fires in the open is often totally prohibited during the bushfire danger period. When lighting a fire at any time, light it in a stone fire-place well away from dry timber and leaves.

Would you believe it? That grubby looking sink is rubbed and scrubbed 3 times a day!

Now my troubles are over... I've found **VIM!** A quick rub, a rinse and just look at the **SHINE!**

VIM whisks away grime in lightning time!

This cleanser was developed in England where murky days and open fires make things really grimy. And Vim is far and away England's most popular cleanser. You'll find it the fastest dirt-chaser ever. A sprinkle, a rub, a rinse and

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1954

PRACTICAL FIRST-AID

● Few holidays pass without at least a slight bump or scratch to a member of the party, so it is wise to have some elementary knowledge of first-aid.

THE holiday first-aid kit should contain a good antiseptic, cotton-wool, adhesive tape, petroleum jelly, tweezers for removing thorns or bits of shell, and, for snake-infested country, a sharp, clean razor blade and tourniquet.

CUTS. Children are usually the ones who suffer from cuts, bruises, and scratches. Running around barefooted, they are most likely to suffer cuts on the feet. The first step in treating such injuries is to stop the bleeding and clean the wound. To stop bleeding, apply pressure on the wound with a wet piece of cotton-wool or a clean handkerchief.

If bleeding is severe, as when an artery or vein has been severed, and the flow can't be stopped in any other way, apply a tourniquet. Release the tourniquet for about 30 seconds after every 15 minutes.

Never use a strong antiseptic when bathing a wound. It will destroy part of the tissue and will delay healing.

Sea water is antiseptic for a superficial bathing of the wound, but don't use water that may be polluted unless the water has been boiled first.

If nothing else is available, a teaspoon of salt (a pint of water is effective).

Any cut on a part of the body likely to come into contact with sand or dirt should be kept covered. A deep cut should receive medical attention. It may need stitching.

Medical attention is also necessary when there is any likelihood of dirt contaminated by manure entering the wound and causing tetanus.

BURNS. Serious burns should not be treated with oil or flour. The best treatment is to keep the patient warm and get him to a doctor quickly.

Minor burns from the sun or fire can be treated with oil or petroleum jelly, but never with butter or cooking fat, because they contain salt, which will dry out the burned area.

It is of the utmost importance to treat burns under the cleanest possible conditions. Delaying treatment for a few moments to disinfect the hands will help prevent infection.

A bad case of sunburn can result in fever and needs medical attention. In the meantime, keep the patient in bed.

SNAKEBITE. Fortunately snake and spider bites are relatively rare, but when it does happen quick action is necessary, and then medical help must be sought as soon as possible.

A tourniquet should be applied if the bite is on a limb to prevent the poison spreading. The punctures should then be cut with a sharp razor blade or knife to cause bleeding.

Cut along the limb, not

across it, and suck the wound to remove the venom unless there is any cut or abrasion in or near your mouth. In that case massage the flesh away from the heart to squeeze the poisoned blood out.

The use of Condy's crystals is no longer recommended in cases of snakebite.

Exert the victim of snakebite as little as possible, because movement stimulates the circulation and helps the venom to spread.

A first-aid treatment for minor jellyfish stings and bullant bites is the household blue-bag. Damp the bag and put straight on the sting.

FALLS. A fall on rocks or in surfing sometimes results in concussion. Care should be taken after any knock on the head, whether it appears to have immediate effects or not.

Drowsiness and nausea are symptoms of concussion. A doctor should always be called, but in the meantime make the patient lie down; keep him warm. Don't give him either a restorative or a sedative.

FRACTURES. Sprains of wrist or ankle are common and painful and need a doctor's care in case there is a fracture.

To relieve the pain, place the limb on a pillow and apply cold compresses. Bandage firmly but not tightly over the compress, and in no circumstances allow the foot or wrist to bear weight.

It is unwise to move a person with a fractured bone, as it risks making a simple fracture a compound one (a break where there is a flesh wound as well). Whenever possible wait for expert help.

If it is absolutely necessary to move the patient, put splints on the injury first. Make sure the splints are long enough and are tied so that the knots won't slip, but see that they are not tied so that circulation is restricted.

TICKS. In areas where there are ticks it is advisable to go over children for ticks, which can kill.

Ticks are most likely to attach themselves on the neck, in the hair, or in soft folds of the body.

Dab methylated spirit, petrol, or vinegar on the tick to make it loosen its hold. It can then be removed with tweezers. Do not pull the tick out without first loosening it like this or it will only inject more poison into the system in its struggle to keep its grip.

Make sure that the whole tick is removed and then treat the bite like any small scratch, and make sure there are no more ticks.

If the tick is swollen (when full they swell to the size of a very large pea) and gives evidence of having been attached for any length of time, or if the patient shows signs of illness, take him to a doctor.

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Worth Reporting

AN unusual recipe for healthy longevity is given by lively 80-year-old Mademoiselle Odette Hoppe, of Ettalong, N.S.W.

Her recipe is simple: Collect sea shells.

And her explanation: "You get plenty of healthy exercise and fresh air walking along the beaches looking for them and in stooping to pick them up."

Mademoiselle Hoppe, who had a German father and a French mother, combines her favorite form of exercise with business.

The sea shells she collects are turned into delicate flower sprays, necklaces, earrings, and ashtrays, and used to ornament the bases of candlesticks.

She makes novelty animals, including baby penguins, entirely from shells.

Mademoiselle Hoppe has also found a more practical use for shells.

"When the handle of a cup is broken," she explained, "I don't throw it away, but get out my shells, find a suitable one and stick it on to the cup. The stronger shells make ideal handles."

Mademoiselle Hoppe, who taught French in a number of girls' colleges in Sydney for many years, arrived in Australia from Europe on a round-the-world trip a few days before World War I broke out.

"After living in Sydney for only a few weeks," she said, "I fell in love with Australia so much that I sent a telegram to a friend saying 'I did not know this place was a paradise. I have looked for a blackfellow, but haven't seen one. Sorry you can't be here too.'"

EVEN birds' nests are centrally heated these days. Opposite our office building in Sydney a sparrow has built its nest in an opening in the top of a vertical neon sign. The nest is warmed at night when the sign is switched on.

Our Cookery Book now on sale

THE Australian Women's Weekly "Guide to Better Cookery" was compiled by our experts to help every woman who runs a home.

The average housewife has to prepare and serve nearly 1000 meals a year, irrespective of afternoon teas and suppers. What's more, she must vary the daily menu and serve nourishing, sustaining food with plenty of appetite appeal.

And this is where our new cook book comes into the picture.

Its 48 pages are packed with choice recipes for every meal and every occasion.

There are breakfast specials, luncheon suggestions, dishes



"Well, I won't keep you. Tell Ethel I'll call and . . ."

S.O.S. from the northern outback

CHILDREN at the Mitchell River Mission Station near Normanton, in northern Queensland, now have a film night about once a week, thanks to the ingenuity of the teacher at the station.

This year the teacher converted a magic lantern into a projector and runs weekly open-air shows.

However, the films are rather faint and smoky because of lack of proper equipment.

So that they can show educational (and wild Western) films to the children, the teacher and the recently arrived Church of England minister have started a fund for a proper projector.

They are also anxious to start a youth centre at the mission. The schoolchildren and older ones at the station have little recreation at present.

They need picture-books, old illustrated almanacs, sports equipment, and as many books as possible, particularly wild Westerns, Australian and popular illustrated children's books.

Incidentally, a challenge is issued by the teacher at the Mitchell River Mission to anyone who knows more uses for a billy-can than she does.

The dishes she has produced in a billy-can to date include ice-cream, steam puddings, stews, rice dishes, and soup.

To her the future looks hopeful

IF you're feeling rather wrought up about the state of the world, you'd find it consoling to do as we did the other day, and have a few words with a soft-voiced Englishwoman named Professor Kathleen Lonsdale.

Professor Lonsdale, a small woman with a mop of greying hair and big, brown eyes behind thick glasses, is, though you'd never guess it from her unassuming manner, one of the world's top scientists.

As well as being Professor of Chemistry at the University College, London, she is a Fellow of the Royal Society—an august body of learned scientists that excluded women until 1945, when it admitted Professor Lonsdale and one another woman.

But Professor Lonsdale is much more than a walking brain. She's the wife of a physicist, the mother of three grown-up children, and a leading Quaker.

It's in her role of Quaker and lecturer on world peace that she has been touring Australia recently. And it's in those roles that she is so consoling to meet.

"The chances of peace," she assured us, "are much brighter now. People's thinking seems steadier than it was in the period from 1948 to 1950."

"In the past few years I've visited and talked on peace in many countries, including Russia and Japan, and I'm convinced no one wants war."

Whether this general disinclination to fight will really prevent war the professor isn't so sure. But, she says, she is full of hope.

CALLING in at her bank the other day on the way to a luncheon appointment, a colleague noticed that part of the hem of her coat was down.

When she asked the teller for some pins to carry out a hasty makeshift repair job, he replied affably: "I can do better than that. Here, use this stapling machine."

Local dancers' London success

A YOUNG Australian ballet dancer, who joined a ballet company in London as a seamstress, has been given a contract to dance in the company.

The dancer, Mary Duchesne, was auditioned for Anton Dolin's Festival Ballet Company, but when there were no vacancies she joined as a seamstress.

She was given permission to attend classes with the company, and after a guest choreographer commended her dancing, Anton Dolin gave her a contract.

Another Australian, Marilyn Burr, of Sydney, who is also in the company, recently was given a five-year contract.

HEADS turned at the ballet in Sydney the other night when an irate and slightly intoxicated husband complained loudly to his wife: "I've been sitting here for an hour, and no one has sung yet."

You need SUNLIGHT'S EXTRA WASHING POWER to remove extra dirty spots



Get kiddies' socks really clean . . .

Sunlight Clean

To get everything you wash clean right through, you must have Sunlight's extra washing power—particularly on the extra dirty spots. Just a touch of faster-lathering Sunlight loosens every speck of dirt . . . makes clothes and linens gloriously clean.

Send in your "Sunlight Clean Story" to Box 4100, S.P.O., Sydney —if it is published you will receive a pair of bath towels.

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"ONE GOOD TURN"
MY SON IS AN APPRENTICE TURNER AND FITTER AND GETS HIS OVERALLS BLACK AND GREASY. BUT WHEN I GET SUNLIGHT'S SOAPY LATHER TO WORK THEY ARE CLEAN AGAIN IN NO TIME

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VITA-WEAT CRISPBREAD



Oxylobium ellipticum (Alpine variety) grows in profusion beneath the snow-capped Australian Alps. Alpine flowers shown on this page make the Kosciusko region a botanical wonderland in summer.



Whalenbergia gracilis



Gentiana diemensis



Brachycome



Pimelea alpina



Euphrasia glacialis



Senecio pectinatus



SHINING GIRL

catches all eyes with her Marigny Cold Wave! This wonderful process actually reconditions as it waves.

PINING GIRL—

tried to perm her own hair,
but found printed instructions no
substitute for professional skill.



The MARIGNY Cold Wave revitalises as it curls

This cool, comfortable treatment is 100% successful on all types of hair—and is only given by thoroughly trained Marigny operators who diagnose the exact condition of the hair's porosity and elasticity, then process the wave accordingly.

It is a gentle process which actually restores vitality and lustre to the hair as it coaxes in natural, long-lasting waves and curls.

It is the SAFE way to keep your precious hair lovely in all climatic conditions.

A good perm is your most important beauty secret.

No matter how you wear your hair, a good perm is the secret of the finished effect. Your perm should be soft, natural-looking, easy to manage. You'll find that the Marigny Cold Wave is all these things and more. No matter what kind of hair you have—coarse or fine, easy to wave or difficult, season weary, weak or stubborn—you'll find the Marigny Cold Wave the most wonderful permanent you have ever had! It gives waves so deep, soft, so alive with radiant highlights, you'll wonder why you ever had any other type of perm. You see, the Marigny Cold Wave actually revitalises as it curls.

Only specially trained hairdressers can give you your Marigny Cold Wave.

The Marigny process is the best in the world, and for that reason its reputation is closely guarded. Fully trained hairdressers are given special Marigny training—and the Marigny process is not available to amateurs. This close guard is the reason why there are no failures with the Marigny Cold Wave.

Never experiment with a permanent wave!

You can change your make-up in minutes—your perm is in for months. It's risky to let anyone but

an expert do your perm, because expert knowledge of the condition of your hair is essential if the perm is to be a success. What is called the 'porosity' of the hair is the factor that decides the timing of the wave. Some types of hair are much more 'porous' than others—that is, they absorb solution quickly and process quickly. For instance, bleached hair is particularly porous, while hennaed hair is low in porosity. Solution left on too long in one case, and not long enough in another, can cause serious damage to the hair. Hairdressers agree that the cold wave successful for all types of hair, even bleached or dyed hair, is undoubtedly the Marigny Cold Wave.

Commonsense care of your hair

The old-fashioned idea that ordinary bar soap was good enough to wash the hair probably caused as much hair damage as the brutal old-fashioned perms! Ordinary soap leaves a film on the hair, clogs the cells, and gives a dull, dry look. Always use a good shampoo.

Regular use of a good reconditioning cream can do nothing but good—and it is essential after an illness or too much exposure to the sun. Brushing is good, but it is not correct to think that the harder the brush, the better the effect. A very hard brush can cause broken ends and scalp damage.

It is also commonsense care to insist on the best professional permanent wave you can have—for the health of your hair can be seriously damaged by a series of bad perms. Give your hair the safe, gentle care of the Marigny Cold Wave, given only by specially trained Marigny hairdressers.

Put your hair in the hands
of a trained Marigny operator.

Make sure you have a

MARIGNY

The GENTLE Cold Wave recommended by hairdressers

HITCH-HIKE THROUGH AUSTRALIA

Two years ago a European woman with only £10 in her purse, a rucksack on her back, one suitcase, a portable typewriter, and a camera set off from Mittagong (N.S.W.) to see Australia the way scores of Australians see Europe — on foot.

WHEN she returned to Sydney recently, she had seen not only more of Australia than most Australians have, but had saved enough money by taking odd jobs in Alice Springs, Darwin, and Herberton (Qld.) to pay her passage to Canada, and later to Europe.

The woman, Miss Dorrit Weidemann, aged 42, came to Australia from Germany three years ago when friends offered to sponsor her trip.

In Germany, she had worked as a secretary, a farm assistant, and as a freelance journalist.

At Frensham College at Mittagong, where she taught weaving, she heard so much about Central and Northern Australia that she decided to see it herself.

"Some of the elderly people at the college said that I couldn't possibly hitch-hike around Australia, and especially on my own," Miss Weidemann told me, "but I didn't let that stop me."

So in July, 1952, Miss Weidemann set out on a "walkabout" that was to take her in two years through Melbourne, Adelaide, through the Northern Territory, across northern Queensland and on to Papua-New Guinea.

"When I arrived at Alice Springs," she said, "I was—what do you say?—flat broke. So I got a job as a dish-washer in a hotel. Now I am expert in dish-washing. It was dreadful, but I loved the country so much I stayed on."

"The night before my two days off, I'd head for the Macdonnell Ranges, with my groundsheet, sleeping bag, and my billy and some bread to make toast."

Stray dog

"I AM not a big meat-eater but I had to carry some for my dog Nigger. I found Nigger hanging around the hotel and he was in such a bad state that I took him along to the chemist to get some medicine. After that he was always with me."

On these two-day trips to the Macdonnell Ranges, Miss Weidemann often didn't see any white men, but a number of aborigines including well-known Territory identity "Police Paddy" and his wife.

On one of her trips around Alice, she visited Hermannsburg Mission, where she met famous Australian aboriginal

artist Albert Namatjira. "I liked his paintings very much," she said.

After nine months in Alice Springs, Miss Weidemann decided she had had enough of dish-washing and set out for Darwin, 1000 miles away.

"I travelled all the time with truck drivers, who must be among the nicest Australians," she said. "They're rough and tough, but very kind, and they have a hard job driving through that terrific heat in Northern Australia."

"In Darwin, I got a job as a domestic in a guesthouse five miles out of town."

In Darwin, Miss Weidemann also spent her two days off hiking around the country and camping out at night.

The country around Alice Springs impressed Miss Weidemann so much that she decided to hitch-hike back to spend a week

there before continuing up through Tennant Creek to northern Queensland.

At Tennant Creek, she heard of a truck going through to Mount Isa and decided to walk out and meet it.

Help offer

"I SAT down on the side of the road with my typewriter on my knee," she said, and was busy working when an aboriginal stockman rode up.

"He thought I was lost and wanted to know if I needed help. He was very nice."

As she got nearer to the Queensland coast, Miss Weidemann saw the last of the big trucks and mostly drove in small cars.

"From Charters Towers to Townsville I travelled with young men, who were quite wild," she said. "They used to shoot at milestones."

To supplement her income Miss Weidemann took a domestic job in a hospital at Herberton, North Queensland.

She travelled to the coast on her days off, living in an abandoned hut she found in one of the bays.

She also managed to squeeze in a trip on a local boat to Cooktown and to travel up the Endeavour River to visit a mission station.

After six months in Herberton, Miss Weidemann moved on again — this time by air to Papua-New Guinea.

When she found she couldn't get a boat from New Guinea to Canada, she returned to Sydney to book her passage and got a job as a domestic



A SIGNPOST north of Tennant Creek, where Miss Weidemann sat down and waited for a truck going through to North Queensland.

DORRIT WEIDEMANN, who hitch-hiked through Australia. The color scenes on this page were taken by Miss Weidemann.



HITCH-HIKING north of Alice Springs, Miss Weidemann passed this aboriginal settlement.

MISS WEIDEMANN, well equipped, sets out to explore the country around Darwin on her days off.



in a suburban guesthouse until her sailing date.

When I asked whether she had been frightened travelling through the lonely outback by herself, I was answered with a definite "No."

"What was there to be frightened of?" she asked. "You're far safer in the bush than in cities."

Footnote. Shortly after her return to Sydney, Miss Weidemann sailed for Canada. Just before she left she rang to tell me that she had a job waiting for her as a private secretary — in Alaska.

Cole OF CALIFORNIA NEWS

4

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IRISH FASHION PARADES...



IRISH MANNEQUINS Rachel, left, Pat, and Maureen on the steps of Mark Foy's Ltd., where our Irish Fashion Parades will be held from October 5 to 9. Some seats are still available for the morning and afternoon parades. Bookings may be made at Foy's.

"Australians are the kindest people," say delighted models

● The three beautiful Irish models, Pat O'Reilly, Rachel Fitzgerald, and Maureen Trendell, who wear the Sybil Connolly clothes in our Irish parades, can give Australian girls points in looks and style, according to an expert who met them in Sydney.

THE expert is Bill Reynolds, of O'Donnell Street, Bondi, a North Bondi lifesaver.

"They're better than the local girls in looks and style," Bill said.

"Look at 'em." We looked. We saw the three of them gazing at a lone surf-board rider coming into the beach who would have been gratified had he known the effect he had on his audience.

In the excitement caused by the adventurer on the surf-board we forgot to compare the girls with our local product, but agreed that they would enhance the Bondi scene.

Sydney will see them next week in our parades presented here in association with Mark Foy's Ltd.

Pat O'Reilly, blonde, blue-eyed, and regal, was most concerned about the surfer. She mentioned drowning, sharks, and currents all in one breath.

Pat is the tallest of the girls—5ft. 9 1/2 in. in her stockings—has the smallest waist—21 in.—and is the oldest, 27. In private life she is the wife of a furrier, Laurie Page.

Patrician beauty Rachel Fitzgerald, who is only 21, is married to London businessman Michael Severne, and has an eight-month-old daughter, Amanda.

Rachel's baby is being looked after by her English

nanny, who has been with her since she was born.

One of her first purchases was a bundle of airletters, although, she said, she and Pat had "simply peppered" their husbands with postcards wherever they could get them along the air route from London to Sydney.

Sun-tanned Maureen Trendell, who has a most amazing dimple, looks like

an Australian beach beauty. Maureen is the youngest—a day younger than 21-year-old Rachel—the shortest—5ft. 7 in. in her stockings—and is not married.

She says with the greatest emphasis that she is not looking for romance in Australia.

"I have plenty of beaux at home," she said rather tartly. "I have quite a lot and one that is sort of special."

"Anyway, I am much too young for that sort of thing," she added. "aren't I, Rachel?"

With the wisdom of her extra day of age, Rachel agreed with Maureen that 21 was far too young to think of romance.

Reminded of her own husband and baby she said, woman-like, "but that's different," and Maureen explained that in marriage it is the age of the spirit that counts.

"My spirit is very young," she said.

Maureen was entranced with Bondi, although she has only recently returned from a holiday at the smart south of France resort, Cap d'Antibes.

"The sand," she said, "the lovely sand. At the Cap there is none. You dive off rocks that are a pinky color into very deep blue water."



KOALA MEMENTO of the gala premiere of our Irish Fashion Parades at the Myer Mural Hall, Melbourne, is presented by John Ford, of 3KZ, to Judy Connolly, left, parade fashion co-ordinator, mannequins Judy Barraclough, Rachel Fitzgerald, left, O'Reilly, designer Sybil Connolly, mannequin Maureen Trendell.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1954

MANNEQUINS LOVE SYDNEY



SYDNEY'S beautiful harbor, with its busy traffic, fascinated the Irish girls pictured on the Zoo Jerry Karra-bee. From left are Maureen, Rachel, Pat

Both Maureen and Rachel are anxious to spend some time at the beach and try their hand at surfing.

Their first shopping expedition is to be for swimsuits. The reputation of the Australian-made suit has reached London.

Bikinis were uniformly worn at Cap d'Antibes, Maureen said, where anything else looked over-dressed.

Some girls wore a "tremendously chic" one-piece she added, but it was rare to see anything worn but a bikini.

Pale pink and other pastel swimsuits never seen in London or Ireland were worn a lot there.

As we left, the girls looked back at the curving beach and decided among themselves that Bondi was a cross between the South of France and Cornwall.

Vaucluse House was the next place they visited on their quick sight-seeing tour of Sydney.

They were intrigued with the story of Sir Henry Browne Hayes, who built the house and imported barrels of turf from

Ireland to ring it and keep it free from snakes.

No one could tell us exactly where the sod of Ireland was, but the brilliance of the color in the garden beds, the lawns, and the soft mauve of the wistaria against the walls of the historic house made up for any disappointment about the exact location of the Irish soil.

Sydney surpassed itself for the girls. The spring day was warm and perfect, the Harbor sparkled, and as we walked round the garden at Vaucluse House kookaburras laughed.

Rachel forgot everything when she heard them and her ambition is to see some and "listen to them laugh for a long time."

Maureen will be harder to please; she wants to see "a wild snake, not in the zoo." Pat is anxious to visit Paddy's Market.

All the girls are anxious to get into our stores, for they regard Sydney's window displays

very highly and Sydney's women as extremely smart dressers. They think it strange, however, that Australian women wear hats so much.

"At home, we don't wear hats much at all," Maureen said. "We wouldn't wear them to go shopping."

Wherever we went the girls caused a mild sensation.

"I've never served a table of lovelier girls," said the waitress at the kiosk at Vaucluse House, where we had a cup of tea.

Pat was amazed at the remark. "Australians are the kindest people," she said. "No London or Dublin waitress would say that. They're always irritable. Perhaps it's the dreary weather we have that makes them that way."

The Sydney sunshine delighted them. "Is this summer?" they asked. "How long will this sun last?" "Will it get warmer than this?"

White City was a landmark they recognised in a strange city. They were anxious to

learn details of the Davis Cup Challenge Round and whether we thought we would hold the cup.

All were keen tennis fans and had watched this year's Wimbledon tournament on television.

At the end of the day and a visit to Captain J. V. Leaver's ferry, the M.V. Karra-bee, the girls didn't want to leave Sydney.

"It is such a wonderful city," Pat said. "One of those wonderful places that don't disappoint you."

"It's better than anyone described it. It's like London, a young and clean London, and the Riviera mixed together. It is so full of color and charm."

"And the Riviera part of Sydney is all mixed up in the town. It gives the city a wonderful quality."

As we left the ferry, Captain Leaver echoed Pat's word.

"Quality" he said to me, pointing to the girls smiling their farewells — "quality, that's what you've got there."

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really hard wear. You'll love this season's range of

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1954



BRIDAL GROUP. Bruce Lindeman Capp and his bride, formerly Margot Robertson, of "Turanville," Seane, leave St. Andrew's, Seane, with attendants (from left) Bob Bowman, Julia Arnott, Amuri Robertson, John Alcorn, and (in front) Andrew Bettington and flower-girl Annabel Crane.



SIGNING THE REGISTER at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, are American Randall Franklin and his bride, formerly Margaret Rose, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Rose, of Bellevue Hill. After honeymooning in Hawaii, they will make their future home in California, U.S.A.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THE prospect of the gay fortnight which Sydney devotes to welcoming spring each year has brought lots of country folk to town.

Among a myriad of races, parties, and dances are the Naughty 'Nineties Ball this Friday, October 1, the gala race meetings at Randwick on October 2, 4, 6, and 9, the opening of our Irish Fashion Parades at Prince's on Monday, October 4, and the Black and White Ball on October 5.

Other parties include Mrs. Geoff Moses' luncheon at the Macquarie Club this Thursday, September 30, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Stephen's dinner at the Pickwick Club on Wednesday, October 6, and the dance to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Sawyer, of "Eringoarrab," Wagga, for their son Allan at the Royal Sydney Golf Club on Friday, October 8.

So it looks as though everyone—from city and country alike—will have a full diary.

From the country, Mr. and Mrs. Ken Livingston, of "Kooroogama," Moree, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Body, of "Uluupa," Graman, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, of "Talbragar," Coolah, are making their headquarters at the Australia Hotel.

A RECEPTION at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Litchfield, of "Springwell," Cooma, followed the wedding of their daughter, Mary Rose, and Bill Gordon, of Randwick, at St. Paul's, Cooma. Mary Rose designed her bouffant gown of white guipure lace and organza, and the dresses of palest pink organza worn by her bridesmaids, Jennifer Street and Rosemary Allen.

PIP TARLINTON, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Kevin Tarlinton, of Darling Point, will arrive home in the Orsova in October after spending twelve months overseas—her first trip abroad. Pip has had a wonderful time travelling round England and the Continent, and she's bringing home lots of souvenirs.

BUILDING is well under way with Bob and Fay Lewis' new home at St. Ives, and the couple will move in soon after they return from their honeymoon at Burrill Lake on the South Coast.



A DATE for your diary ... the enormous charity fair at H.M.A.S. Penguin, Balmoral, on Saturday, October 30. Five charities will benefit from the fair.

MORE than fifty guests will dance under the stars when they help Barbara ("Boo") Mackay celebrate her coming of age. A special dance floor has been built in the garden of "Boo's" home at Mosman. Among the guests will be Dorothy Cathels, Diane Ball, Mary Cadwallader, Bill Blanchard, and Michael Cole.

DECEMBER will be a busy month for Mrs. Rupert Fanning, of Melbourne. On December 18, her daughter Moira will marry David Wischer, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Wischer, of Edgecliff, at St. John's, Toorak. A family reception will be held at the Fannings' home in South Yarra. A few days after the wedding Mrs. Fanning with her son and daughter, Edward and Geraldine, will motor up to Sydney to spend Christmas with Mrs. Fanning's mother, Mrs. Charles Lindeman, of Double Bay.

ARRIVING at the Trocadero for the S.C.E.C.G.S. Moss Vale, Darlinghurst, and Redlands Old Girls' Union Blue and White Ball are (from left) Michael Paul, Judy Smithers, Judy Windeyer, and Robert Laurie.



LADY MAYORESS' BALL. Pat Malloy and Graham Riley were among more than 700 guests at the Lady Mayoreess' Ball, held at the Sydney Town Hall.



IN MELBOURNE. Peter Baillieu and his wife (formerly Edwina Hordern) at the opening of our Irish Fashion Parades at the Myer Murd Hall.



AT RECEPTION. Mr. and Mrs. Lyell Downing at the reception following their wedding at St. Michael's, Vancluse. Bride was Lois Gray, daughter of Mr. W. G. Gray and of Mrs. J. R. Miller.



GARDEN PARTY. Professor C. E. Fawcett with Mrs. L. R. ("Deke") Coleman (centre) and Mrs. John Broinowski at the garden party following the ceremony of the Commemoration of Benefactors at Sydney University.

Anne

AUSTRALIAN FASHIONS FOR THE SEA

● This summer a one-piece bathing-suit will be the costume seen most often on the beach. The bloomer-legged suit is new again, so is a streamlined one-piece made in an elasticised fabric that has all the comfort of cotton.



LEOPARD-PRINTED cotton is chosen for this streamlined one-piece swimsuit (above). The garter-topped bra has a two-inch cuff and elasticised gathering to give a flattering fit. Prints artfully designed to look like animal pelts are popular on beaches in the U.S.A., France, and Italy. They should reach full bloom this summer in Australia.



JEWELLED one-piece swimsuit (above) has an elasticised back to give a snug fit. Large "swimable" rhinestones centre the embroidered daisies, and the amusing sunglasses are outlined with raffia.



GLOWING RED little-girl bloomer-suit (left) has a pretty self ruffle trim outlined in chalk-white. The bodice is gathered and shaped — a chic suit for sunning or swimming, and ideal for the teenager.



MATCHED three-piece beach ensemble (above) is made in printed cotton. The slim untador pants have an elasticised waistline. The tuxedo front of the beach coat ends in two large square pockets.



BLACK-AND-WHITE pin-striped suit (above) is in woven lastex satin with a black sharkskin accent at the bodice-top, waist, and hip-band. The leg-bands are non-roll. The suit has a built-in bra.



TAFFETA SPUN makes the new-style bloomer-suit (above). The "Doubloon" style bloomer legs are inverted plenis lined in black faille. The top can be worn strapless or with a shoe-string tie.



NYLON TAFFETA in purple-grape is chosen for the form-flattering one-piece swimsuit (above). The draped front and bra top are outlined in tiny black braid. The suit is called "Surf-rider."



GOLDEN-YELLOW cotton one-piece (above) is printed in a sea-bird motif and named "Sea Birds" by the designer. The skirt of this suit is finished with wing pockets, tipped with black to match the lining of the shaped cuff that finishes the elasticised bra. The model wears a fascinating sea-shell necklace—this season's most popular beach accessory.

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● Here is a sunsuit
made in two pieces
and designed to allow
the wearer to catch a
good suntan. It's Dress
Sense Pattern 107,
and is obtainable in
sizes 32in. to 38in.
bust, price 3/6. Lines
under the picture tell
how to order.

THE suit is chosen in
answer to a number of
my readers who have re-
quested me to design a sun-
suit with bare shoulders,
which will stay comfort-
ably in place without
straps.

As clearly shown in the il-
lustration, the problem of
keeping the top of the suit in
place is achieved by elastic
above and below the bosom.
The elastic is adjusted to the
wearer's proportions and
keeps the little bodice-top per-
fectly firm.

By the way—by adding a
lining the sunsuit becomes a
swimsuit.

"I SPEND quite a lot of time
on the beach, and this
summer I feel I would like to
wear some different colors.
Other years I have always
stuck to navy and white and
red and white. Would you
please offer some suggestions?"

Yellow worn with a straw-
berry-pink beach hat looks
pretty and new, so does apricot
and white. Blue in all
shades, from nearly black to
the softest baby-blue, is smart
beach color. Personally I think
nothing looks more devastat-
ing than chalk-white—once a
good suntan has been ac-
quired.

"AS the mother of a young
family I would like your
opinion on the best style for a
frook for the daytime. I'm
afraid my clothes receive very
little attention, but I like to
look as well dressed as pos-
sible."

A coat-dress buttoning from
hem to throatline is about the
soundest fashion design I
know—twelve months in a

D.S.107.—Sunsuit in sizes
32in. to 38in. bust. Re-
quires 1½yds. 36in. mat-
erial. Price, 3/6. Pattern
obtainable from Mrs. Betty
Keep, "Dress Sense," Box
4088, G.P.O., Sydney

year. The silhouette of the
dress can be varied. You could,
for instance, choose a sailor-
collared sheath, a dress with
softly defined pleats belted at
the natural waistline, or a
princess-line dress curved to
the waist and beltless. For
the summer months decide on
cotton, between seasons al-
paca, and for winter a light-
textured tweed or flannel.

"I WOULD like you to help
me with my little prob-
lem. I am wearing a floral
silk frock to an afternoon wed-
ding taking place in Decem-
ber and wondered which
would be correct—a small or
a large hat."

Either would be perfectly
correct. Personally, I love the
look of a print frock and big
hat, particularly in high sum-
mer. If you decide on a large
hat, choose a leghorn straw
massed with daisies and corn-
flowers. The prettiest small
hat I know is a cap of tiny
blossoms.

"AS a woman of forty who
is not the floral type, I
would like you to suggest a
material and design for a late-
afternoon frock."

My suggestion is chiffon or
silk jersey made in a sand
beige. Have the bodice of
the dress finished with push-
up below-elbow sleeves, a deep
V neckline, and a crossed cum-
merbund belt. Have the skirt
softly flared or gathered —
whichever you feel is the most
becoming to your figure. Wear

the dress with matching hat
and gloves; other accessories
deep brown.

"I WANT to make myself a
cotton frock, but, as I
work in an office, I don't want
it in pastels, as most cottons
seem to be."

Stripes are news, so why
not look for a material which
features multi-colored stripes
on a dark ground? For in-
stance, dark red, green, and
black would be chic and very
new on dark grey. Have the
dress made on shirt-waist lines
finished with a sailor collar
and a neat, narrow bow-tie
made in white pique.

"I AM a businesswoman who
does quite a few interstate
trips, sometimes by plane and
at other times in the train. My
problem is a smart, comfort-
able, and cool outfit for such
occasions. I don't like nylon
—I find it rather hot."

A dark cotton suit—dark
cottons are becoming very
fashionable—would be excel-
lent for travelling. Try to
buy a cotton with non-crush
and crease-resisting qualities.
Have the suit made with an
easy skirt and short jacket, the
jacket not too waisted. Have
the suit in charcoal-grey and
wear it with a lemon-yellow
cotton blouse. Use the same
yellow cotton for a coil-like
cap. It will be a comfortable
head-covering in a plane or
train.

"AT the end of last season
I made myself a black
linen frock which never suited
me, as I have a sallow skin.
How could I brighten it up? I
want to wear it on dull, cool
days."

In New York one of the
smartest summer fashions is
a black cotton dress plus a
vivid-colored velveteen hat. I
think this fashion would be a
very good one to brighten up
your black dress. Larkspur
blue, yellow, and camellia-
pink are the three most popu-
lar colors used for the vel-
veteen. The hat can be large
or small and is generally a
classic design. By the way,
you might add extra color by
wearing beads in the exact
color you choose for the hat.



12 DENIER

66 GAUGE

AND

Pastel

Pastel

Pastel

*Wear the most
exciting fashion
in years*

Fiesta Pastels
66 GAUGE

Nylons in pale mauve, nylons in pale lemon, nylons in the colours of a faint rainbow—so fine that they only cast a breath of colour on your legs. Wear them to match the new beautiful spring fabrics—to compliment your glowing spring mood. Fiestas 12 denier nylons are the finest you can buy—but their 66 gauge makes them unbelievably hard-wearing. You can buy them in classic neutral shades, too. Ask for Fiesta Pastels at good stores everywhere. You may not find them easy to buy but it's worth persevering.

Fiesta Pastels

12 DENIER NYLONS

"Write to Bond's Industries Ltd., Box 36, Camperdown, N.S.W. for the name of your nearest retailer."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1954

Page 43



Maybe you buy Sports Shirts for Summer and others for Winter. But for those more economical here's the "Faultless" Royal Gabardine, the perfect medium-weight for all year 'round wear. With exclusive pin-point stitching, ten regal colours, it takes a tie like a business shirt



Everyone looks better in a

FAULTLESS
SHIRT

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fabric

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New! COLGATE'S

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Stops Underarm Odour Before It Starts!



Why you'll prefer Tact: Smooth, creamy Tact keeps you daintier longer! Gives dependable protection that lasts from bath to bath. Safe and sure for you, and for your daintiest clothes!



DON'T MISS THIS IS ON ME

By Bob Hope

The frank, diverting story of his life, with plenty of comedy, a touch of tragedy, and the amazing happenings of a career that started humbly and has reached stardom.

Price, 13/3. From all Booksellers.

Page 44

KAY MELAUN SAYS . . .

Here's your answer

Some parents refuse to face the fact that their daughters grow up, meet young men and have romantic ideas about them, fall in love and marry.

TRYING to stop this natural process is like trying to make Niagara run uphill.

Parents who won't let their daughters have twosome dates at the age of 18 have only themselves to blame if the girls fall in love with the first young men they get to know.

The easiest and best way a teenager can learn to be discriminating about boys is to meet lots of them and form her judgments—with the help of her parents.

Mother and father still Know Best. But making flat pronouncements isn't enough. They have to back up their edicts with solid reasons these days if they want to get anywhere near convincing a 19-year-old daughter, especially when it's a question of romance.

All this was provoked by a letter from a girl in South Australia, who writes:

"My father is very strict where boys are concerned, but he has always been good to me. He doesn't let us go out with boys, or even with my brother, who is 18. When we go out we must go out with Mum and Dad, but that doesn't worry me much except that Mum gets tired at dances.

"Last year we had a helper on the farm. He is 23, and I fell in love with him. Because I knew Dad would send him away if he found out, I told him not to tell Dad.

"This year Dad found out we loved each other, but was very much against it. He just said he was not the right one for me, and he stopped me learning music. I am 19, and have always wanted to be a music teacher. He told my boy friend he was never to talk to me again, and I am not allowed to even go to town without my mother or my sister, who is 16.

"When my boy friend told my mother that he loved me, and asked her consent, she said it was O.K., as long as we were happy. Then, when Dad said no, mother turned, too.

Now my mother has asked me if I want to continue my music exams.

"If I leave my boy friend we will both be very unhappy. If I don't leave him and I continue with my music I'll feel that I am not doing justice to my parents."

"Worried," S.A.

I DON'T know your parents' side of this question, and it's rather unfair to criticise them without knowing what they think.

But apparently the remarks above apply to them.

Without knowing you or the boy I'd guess that you are making a mistake in thinking that you love him. When a girl of 18 or 19, who hasn't met many boys, is constantly thrown into the company of an attractive young man she's



"Hello, Gregory — I see you've already met my father."

almost bound to fall in love with him.

Could you perhaps try this: Tell your boy friend that you can't meet him, and won't see him or talk to him for a year. Don't make any promises.

During that year pass your music exams, do justice to your parents' hopes for you, and to your own hopes of a career. Go to as many dances and meet as many boys as you can.

If at the end of a year you still love this boy and he loves you, without your having met or written to each other in the meantime, you will have a convincing argument to put to your father.

"I am 15, and I am very popular. All the boys whistle at me and call me 'Film Star'."

My girl friends call me that, too, and they tell me I am lucky to have such good looks.

At dances and other functions I always have plenty of dances and usually a boy takes me home. But I have begun to notice that while most of the other girls I know are pairing up with steady boy friends, I have not got one.

"I do not dress flashy as some of the other girls do, but I am not short of dates. Can you please tell me why I do not have a steady date? I begin to become lonely and tired of having a different boy every night. I feel every kiss I have had was insincere. Please can you help me?"

M.N., Launceston, Tas.

SLOW down a bit. Fifteen is not the age to have a steady boy friend. (For that matter, I think 15 is too young to have as many dates and kisses as you do, but let's not go into that.)

Enjoy your good looks and your popularity and the whistles as much as you can while you can. You are lucky, so make the most of your good luck. Three years' time will soon be enough for you to worry about not having a steady. At the moment you are worrying about nothing.

The girls you know who are pairing with steady boy friends are probably doing so because they haven't got your chances.

"I have a problem which I would like you to help me with. However, I would desire a personal reply. Would you please do this for me? If so, let me know and I will tell you my troubles."

R.B., Brisbane, Qld.

MUCH as I'd like to reply by personal letter, it's not possible. I have printed your letter in order to tell you this, and to repeat the information and apologise to others who have made similar requests.

No-Longer-Thin, Qld. Thank you for sending in the weight-increasing remedy. I have passed it on.

DISC DIGEST

BEFORE Johnnie Ray had his first click, he was obscurely cutting a few sides for an American company called Okeh. As he began to collect a few fans someone transferred his numbers to another label and the heyday of the crying Ray was at hand. Two of these early recordings were released here to tie-in with Johnnie's visit, so if you're a fan you'll simply have to hear "Whisky and Gin" and "Tell the Lady I Said Goodbye," on DO3655.

A RECORDING called "Skinsie Minnie Fish-tail," on EA4193, introduces a punch-packed personality called Alma Cogan. It's a crazy samba with a strong

calypso flavor. Flipside is in Dixieland idiom with Alma singing "Canoodling Rag." She's a brassy-voiced sou-brette (my kinda gal) and such a relief after all the other broken-hearted canaries one hears nowadays. It's a wonderfully breezy record. "Skinsie Minnie" is tabbed as a hit in America, and, although I haven't heard her, I see that Teresa Brewer also does it on DO70114. Watch out, Teresa, the Cogan kid is stiff competition!

ALSO earmarked for fame is "Someone Else's Roses," Joan Regan does it on Y6616.

Tune is swoony, the lyrics spoony, and Joan sounds a little like Vera Lynn. On the reverse she chants the torchy "The Love I Have For You." Recording is exceptionally luxurious, and Johnny Douglas' Orchestra sounds extra well.

IF you want to hear Carmen Cavallaro as composer as well as pianist, lend an ear to DO70112. "Obsession" is in potted concerto form, and should register agreeably with all except the ultra-brows, while "Masquerade Waltz" is a most charming trifle that you will want to play again and again for its subtle melodies.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



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CNS



1

Smash standstill.



2

Smash standstill (rear view).



3

High backhand volley.

How to play tennis

THE SMASH needs close attention to the ball

The smash is a volley that is hit overhead, and it involves the same swing as the service. This shot is very delicately timed and requires that you keep your eye absolutely fixed on the ball.

THE slightest breeze could move the ball an inch or two, cause you to misjudge the timing and, therefore, mishit the ball. Figures 1 and 2 above show the correct positions of the smash standstill.

One of the main things to remember is to get your feet into position and to be turned slightly sideways at the point of impact.

Like the volley, the smash is a put-away shot, but it is hit with much more power. You must remember to hit up, as on the serve, and to aim for the logical opening. As a variation of power the smash is also effective when angled shortly. To produce this shot, turn sideways even more and "touch" the ball to the desired place (see Figure 3).

Sometimes you will find yourself too close to the net and the opponent will send up a lob.

You can do one of two things here—either jump and hit it on the overhead or run back and hit it on the bounce. If possible, I believe it better to hit the overhead on the jump and to aim it high and deep. This way you still have the net position and are on the offensive.

To hit a smash while jumping will require lots of practice. Learn to leap just a split second before the ball is directly in front of you (Figures 4 and 5). This way you will be poised in the air and correctly balanced.

Always hit the jump-smash flatly as you will need the power. You can eventually learn to hit a winner with this shot.

However, if it is a trifle too deep and you are slightly off balance, just place it close to the baseline and wait for a shorter lob.

In running back and hitting the overhead on the bounce, run to the left side of the ball, never directly in front of it.

You will be on the defensive unless you have particularly mastered this shot, so a slice return would be most effective. The slice will curve and angle lower than a flat ball.

The lob

THE lob is the most underrated shot in tennis, and one of the most effective. Many times it has pulled me out of a tight spot and of late I have tried to use it quite frequently.

It is particularly useful as a means of changing pace, regaining position, or as a variation from the passing shot with the net players. It is basically a defensive stroke, but can be used in an aggressive manner.

The job is hit upward and fairly high and should land one to two feet inside the baseline. When an opponent has pulled you out of court with a deep drive, send back a high ball.

This will allow you time to return to the centre and prepare for your next stroke. Unless your opponent is a good volleyer, the high ball is the best answer.

But if she loves the aerial attack, mix the high floater with hard-hit drives. This will keep the net rusher wondering if she should "crowd" (that is, move in very close to the net) or stay back in anticipation of a lob.

Change of pace is a very confusing thing to combat and can easily throw a person off her game.

You may have an opponent who has a lovely overhead

smash and, therefore, you are a little wary about tossing up a high one.

The lob has to be deep to be effective, as a short one is a put-away for anyone. But no matter how good her smash may be, she cannot make a placement of every one, and the physical exertion required will tell towards the end of the match.

She will undoubtedly have to chase a few back to the baseline, and running backwards and forwards is much more tiring than running along the baseline.

You must vary your lobs, though, because a person becomes accustomed to the same pace and hits a certain rhythm after a while.

A good disguise shot to add to your game is the lob passing ball. Say the opponent has run to net but has hit her return only to the service line.

You come in as though you were going to employ a speedy passing shot, but at the last minute you elevate the ball above her head.



4

Smash jumping. Note body balance in air.



5

Smash jumping (rear view).

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It seems to me

Gypsy Rose does catch her own fish

Miss Gypsy Rose Lee, the celebrated American striptease artist, was plying several thwarted photographers with tea when I visited her hotel suite in Sydney.

The photographers had all planned pictures of Gypsy in some stage of undress, but she was adamant.

OFFSTAGE she insists on being fully dressed for pictures. She will, on request, pull her skirt up to knee level, but that's the end.

"Never heard so much talk of legs as in the first hour I was in Australia," she said. "In America the focus is elsewhere. Jane Russell's influence, I guess."

In her travelling clothes, tall, handsome Gypsy looks like an upper-salary-bracket American career woman. She could be the president of a cosmetics firm.

She arrived by plane with a mountain of luggage. ("You need lots of clothes to take off"), her ten-year-old son Erik, and ten pounds of weight of Erik's school books. ("I hear him his lessons every day. We're just up to fractions, and boy, are they tough!")

In New York people have become accustomed to the fact that the world's most famous striptease has a mind, too. In other places they are often still surprised.

Not that it is really so astonishing.

There are any number of girls with good figures willing to remove their clothes on the stage.

To attain world celebrity at this occupation, and keep the rank for 20-odd years, takes intelligence.

I asked Gypsy if it annoyed her when people said she couldn't have written her mystery novels, "The G-String Murders" and "Mother Finds A Body."

"It infuriates me," cried Gypsy in her husky dramatic voice. "But that's not all. They even say I don't catch my own fish. And, the last straw" (with a wicked lift of her eyebrow) "was when they said I must have adopted Erik."

For one thing I can vouch personally. Miss Lee catches her own fish.

I know a first-hand fish story when I hear it. This one concerned the fish pictured with Gypsy here. It's a 19lb. northern pike. She caught it on a 6lb. line on a Wisconsin lake last year.

She began: "So I hadn't had a strike all this day, and I thought, after I put Erik to bed at 6.30, I'd just row out by myself and try again. Suddenly . . ."

Regrettably, the photographers had gone. But it would have needed a movie camera to do justice to Gypsy, clad in a short Chinese-style dress with knee-length trousers, telling the story with actions.

The rod bent double. He

dived for the bottom of the lake. Then he ran. I hadn't a hope of landing him without help . . .

"I started to scream. And then! Fishermen rowed from everywhere. All yelling advice. 'Lift the rod!' 'Dip the rod!' 'Give him more line!' As if I could!"

"Anyhow, I got him aboard. Do you know that next day every man in that lodge had his picture taken with my fish?"



GYPSEY and fish—the bait, a feathered lure.

"Not long before President Eisenhower had caught a big fish in the same area. I sent Walter Winchell a wire: 'Caught fish one inch longer than General Eisenhower's. Just call me General Lee.'"

Gypsy's career took its now historic turn by accident.

Chaperoned by her mother, she and her sister and some other youngsters were touring in a comedy act. It was 1932, mid-depression, when they got a booking in Kansas City. The theatre turned out to be a burlesque house.

Burlesque, which has no exact counterpart in Australia, consists of blue comedians, show girls, and strippers. There is a runway from the stage down the auditorium. The audiences are mostly men, the theatres usually in the seamy districts of the city.

"Mother clouded over when she saw the 'Burlesque' sign," said Gypsy. "She marched us all back to the hotel. Show people are full of class distinctions, you know, like between chorus girls and show girls. There's a big gap be-

By
DOROTHY DRAIN

tween vaudeville and burlesque!

"I said to Mother, 'What's the difference from a night club? These people will be sober, at least.'"

"Mother gave in. She cried for a week. But we were eating."

"Then one day in this comedy act my shoulder strap slipped. The audience yelled. They thought it was meant. And that's how I began in striptease."

"Mother wouldn't come near the theatre. One day one of the women in the show came to see her. Mother liked her. Mother was pretty easily impressed. 'Why, she's quite a lady,' Mother said. 'She could be a vaudeville artist.'"

Her mother, who died last year, figured largely in some reminiscences Gypsy wrote for "The New Yorker."

"They published six instalments, and every instalment but one Mother sued them."

"She was furious because I said one of her husbands was a chiropodist. Mother was married four times, and one husband WAS a chiropodist. But she had always told people he was a noted surgeon."

"But the thing I thought would raise a blast didn't. Finally I asked her, 'Weren't you annoyed when I said you steamed letters open?' 'Of course not,' said Mother; 'how else would you see what was in a letter addressed to someone else?'"

"The trouble with Mother," Gypsy went on, "was that she was never satisfied. Towards the end of her life she had two mink coats and two television sets. But she was a frustrated actress. The only time she was ever on stage herself was when she was a child. She ran away and joined 'Madame Lang's Juvenile Bostonians.'"

"Grandfather hauled her back. But he couldn't stop her putting me and my sister on the stage and she did."

Gypsy has been married three times. Erik, whose surname is Kirkland, is the son of her second husband. Her present husband is Julio de Diego, a New York artist.

She takes Erik everywhere with her. He goes to the Professional Children's School in New York, which provides correspondence lessons to be mailed back when parents are on tour.

"If he went to an ordinary school he'd get into the 'civilian' atmosphere," said Gypsy, "and it would be too hard for him to adjust to the theatre atmosphere on holidays."

A postscript for men. Someone mentioned handsome lifesavers to Gypsy.

"I'm more interested in brain than brawn," she said.



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LOVELY Gene Tierney, shown here with a pair of Afghan hounds, portrays the haughty Princess Baketamon, sister of Pharaoh Akhnaton, in the lavish picturisation of Mika Waltari's best-selling novel "The Egyptian." Victor Mature, Jean Simmons, Michael Wilding, and Bella Darvi, who plays Nefer, the Babylonian courtesan, are also in the cast.

The Egyptian

THE search for spiritual peace by Sinuhe, the physician (played by young Englishman Edmund Purdom), in ancient Egypt, is the theme of Fox's romantic-religious spectacle, "The Egyptian." Filmed at enormous cost in technicolor CinemaScope, the picture features a topflight cast, lavish decoration, and authentic background scenery.



ABOVE: British actor Michael Wilding, portraying Pharaoh Akhnaton, with his sister, Baketamon (Gene Tierney), left, and Queen Neferiti, his wife (Anitra Stevens).



LEFT: Beautiful serving girl Merit (Jean Simmons) nurses the beleaguered Sinuhe (Edmund Purdom) back to health after he is exiled from the court of Pharaoh Akhnaton.

RIGHT: Conquering general of the Pharaoh's army, Hor-emheb (Victor Mature), left, confronts his friend Sinuhe (Edmund Purdom), who holds fatally wounded Merit (portrayed by Jean Simmons) in his arms.



LONDON-BORN, 27-year-old Edmund Purdom (left) won the most coveted and demanding Hollywood role of the year as Sinuhe, the Egyptian physician, who is the central character in the drama "The Egyptian."

PRINCESS BAKETAMON (Gene Tierney), above, enters the Pharaoh's throne room with her own retinue of followers. When she learns that Sinuhe, not Akhnaton, is the rightful heir, Baketamon begs him to marry her.



Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Valley of the Kings

HOLLYWOOD color cameras go adventuring effectively among desert ruins of ancient Egypt in "Valley of the Kings" (Metro), which tells the story of a search in 1900 for the tomb of an early Pharaoh named Ra Hotep.

Shot on location, splendidly photographic backgrounds, of Luxor, Cairo, and the Valley of the Kings give the picture special interest.

Archaeologists Robert Taylor and Eleanor Parker and her no-good husband, Carlos Thompson, are those involved in the quest.

Eager to prove a theory of her dead father that there once lived a Pharaoh who worshipped one God and that Joseph did lead his people out of bondage, Eleanor hires Robert Taylor to help her find the ancient tomb.

In this role Taylor's acting is more relaxed than usual. His forthright character is likeable.

The seekers encounter all sorts of adventures while following the trail to the tomb, which is found near Luxor.

Meanwhile, the human story slacks off to a somewhat routine conflict between Taylor and Thompson, who joins with a gang of grave-robbers

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent

★★★ Above average

★★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

in an effort to loot the tomb of treasure.

Teeming native crowds in the streets and working on excavations are part of the picturesque atmosphere, and Samia Gamal adds an exotic touch with one of her whirling Eastern dances.

In Sydney—Liberty.

★★ Carnival Story

"CARNIVAL STORY" (R.K.O.) is an uninhibited tale of lust and passion set against the garish background of a run-down touring carnival playing cities in Western Germany.

In it hitherto ladylike Anne Baxter plays, with sensuous gusto, the role of an unabashed tramp. You may not like her character as a person, but hardly anyone will begrudge Anne a pat on the back for the realism with which she brings the girl to life.

Naturally, Anne does not lack for lovers. The animal

Films reviewed

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon Is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, Maggie McNamara, David Niven. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★★ "Hobson's Choice," comedy, starring Charles Laughton, Brenda de Banzie, John Mills. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★ "Sabre Jet," air drama in color, starring Robert Stack, Coleen Gray, Julie Bishop. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "Valley of the Kings," romantic adventure in color, starring Robert Taylor, Eleanor Parker, Carlos Thompson. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "The Blue Parrot," thriller, starring Dermot Walsh, Jacqueline Hill.

LYCEUM.—★ "The Net," aviation drama, starring Phyllis Calvert, James Donald, Robert Beatty. Plus ★ "It Started in Paradise," technicolor romantic drama, starring Jane Hylton, Ian Hunter, Muriel Pavlow.

LYRIC.—★★ "The Red Beret," World War II technicolor drama, starring Alan Ladd, Susan Stephens, Leo Genn. Plus ★ "Cruisin' Down the River," technicolor musical, starring Dick Haymes, Billy Daniels. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "The Grace Moore Story," technicolor musical biography, starring Kathryn Grayson, Merv Griffin, Joan Weldon. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—★ "Siege at Red River," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Van Johnson, Joanne Dru, Richard Boone. Plus ★ "Music in the Moonlight," musical on ice, starring Dorothy Lewis, James Ellison, Jerry Colonna. (Not yet reviewed.)

PLAZA.—★★ "Carnival Story," technicolor circus drama, starring Anne Baxter, Steve Cochran, Lyle Bettger. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

attraction of Steve Cochran, a side-show spruiker with the show, is an evil influence throughout.

Some of the love scenes between these two—and there are plenty of them—are startlingly frank.

But, still banking on Cochran, Anne marries the show's high-dive star (Lyle Bettger), an earnest fellow who soon has her in abbreviated spangles as part of his act.

A fall removes Bettger from the scene, and Cochran meets a deservedly sticky end at the hands of a grotesque side-show mute, which leaves the romantic held to magazine photographer George Nader and introduces the least convincing part of the film.

Filmed in color on German locations, "Carnival Story" uses fairground crowds and noises and behind-the-scenes atmosphere effectively.

In Sydney—Plaza.

CITY FILM GUIDE

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Elephant Walk," technicolor drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Finch, Dana Andrews. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Broken Lance," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters, Richard Widmark. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ "Jour de Fete," French-language comedy, starring Jacques Tati. Plus ★★ "Big Top," special circus film in color.

STATE.—★★ "Genevieve," technicolor comedy, starring Dinah Sheridan, John Gregson, Kay Kendall, Kenneth More. Plus ★ "The Voice of Merrill," murder thriller, starring Valerie Hobson, Edward Underdown.

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Infidelity," Italian-language omnibus film, starring Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica, Aldo Fabrizi. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★★ "The Far Country," technicolor Western drama, starring James Stewart, Ruth Roman, Corinne Calvet. Plus ★ "All I Desire," period domestic drama, starring Barbara Stanwyck, Richard Carlson, Lyle Bettger.

Films not yet reviewed

CAPITOL.—"Miss Sadie Thompson," technicolor musical-drama, starring Rita Hayworth, Jose Ferrer. Plus "Problem Girls," juvenile drama, starring Helen Walker, Ross Elliott, Susan Morrow.

PARIS.—"Moment of Truth," French-language domestic drama, starring Jean Gabin, Michele Morgan, Daniel Gelin. Plus featurettes.

News from overseas

THE story behind that story **BRITISH** film magnate Arthur Rank is angry with America for blocking a wide showing of British films in the States. To beat the cold shoulder given to his films Rank plans to build a big chain of cinemas in America which will embrace more than a hundred cities.

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1. **DISAPPROVING** Resident, Ewart Gray (Donald Sinden), right, creates a native uproar by sentencing the drink-sodden Honorable Ted (Robert Newton) to imprisonment on a nearby island.



2. **ILL**, missionary Owen Jones (Paul Rogers), centre, is unable to perform operation on same island. His sister Martha (Glynis Johns) heals the patient, but incurs the witch-doctor's enmity.

THE BEACHCOMBER



3. **EMBARKING** for home after tending wounds of an injured island elephant, Martha is horrified to find the Honorable Ted aboard. He has completed his sentence.

★ Based on the story by Somerset Maugham, and filmed in technicolor, "The Beachcomber" (J. Arthur Rank) is the story of a strange love which grows out of hate, terror, and heroism on tropical islands in the Indian Ocean.

Robert Newton returned after two years in Hollywood to play the title role. Beachcomber Ted is a drink-sodden outcast of aristocratic English parents. Glynis Johns has the role of Martha Jones, a stern mission worker.



4. **MAROONED** when launch breaks down on the way, Martha realises that Ted is a decent man.



5. **LEFT:** At home, Martha amazes the Resident by asking him to invite Ted to supper. Instead, Ted gets roaring drunk, faces deportation.

6. **ABOVE:** Medicines collected to fight cholera outbreak, Martha pleads for permission to take the Honorable Ted with her to nearby infected islands.



7. **ABOVE:** Sacred elephant is turned loose to trample Martha and Ted following death of headman's daughter. It recognises Martha as helper, and balks.

8. **RIGHT:** Released from the strain of facing certain death, Martha collapses into the arms of Ted, who gathers her up and strides away from the compound.





RED-HEADED star Deborah Kerr, who is Scottish-born, has one of the most provocative roles in her career in the new British film "The End of the Affair."

Home in triumph

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Scottish-born Deborah Kerr is revelling in her new-found liberty as a star. Where other actresses ask only for the security of a fat contract with one of the major studios, she is enjoying her release from all that.

SHE says, "No more milk-and-water parts for me. No more of what I call 'Geoffrey, darling, don't—' parts."

The same thing has happened to her newest co-star, Van Johnson. They have both come from Hollywood to England to play the leads in "The End of the Affair," from the novel by Graham Greene.

It was Deborah's role as the hard-bitten, chemically blond wife of a soldier in "From Here To Eternity" that liberated her from the bonds of type-casting in lady-like roles, just as it was Van Johnson's performance as Mary in "The Caine Mutiny" that showed the film world how an engaging, freckled juvenile has grown up in a big way.

Ever since her change of film character, offers of undreamed-of acting assignments have been rolling in to Deborah's Hollywood home.

She has to thank changing her agent for much of this. Feeling she was getting into a rut with her parts, Deborah screwed up her courage and signed on with a new agent.

"Practically within hours," she told me, "I had been suggested—and accepted—for the lead in 'From Here To Eternity.' And permission had been secured from my studio, Metro, to be loaned to Columbia for it."

Following this came a dazzling offer to play in "Tea and Sympathy" on Broadway. It gave her the courage to walk into her bosses and ask

to be released from her contract.

"Everyone thought I'd gone mad," she said. "But M.G.M. were very fair and when they saw how determined I was, they agreed."

Her intuition about the play paid off richly. The play and her role in it were acclaimed, and Deborah Kerr was suddenly showered with scripts for films and plays.

Among these was the script of "The End of the Affair"—and with that she took a very deep breath, then whooped for joy, because it

Film Fun Fare

meant that a long-standing ambition of hers had come true.

"I had read the novel, and for a long time after I could dream of nothing but myself playing that part in a screen version."

"My hopes at that time were pretty slender, because of contracts and other plans laid out for me."

Deborah is one of the few actresses who actually is looking forward to growing old. She is 32, manages to look nearer 25, and yet dreams of all the wonderful parts an older actress can play.

"When I was very young I wanted to be Juliet. I never was. But now I'm looking forward one day to being Juliet's nurse. It's a much better part, you know."

"And there are some wonderful bits and pieces lying

around in wait for me, one of these days—Lady Bracknell, for instance, in 'The Importance of Being Earnest.' That will give me a lot of fun." Her eyes sparkled.

In "The End of the Affair," Deborah has the role of a married woman who becomes involved in a passionate love affair with a young, embittered writer. She sacrifices her chance of happiness with him because her beliefs prove stronger than her love.

The part of her untrusting lover is so much out of the usual run for Van Johnson that he is wearing a grin of permanent contentment round the set.

"It's terrific," he gloated. "A honey! One of the best love stories I've ever read."

The grin was somewhat marred by grime and a nasty property scar. He had spent all morning on the set under some fly-bomb debris, as a victim.

But, although the action is in wartime and Deborah Kerr is out for realism in her screen parts these days, she's not travelling the whole way with this gospel.

She is not, for instance, risking wearing wartime fashions now. "The other day I was looking at a wartime picture of myself. You never saw such a fright!"

"I had a great bush of hair, wide shoulders, a silly little skirt showing a lot too much of my legs—especially as mine are a bit bandy."

Deborah, who has a keen sense of fun and a lot of frankness, laughed and added, "How can women have fallen for so hideous a look?"

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ON UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

Continuing . . . False Face

[from page 10]

lifting his head, reminded her. "Don't forget one thing. You made a promise never to see me again."

"I had to. Daddy was ill then, he was so unhappy and you, you!" Anger always brought tears to her eyes. Ashamed of this weakness, fearful lest Nick believe she was weeping for him, she spoke in an edgy, exasperated voice. "You had to get yourself mixed up in a murder."

"Could I help it if Tootsie Martinson got shot while I was with you?"

"You were mixed up in it. You must have been. Why should they've suspected you if you weren't?"

"I've told you already. You never made it clear to me."

"Tootsie Martinson was a rat, a double-crosser. He was an enemy, he'd crossed up a good friend of mine. Here," Nick pointed towards the staircase that led to the gambling rooms. "right in this house I told Tootsie how I felt about him. He got sore, he said he'd get me. Only somebody got Tootsie first."

"Who? Your friend that he'd crossed up?"

"Could be," Nick was wary. "A good friend if he let you take the blame."

"I got off, didn't I?"

"But who paid for it? Who?" asked Nina, shrill as a disappointed adolescent. "Don't forget that part of it, Mr. Brazza."

"Your father got his money back all right. Twenty grand for two pictures in gold frames. And after . . ." Nick's cough interrupted. The bright crimson of his cheeks and the carmine of his lips reminded her of old attitudes. She had been a fool! Correggio's angel, indeed.

She had tried to talk to her father so that he would understand the lofty plane of her feeling for Nick, and he had answered, sadly, that evil too often wears the face of virtue. "But Nick's good, good!" She had wept while her father walked off, an ageing man too weary to explain the adult world's contradictions.

"And then," continued Nick, clearing his throat, "he made you give your word of honor you'd never see me again. If you hadn't been so tough with me, maybe . . ."

"You wouldn't have gone back to your other pals?" She tried to sound hard. "You did all right for yourself."

These were Nick's own words. I did all right for myself. Less than a year later, when she had come, unknowingly, with Sonny Vance and a crowd of gay spendthrifts to Oakheart, and had seen Nick, lord of the gambling club, host, man of the world, saying courteously that he would like to dance with Miss Redfield.

Nick hummed the tune. She knew that he was thinking of that night, of the yellow flowers and candles, of her yellow dress and how he had taken her upstairs to show her his apartment. She tried not to soften. "I did all right," you said.

"And you looked straight at me and said, 'But isn't it illegal?' And your boy-friend, was he angry? He was in love with you, huh?"

"He wanted to marry me." "Who wouldn't?" Nick moved closer. "You're so sweet. Even when you're screaming like a kid." His hands lay on her shoulders. "What man with eyes in his head and ears to hear your voice and a heart in him wouldn't love you to death?" His lips found hers.

At the table over coffee cups he spoke for the first time of the future. "I can make money, again, straight, too. As legal as any business man. We wouldn't have to live around

here. Ever been to Mexico? You'll like it, Nina. Full of art. And nobody'd know us."

"That's the day after tomorrow. What about today? Do we get out of here?"

"Don't you like it? Don't I make it comfortable for you?"

"We're grown people, Nick. We've got responsibilities."

"You have. I've got a history. Not that there aren't plenty of my kind in Mexico City. Wait!" He left the table, calling back, "A surprise for you," and returned with a pair of jeans and a workshirt. "They might be a little big, but they're clean and you can pull them in with a belt. I found a cap, too. Put your hair under . . ."

"And go off as a boy?" She laughed. "Like an old-fashioned romance?"

"We are an old-fashioned romance, you and me." He walked about the room, whistling. "I've figured it all out. We go at night, through the greenhouse passage. Tomorrow morning we'll be three hundred miles away. You wait in the car somewhere and I go into a shop and buy you an outfit. Then Mr. and Mrs. John Smith of Plymouth Rock, Wyoming, get on a plane. Next stop, Mexico City."

"You make it sound too simple. What about passports and things?"

"You don't need passports for Mexico. And things can be arranged. Just say you were born in Wyoming, and were never a Communist." He laughed. "You won't have to tell lies. Leave that to me."

"A pipe dream," Nina said. "Sometimes," he whispered with the reverence of a man who believes the lyrics of popular songs, "a dream can come true. What about us being here together?"

He believes in me, Nina thought, and was glad to go off and change into blue jeans so that she could think about Nick. He believed not only in Nina Redfield but in the fulfilment of irrational wishes. How could a man so lawless be so childlike?

She heard his voice tender with Andy, who had come back with the groceries. Simple faith and criminal blood, thought Nina, could be as mixed as any of the other elements in man. Evil is no purer than virtue, both are adulterated by their opposites. As she tucked up the hems of the jeans, another thought came. Philip Evercley could never be childlike. He had faults, of course, but his virtues were the fruit of

To page 58

THE BIBLE WAS RIGHT

WHEN the Old Testament prophets Jeremiah, Obadiah, and Joel prophesied the doom of the ancient Edomites, they were proved right 1300 years later, when the Mohammedans overthrew Edom.

The name of the Edomites' city, Petra, was forgotten for a thousand years. Sceptics used to say that the Edomites never existed, and in support of their assertion say: "Where was their city?"

They were silenced in 1812, when a young Swiss explorer named Burekhardt found the remains of Petra carved into the sandstone sides of a 1000-ft. ravine in Jordan.

Striking color photographs in the October 5 issue of A.M. show the wonders of Petra.



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TREE TOMATOES. Trees, which should be protected from frost when young, begin bearing when they are about two years old and live to ten or twelve years. This picture, showing the picking, was supplied by Mr. A. L. Kidson, of Wellington, New Zealand.

October is the time to: Sow summer vegetables and annuals. Check fruit trees . . . Inspect dahlia tubers . . . Plant tree tomatoes.

OCTOBER is a busy time for the gardener. Spring is at its height and there are many jobs to catch up with before the days become too warm.

Here are a few reminders that now is the time to:—

• Plant tree tomatoes.

Though the tree tomato is easy to grow and bears big crops, it is still something of a rarity. The fruit resembles a tomato slightly in color and form, but not at all in flavor.

The plant is a sub-tropical shrub or small tree, which grows well in light, fertile, properly drained soil. It makes an attractive garden shrub when the fruits ripen in autumn and winter. They are about 2½ inches long and hang downwards.

Propagation is by seed or cuttings. When grown from seed, the main stem may grow 5 to 6 feet before branching. If grown from cuttings, taken from wood at least one year old and half-an-inch in diameter, the branching occurs right from ground level. The cuttings used should be 18 to 24 inches long.

Seeds should be sown in October in nursery rows in a garden bed. They should be covered with ½ inch of loamy soil.

The young plants, whether grown from seed or cuttings, should be transplanted in April or May to enable the plant to become established in its permanent home before winter. Trees should be spaced 8 to 10 feet apart.

In tableland districts, a spring planting is preferable.

As fruit is borne on wood of the current season, it is necessary to keep the tree growing vigorously. This is achieved by giving a yearly dressing of 3lb. of a complete fertiliser

mixture in early summer, and by keeping up the water.

In addition, a spring pruning is advisable, otherwise the fruit will be carried further from the main stem, resulting in a straggly tree.

Laterals which have fruited should be well cut back to encourage new growth. Branches should be thinned to prevent overcrowding, and shortened when necessary to develop new growth near the bases.

The aim is a well-balanced sturdy framework, with the branches radiating evenly from the centre. Always cut out dead wood.

• Inspect dahlia tubers for shoots.

Though dahlias can be propagated from seeds and

GARDENING

cuttings, tubers remain the commonest and on the whole most satisfactory method.

Clumps of tubers will begin to shoot between September and December according to variety, temperature, and moisture conditions.

Shoots come from eyes at the junction of the tuber neck and the woody base of the old stem.

Clumps showing shoots can be divided with a sharp knife, leaving at least one strong tuber to each shoot.

After division, the tubers may be planted out into the permanent beds, or, if preferred, they may be lined out in trenches and covered with soil until the shoots have developed.

Dahlias do well in practically any well-drained soil which has been enriched with compost or animal manure.

Where you intend to plant a tuber, spread a good spadeful of organic matter over an area one foot in diameter,

add one ounce of complete fertiliser mixture, and turn the lot in to a depth of five inches.

Plant the dahlia in the centre of the enriched area so that the shoot is covered with two to three inches of soil.

Dahlias are shallow rooters, and deeper cultivation pays no dividends. It is also the reason why plenty of water is needed during the summer.

Watering is not necessary until the shoot appears at this time of the year.

• Wage war on weeds.

Those which are beginning to thrive round newly planted shrubs should be attacked.

The shrub given a flying start with no competition from weeds beats its uncared for counterpart hands down. And as shrubs are expensive it pays to look after them.

• Sow seeds of summer annuals.

There are lovely things to choose from, including phlox, petunias, asters, snaps, zinnias, marigolds, and nasturtiums.

• Watch out for powdery mildew on roses.

• Sow seed of all summer vegetables.

• Control codlin moth in apples, pears, and quinces.

When most of the petals have fallen, but before the calyxes have closed at the top of the little fruits, the trees must be sprayed with 0.1 per cent D.D.T.

Clear away fallen leaves and grass from the base of the tree and spray the trunk right to ground level.

Repeat the spray programme every three weeks until harvest, and collect and burn any fruit which falls prior to harvest.

• Keep a watch on fruit trees which were planted during winter.

In dry weather water should be kept up to young trees.

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— THE HOUSEHOLD WORD IN RUBBER

AG 47

thought. He was good, not as a child is good in fear of punishment or hope of reward, but ethically good, a man.

From the kitchen Nick called, "Hey, come and look what we've got." In his hands the grocery baskets became treasure chests. "Sweet cream, fresh butter, tomatoes, steak..."

"What'll they think in the village? That Andy buys such stuff for himself?"

"Didn't I tell you about his titter?"

"Titter?"

"Andy's sister; she's a kind of nut. I don't mean like him, empty upstairs. She's supposed to be smart, but ashamed that her brother's like he is, and she never sees anyone—what you'd call a recluse. She's got a big house full of antique furniture and canned goods and a freezer of meat, so nobody ever asks questions when Andy buys..." He stopped abruptly.

There was an envelope at the bottom of the basket. Nick kept Nina waiting while he read the letter.

"What's that?"

He shrugged and started to put it in his pocket.

"What is that?" begged Nina.

"I told you. Nothing."

"From Andy's sister?"

"It's just an ad they put in the basket."

"Then why are you hiding it?"

He pulled the letter out and gave it to her in the manner of a man who scorns feminine curiosity. The letter, written in block letters on white type-writer paper, read: "Get away fast, Nick. If you and the girl want to make a getaway be ready when the speedboat comes up the river to take you where you can get on a private plane. Go to S.A. or Mexico. Your last chance this time."

Nick walked to a window on the river side. The day's brightness was gone; a fog was rising. "Mexico!" His voice was acid.

"I thought that was your bright idea."

"He thinks of everything first."

"Who? Your old friend? Apparently he wants to get rid of you." Nina spoke to Nick's back. "What's the next move? Do we take the boat?"

"And walk right into his bullets?"

"So you don't trust your old friends."

"You've turned against me, too."

The attack, unjust and unjustified, angered Nina. "I want to go home."

No longer a child, but a man defeated, Nick fell into a chair, propped his elbows on a table, buried his face. "Don't be sore at me, honey. It's you I'm worried about—the spot I got you in. I wanted to rescue you and now you're in a worse trap."

"Why don't I just open the door and walk down to the highway and thumb a ride?"

Vitality returned. Nick was up like a tennis ball. "You must be out of your head. I told you it was dangerous."

"You didn't tell me everything; you didn't tell me half of it." Her anger cooled and took shape. "Unless you make me understand what I'm doing here..."

She looked around the preposterous room. Conditions and owners had changed, but Oakheart's pomp and furnishings remained; swollen consoles, obese cabinets, bursting brocades, overworked tapestries. Where else in a functional century could such a flock of marble cherubim and brass seraphim have dwelt? Dimpled infant angels were embroidered on cushions, painted on canvas, carved in wood; they perched mischievously on the handles of vases, ascended lamp bases, swung from the pendulum of a gilded clock, threatened to drop from the ceiling.

Continuing . . . False Face

[from page 55]

"You've got to show me good reason for it, or I'm not staying another hour in this cherubs' hideout."

At four o'clock, when Philip stopped at the intersection of Route 48 and a new forest path, the sun was rapidly falling towards the foggy horizon. The men who were working on a group of new houses had begun to put away their tools.

Yes, they told Philip, this subdivision had been part of the forest and meadow area known as the Cushing Estate. Some of the land had been sold to farmers, other sections to subdividers and builders, and there was a woodland tract owned by a millionaire who had a hunting lodge at the top of the hill.

"Is that the part they call The Cushion?"

"It's shaped like a regular pillow," one of the workmen said. This millionaire's had the old cabin rebuilt into a hunting lodge.

"That's what I'm looking for."

"Watch the road, Mister. Better keep your car in low. There's a new surface, but it's not very well graded."

The road climbed for two miles and ended at a flat place where a circular turn had been laid. Beyond it the forest was dense. There seemed no sign of a footpath. After a few yards Philip discovered what might serve as a trail. Trained by an old hunter to watch and listen, Philip went through the wood confidently, observing



"I lay down the law to my wife, but she keeps on amending it."

such marks as fallen boughs, rocks, depressions in the earth, the nature of shrubs and trees. The uncertain trail ended.

He looked back to discover the path by which he had come. All landmarks had vanished. As the murk thickened, the wood seemed to grow denser. No matter where he looked, it was all the same. He saw old, gnarled trees, healthy middle-aged trees, upstart saplings, but at no place a majority of one kind or the other. On his right two young birches on his left a clump of scrub pine, before him a clump of scrub pine, on his left two young birches.

Neither the gift of observation nor a woodsman's experience now served him. His only sure knowledge was that the cabin was close to the hilltop. He pushed on resolutely.

Of a sudden the cabin rose before him, a black bulk. He moved around it cautiously, examined the doors and shutters with his torch. The windows were locked, though some shutters were folded back. He squinted through cracks and found no light, but there might have been heavy curtains behind the windows.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living persons.

All the doors were locked and bolted. Resting his hand against the building he felt a throb as if an electric motor were spinning somewhere inside. He took off his glove and touched the boards. They were not cold.

There was no answer to his knocks, but he heard, or fancied that he heard, more than the echo of his knuckles upon wood. He tried again, listened, heard the same faint tap.

"Nina!"

Her name sighed through the woods. "Nina!" He cursed the echo, because it kept him from hearing whatever sound there might have been in the cabin, a sound that was familiar but neither identifiable nor constant. Again he called and knocked, but always with the same result, the same echo—the same delicate, interrupted sound from the building.

At last, because there was

To page 61

WARNING!

Early successes of "EVERGLAZE" led to many imitations. Considerable quantities of inferior weak fabrics which will not stand the wash tub have been sold as "Everglaze" giving much disappointment. Buy only from reputable firms. Insist on genuine "Everglaze." Remember ONLY "Everglaze" stands for WASHPROOF CREASE RESISTANCE in easy-to-care-for cottons.

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You bath every day — but that's not enough—that just washes away past perspiration. You may think you're safe, but although you rarely notice underarm odour yourself — others do! Everyone perspires — including you. And even perfume won't hide that tell-tale odour.

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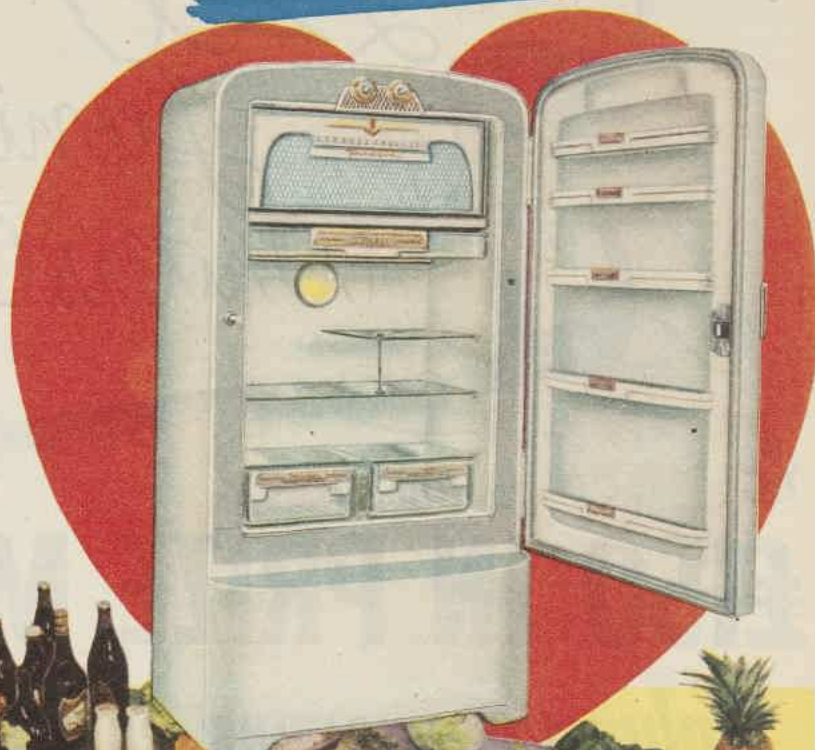
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1954

Page 59



Parents . . .

Every child has a story to tell . . . a story of idealism, imagination and adventure. Many have a real talent for putting these stories into words . . . and this, you will agree, is something to be encouraged.

If your children show any talent for "making up" stories (as we feel sure they do), might we suggest that you encourage them to enter this contest? While you will not, of course, aid them in the "plot" or in the writing of the story . . . it would be helpful, especially for the very young entrants, if you would check such details as correctness of name and address, stamping and mailing.

Whether or not you have a potential prize-winner in your family . . . we feel that this Contest will give a good deal of enjoyment to everyone concerned with it.



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This is the idea

This story was written by Wally Sloane, age 10, as an entry in a recent radio contest.

"LITTLE PRINCESS LAUGHING WATER"

Many moons ago lived a little Indian princess called "Laughing Water." Her mother was "Pearly White" and her father "Chief Plenty

Smiler," but all the tribe could not understand why the little princess never smiled. One day the Chief called his braves together and said, "Whoever makes my little princess smile shall win her hand in marriage."

So they brought her jewels to make her rich and robes to make her pretty, but she didn't smile. One tall young brave gave her a little brush

which pleased her but didn't make her smile. While passing through the white man's village he was attracted by a small red and yellow box. Opening it, he found a tube inside, so hurried along, thinking, "This is indeed a fitting gift to a princess."

She tasted it and found it very pleasant, so she squeezed some on to the little brush she received so

as to be able to get its pleasant taste all through her mouth. She was so happy that she smiled ever so nicely to the brave, who later married her, and they painted the name "IPANA" on their tepee because it was written on the little box that made her so happy.

After the ceremony all the tribe rejoiced and each used some "Ipana" to brighten their smiles and no one ever wondered again why the princess never smiled.

When entering your story, REMEMBER . . .

- Write neatly on one side of the paper only.
- Print your group, name and address, birthday and age at the top of the first page, like this—
Group 2
Beverley Jones,
12 Station Street,
Smithtown, S.A.
Age 10 years . . . Birthday 2nd May.
- Ask one of your parents or your teacher to sign your entry.
- Post your entry to:
"Junior Writers," Group
P.O. Box 58, North Sydney.
*Mark your group on envelope.
- Your entry must be received before 5 p.m., 15th November, 1954.

CONDITIONS

- The judges' decision will be final and legally binding and no correspondence will be entered into. It is regretted that stories cannot be returned.
- This contest is not open to the immediate families of Bristol-Myers' employees or their advertising agents.
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nothing else to do, he left. His flashlight found the footpath. He made for his car.

Could he have known it, Nina at that same time was facing Nick in weary argument. Nick was talking angrily.

"You read the papers, don't you? Remember a shooting in New York, a salesman named Schuster, recognises a face on the street. It's one of the faces they hang in post offices under the word 'Wanted.' A reward goes with the face and this Schuster manages to get word to the cops in time for them to pick up the fellow. Schuster's threatened, called a squealer. He asks for police protection, but what does he get?"

"Shot," said Nina. "In the back. They find his body on his mother's front steps. To this day nobody knows what happened."

"Was he just a salesman? Perhaps he was connected with the criminals."

"Like you," Nick said.

Continuing . . . False Face

from page 58

"That's ridiculous. You know I had nothing to do with Bushie."

"You were a friend of mine."

"But . . ."

"Some people don't bother to figure out your buts. They'd never believe you if you tried to tell them why you came. You've got two strikes against you. First you're a squealer. His voice, hard and all on a level, was the voice of disapproval. 'Squealers can't live. Wanted guys have to be protected.'"

"You said that before. A number of times. What's the other strike against me?"

"What you might know."

"How could I possibly know anything?"

"What I told you."

All this talk about squealers and secret information irritated Nina. She had tried to shield herself with an air of sceptical good humor and had failed.

"There's no sense in what you say. How could anyone believe anything so silly? Except for knowing you and having gone to see you when you were ill, what do I know about underworld characters? A more ignorant person doesn't exist."

"That's what you say. Other people don't agree."

"Are criminals always so hysterical? I thought they were cool and hardboiled."

"Criminals are like everybody else. When their interests are at stake they'll believe anything that protects them. Get it?"

Not only his voice but Nick's manner and vocabulary had changed. Inflections assumed for Nina, attitudes acquired when he was host at Oakheart with paintings, books, thirty-six tailored suits, and a class clientele dropped away as he toughened to his subject.

"Schoolteacher or tramp, a squealer's a squealer. And

when you turn down five legitimate G's, it's got to be because you got a better deal."

Nina stood up, pushing back the green leather chair. They had deserted the great hall because the billiard-room was easier to heat, and cosier. With her back to Nick and her eyes on the ivory balls, dusty but neat in their triangular wood frames, she said, "Then you know about Mr. Samson."

"Who's that?"

"Do you know a man named Jake Landsome?"

"Landsome!" Nick was on his feet, too. "What do you know about him?"

"He came to see me."

"You're kidding!"

She told him about the visit of the alleged insurance man and his offer to double the reward.

Nick whistled. "Then I was right. If Landsome honors you with a visit you've got an X on your back marked target. Oh, honey!"

NICK'S excitement added to Nina's confusion. She was weary of bewilderment, lost, afraid that she would never be returned to herself whole and healthy. She had been a simple girl; the doorbell had not alarmed her. She had answered telephones without flinching, visitors had been welcome in her house.

"Why did Landsome call on me? Because of you, Nick? You're mixed up with those people, aren't you? Involved in all those murders and hold-ups and pinball conspiracies?"

"If I was more mixed up in 'em, we'd be better off, you and me both." He had begun his pacing again and his face became rosy-gold or purple-shadowed as he moved in and out of the fire's light. "What Jake Landsome won't forgive is that I took a powder. He's still trying to figure me out, and when Jake's not one step

ahead you're his number one enemy."

"What are you honestly, friend or enemy?"

"I was once"—Nick spoke almost mincingly—"his protégé. A smart kid, he took a personal interest in me."

"When he bought the pictures you sold for my father?"

"How do you know who bought 'em? I never told your old man."

"A friend of mine worked it out."

"Who told him? Hey, what kind of friends do you have, anyway?"

In defence of Philip Everclyde, whose name she had not mentioned, Nina said hotly, "He only surmised it. Why's Landsome your enemy now?"

"With a guy like that you can start out a protégé, but you end up a stooge. Get it? I don't like being a stooge, even if a guy was once good to me. Even when I can make something out of it." His glance travelled swiftly, taking in some of the good things he had made of it: oak panelling, soft leather, the green baize and mahogany of the billiard table.

"What was this place when Tootsie ran it? A dump. No class. With me in charge we had the best clientele in town, the best food and liquor and service. Three gardeners. You saw it, Nina; you know what I made of it."

"But not for long," she said. And caught in her tone the echo of Philip Everclyde's scorn.

"Was it my fault? Some people said I was too extravagant, that I went broke, couldn't pay my debts. Or they might tell you that the D.A. was cleaning up gambling before election. If you want the true reason, go to Landsome." In theuddy light Nick stood exposed. Cords rose on his forehead, his neck swelled, he addressed the unseen.

"Sure, I was put in this place by him, given my big start; but why? Why? Because he loved me like his own son, the way he always said?" Rancor was aimed at the fire. "Jake wanted his own man in

this spot. That's been the beginning of it all. He didn't want a little gold-mine like this run by Tootsie Martinson or any other independent."

"Is that why Martinson was killed?"

"You're asking me? You know I didn't do it. Who knows better what my alibi was the day Tootsie got his?"

Rough fact bruised tender memory. She had hoped not to be reminded again of that day at The Cushion.

"But"—she was stern—"you were involved."

"I wasn't. That's the funny part. I could've been involved up to my ears, but I turned the proposition down. Cold!" The unseen enemy now dwelt in the billiard table. He gave it a sour look. "Nix, says I to that proposition. Certain kind of things I don't get mixed up in unless it's strictly necessary. Besides, I'd promised you I was going straight from then on."

"You promised often."

"I was never as honest in my life as then, so help me. But things started happening I couldn't control."

"Who did kill Martinson? Was it Landsome?"

"Certain questions you don't ask. Knowing some things is like a slow disease: always gets you in the end."

"Then it isn't the slot machines and pinball murders I'm supposed to know about. It's . . ."

"Everything!" Nick cut her off harshly. "Everything you ever knew unless you're Landsome's man. With me he thought he had control. But when he found out twice I don't stooge for anyone, what happens? If I hadn't pulled out when I did, they'd have framed me like Bunion-head Peterson. You like heard of that case; it's famous."

"Yes."

"In this territory, anyway, you work it, you're between the law and Landsome."

"Why doesn't the law do something about Landsome?"

"Are you kidding?"

His scorn was so complete that Nina dared ask no more.

To page 63

★ As I read the stars ★

By EVE HILLIARD

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Should October 5 bristle with difficulties, complicated arrangements resembling a crossword puzzle, October 10 blooms with love, kindness, popularity.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): While October 6 is friendly to finances or improved conditions in your occupation, October 8 tends towards a reckless waste of time, energy, money.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): There may be a bit of luck around the corner if you ignore conflicting reports reaching you October 5, and continue serenely on your way until October 7.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): Put your shoulder to the domestic wheel, October 5, clear the decks for action, and plan hospitality, outings, social interests for October 9.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Hearing unexpected news, October 9, is likely to mark the start of a new project, which should give much satisfaction to yourself and those around you, October 11.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Although the morning of October 7 may threaten to wreck your plans, possibly personal, but probably of a business nature, October 11 clinches a deal.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Letters, telephone calls may brighten October 6 with invitations, October 8 favors lovers, young and old, while October 10 is sociable for all.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): October 8 could present you a lost article, a meeting with an old friend, a slight increase in pay; gain and pleasure seem indicated.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): If you're working for the community, October 5 is likely to be important, October 6 expensive, October 10 enjoyable.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Don't jump in hastily on the morning of October 7. The afternoon offers you a better proposition. October 8 is fine for prestige.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Kicking off to a good start, October 5, a scheme is likely to meet with opposition, October 6, yet prove very profitable, October 7.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Lack of confidence could defeat you, October 6. October 8 should lead to success with many advantages, October 11, in any undertaking.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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7605 — "Supersilk" B.T. Slip, four gore skirt. Prettily trimmed with Nylotux and lavished with French lace. Peach, white. Size 32-40. 39/11

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questions. Nick arranged billiard balls on the table and took a cue from the rack. His movements were cat-like, swift.

After a time he spoke over his shoulder. "You know about the trouble I had out West. I told you that in the hospital."

"When those gunmen wrecked your club and shot you?"

"In every territory there's a big boss. Cooley and Buxbaum aren't in a class with Jake, but, then, everything's cruder out West. Jake's not crazy about crude stuff, only when it's necessary. Personally he likes to use tactics. Always talking about tactics; using tactics on me, too, when he wants me back. This part I didn't tell you, Nina." He wanted now to tell her. His impatience was sharp as a blade.

"After Cooley and Buxbaum get through with me, I'm in a bad way. Hospital bills high as a snow-covered mountain and me flat on my back. In my line you don't collect insurance for occupational accidents."

"I thought your mother took care of you, and your sister."

"Where did they get the dough? I'd brought them out West and been good to them when I had it, but how do you think they kept going without me? My brother-in-law's got a big heart—too big for his brains—and there's three kids. Only one person in our family's got a real head; that's my mother. You've met her, Nina."

Nina recalled a swift, sweet smile, tragic eyes, and hands grown scaly with hard work. "Yes. She was sweet."

"A great old dame. Why did she have to have me for a son? While I'm in the hospital she sells the dining-room suite and the diamond ring and buys a few tables and puts a sign in the window: 'Good spaghetti.' Customers start coming. It kills me when I come out of the hospital, weak as a cat, and see her standing on her feet all night. I try to think of a way out and I can only think in one direction. Get it?"

"Landsome?"

"I pick up a phone and I talk long distance, reverse

Continuing . . . False Face

from page 61

charges. Then a couple of days later an old pal arrives by plane . . .

"Landsome?"

"Don't keep saying that name all the time. What do you think, Jake's a messenger boy? It was my old school friend—none other than Bushie. Jake's sent him out with a roll this big"—Nick laid aside the cue to show the size of the roll—"and more to come if I say the word."

"That was kind. I'd never have expected it of Landsome."

"Why not? He gives to charity. Not that I was charity. I paid that dough back and with interest."

"How, if you were broke?"

"Jake had a job for me."

The admission was not without pride. "Plenty of people want me to work for them, Nina. Even in Las Vegas if I'd strung along with Cooley and his bunch I'd have been okay. My only trouble is I'm independent; I like to operate for myself. What I don't like is doing all the work and taking all the chances and then paying them to let me live."

"It hardly seems fair," said Nina, glad to agree with him on some point.

"What's fair? Is it so different when you're legitimate? A little guy wants to be independent, but the big combines make the rules. If the independent shows signs of making good they open their mouths like the wolf with Red Riding Hood. If he says no, he's cooked and eaten. Like me. My trouble's been that I always wanted to make my own rules and take what's coming to me. Not," he said sternly, "that I'm beefing. I did a job for Jake and then I said, 'Okay, boss, I've paid; we're even.'"

"What kind of job was it?" Nick lit a cigarette. "Piece of business he didn't want to handle himself and his other men were too crude for it. Most of the guys are crude. Like Bushie." He tossed the cigarette into the fire.

"The doctor says I oughtn't to smoke so much. Wish you'd

remind me. Crazy thing, a gun pointed at your heart and you worry about smoking an extra cigarette. Want me to teach you this game, Nina? Lot of women play." He offered a cue.

It would have been pleasant to learn billiards than to demand, "What was the job you did for Landsome?"

"Okay, if you want to be tough. It was a deal, cars, the grey market. Jake wanted to get in on that, too."

"Stolen cars?"

"I got out as soon as I finished the job. His next proposition I turned down flat."

"Imagine me being mixed up in things like that," Nina shuddered and closed her eyes.

"Come on, let me teach you the game," Nick thrust a cue into her hand. "You know who taught me? Jake Landsome, he started out as a billiard champion. This was his private room; he's always got a room with a table in it wherever he is. Good for the nerves, he says."

The cue dropped from Nina's hand. "I don't want ever to touch anything that has anything to do with Landsome."

"It's only a game. Nice people play," he wheedled. "Who says you're mixed up in anything? Even Jake himself knows you don't know the half of it."

"Is there more?"

Nick laughed. "Enough to fill a whole row of books if anybody'd live long enough to write 'em. The things I know!" He spoke as a man might speak of records achieved by long practice or learning acquired by rigorous study. "Facts and figures, what money was paid out, who collected, who needed protection, who got it and who paid. Stuff the Income Tax people or even the F.B.I'd give their right arms to find out."

He whispered as though there had been detectives within earshot. "You know where Jake went wrong? He counted on

me too much. He thought I'd never be able to kiss him goodbye."

"Why did you?"

"It wasn't only Jake, I get along with him all right, we understand each other. We're the brain type, not crude. But there are others in his organization get on my nerves, the crude type that shoots first and thinks about it later. Some of 'em are jealous of me, specially since I came back from the west. They're always trying to start trouble and I'm sick of trouble. Always sucking up to Jake, hinting Brazza's dangerous, just waiting for the green light to flash in my direction."

"Is that why you let yourself be put in jail? Because Landsome thinks you know too much and his henchmen are after you?"

"How'd you ever think of that? It's not like you, Nina."

"A friend suggested it."

"The same friend? What kind of friends've you got?"

"A lawyer. He thinks you're too clever to be sentenced for a light offence unless you want to be in jail. Some of the reporters said the same thing."

"I'm sick of trouble," Nick said. "Guys always trying to start trouble get on my nerves. Not that I figured it that way when I had the fight with the cop. He was wrong."

"They say you could have got out of it."

"Sure. I got a lawyer, too. But I'm tired." He had stretched out in one of the fireside chairs, raised his legs to the ottoman.

"I was too tired to care. I was too tired to fight any longer. Maybe your lawyer was right, I wanted a high wall between me and my old friends. All except one old friend."

He had lit another cigarette and through the smoke his eyes, velvet with tenderness, courted her glance. "Only one old friend, she didn't find the wall too high." His eyes pierced her bone, her will, her defences. A tremor seized her. Every nerve cried out. In the garden an animal wailed.

"Quit shivering, honey. I'll tell you when to be scared."

Beauty in brief:

Hair-do programme

By CAROLYN EARLE

● What's happened to your hair during the winter? Has it grown too long or straggly? More than likely it is about due for a good trimming or shaping, and possibly a new permanent wave.

THE hair is one feature that is best attended to early if you hope to get through the season with a lasting, well-put-together look.

Have you allowed the weather to dry your hair into a bunched mass? Get to it with warm oil treatments now, for nothing marks down the appearance of the hair as much as lack of vitality.

What about its style? Has it just grown, like Topsy, and lost any semblance to spruceness and neatness? Try a new parting, direct curls another way, take more time to set it right, brush it regularly.

The secret of a happy summer hair-do, be it long or short, is, of course, to choose one that stays put without a lot of primping.

Short hair will stay neat, without bothersome ends, if you have it cut in a definite shape. With longer hair the idea is to avoid odd pieces of different lengths.

Nick's breath fell upon her softly, his hands lay upon her, hot, light, feverish with irresistible excitement.

In a prim school-teacher voice Nina said, "Let's get out of here. I can't stand it any longer. Please."

"Where do you want to go?"

"Home."

"You're not scared?"

"I'd rather be frightened at home."

In sudden silence, Nick moved on tiptoe to the curtains, opened them just enough to slip out. Damp entered the room and a wet, earthy smell. The closing of the door cut the quiet so harshly that Nina ran forward to wait at the curtains for Nick's return. He came in smiling as a man might smile who has arranged a victory.

"You won't be leaving tonight. For home or anywhere else. The fog's thick as soup. Whether you want to or not, you got to stay here with me. You're sentenced."

He stood close, but this time did not attempt to touch her. With a pang she remembered how a boy in a blue serge suit, with his hair oiled down and clean fingernails, had come to a schoolgirl's party. Later Nina's mother, rebuking her for neglecting other guests, had remarked on the boy's exquisite courtesy.

Aren't you going to ask me to dance? Nina had said. Was that when she had begun to touch mud? Her tremors ended and she stood as still as had that diffident boy at his first party. The waiting seemed endless.

To be concluded

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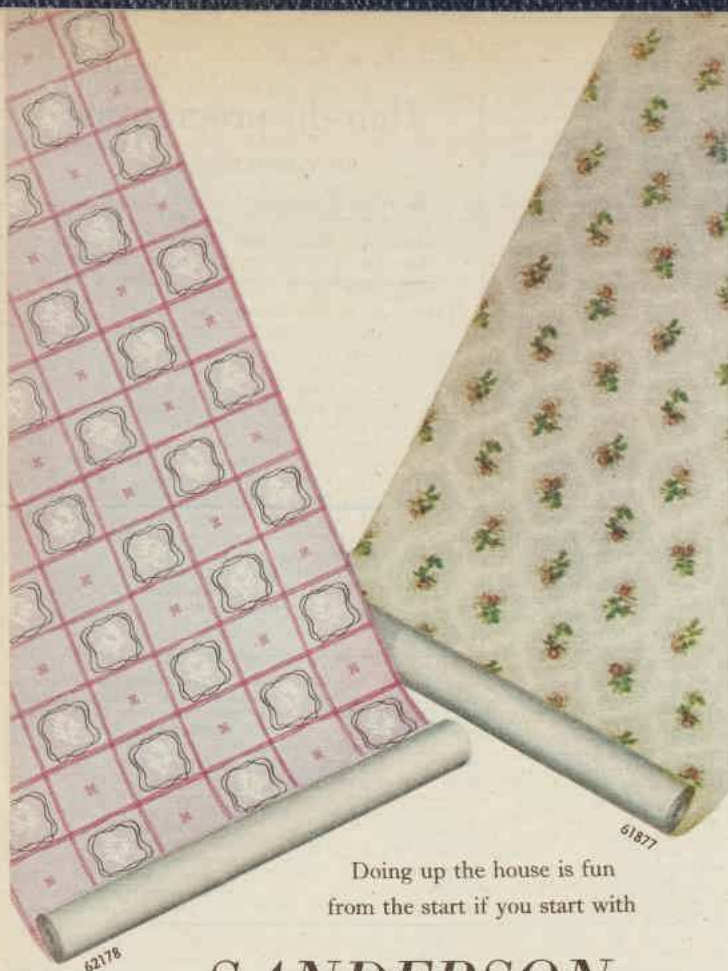
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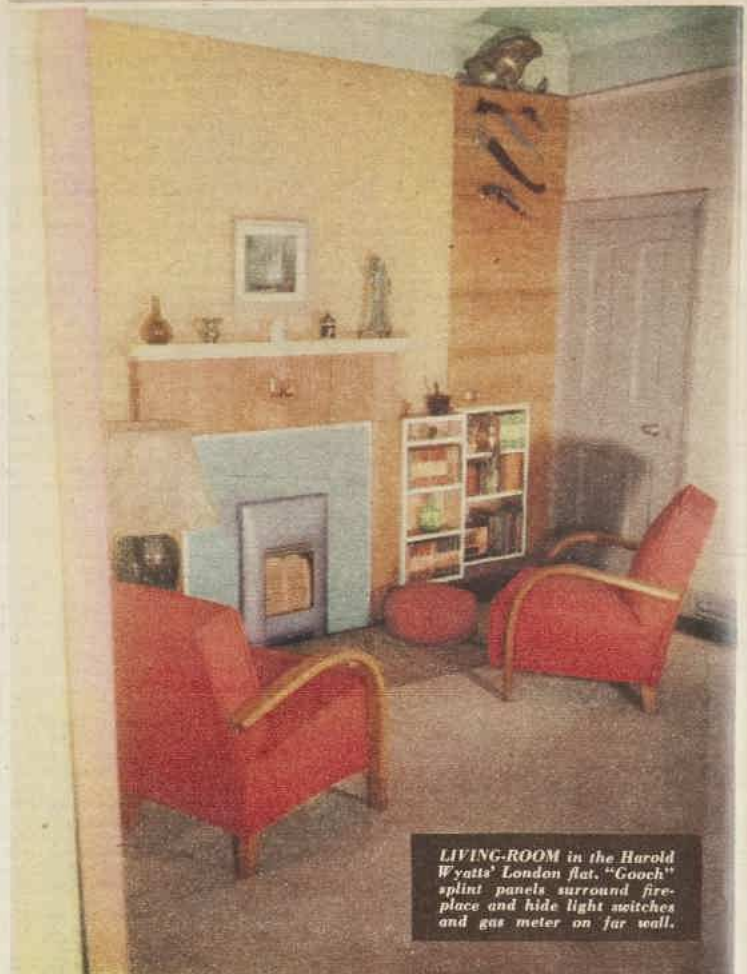
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LIVING-ROOM in the Harold Wyatt's London flat. "Gooch" splint panels surround fireplace and hide light switches and gas meter on far wall.



VESTIBULE (above) has one wall covered in decorative wine labels collected from every country in Europe. "Gooch" splints make the plant box and the table lamp.

RIGHT: Odette, the French wife of architect Harold Wyatt, pours tea. Mr. Wyatt made the tea table, bookshelves, and fireplace surround. Mrs. Wyatt made the gay hearth rug.



REDECORATING a flat with surgical splinting is an idea that would not occur to many people.

But it's one that was used with great success by a young English architect, Harold Wyatt, and his pretty French wife, Odette.

With imagination, color, and yards of "gooch" splints the Wyatts completely transformed what was a decrepit flat in an old garage in St. Martin's Lane, London.

"Gooch" splints — yard-square sheets of fine pine slats stuck to a canvas backing — were used for emergency first-aid during the war and can now be bought as surplus stores. — Eve Gye.

PUFFIN, the exciting New Cake Mix makes a Lighter...Moister...More Delicious Cake



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Betty King

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ONLY 4 MINUTES FROM PACKET TO OVEN!

1. Add eggs and lukewarm milk to contents of packet.
2. Beat for three minutes with rotary beater.
3. Pour mixture into greased layer cake pans and bake.

That's all you do! Never did you make a lighter, moister, richer cake — so quickly! Get a packet of Puffin to-day!



GUARANTEED —A PERFECT CAKE— OR YOUR MONEY BACK

If you think that your Puffin cake does not fulfil the claims made for it in this advertisement, write your name and address on the back of the empty packet, and return it to the grocer from whom you bought Puffin. He will refund the full purchase price.

Planned for privacy

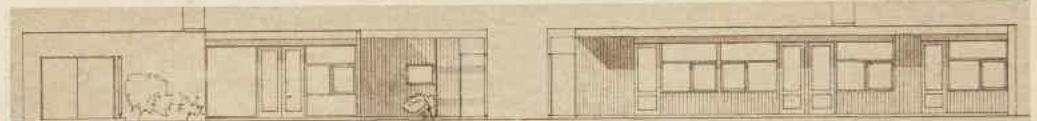


SIMPLE but ingeniously designed house (above), to be constructed of timber and brick, has lightness and spaciousness, practicability and privacy. Planned by architects Ancher, Mortlock, and Murray, it was one of the finalists in our recent £3000 Family Home contest. The plan, which will interest all prospective builders, is at the left.

● This family home is designed around a secluded court with a louvered roof. The unusual plan will have special appeal for all those who live in temperate to hot climates.



EAST ELEVATION of the three-bedroom house, showing kitchen court, highlights to the bath and shower rooms, and screen fences. These screens form a private garden at the front and a patio at the rear.



SOUTH ELEVATION, a repetition of the street perspective shown at the top of this page, but minus the screens which separate the garden from the drive.

NORTH ELEVATION, showing the windows and doors to the bedrooms and the utility playroom. As the plan shows, bedrooms are served with a private patio.

England's most popular crispbread!

now made here!
new low price!

RYVITA

makes you fit—keeps you slim
fits you into the new fashion picture

Ryvita is a crunchy, appetising, wholemeal rye crispbread! It makes other foods taste nicer and is so much better for you. So good for you and your figure—because Ryvita Crispbread really does make you fit...really does keep you slim!

WAFFER-THIN PIECES OF WHOLEMEAL GOODNESS



Enjoy Ryvita for breakfast instead of toast. Enjoy it for lunch, for light snacks for all the family, for dinner and late suppers. Ryvita is wonderful with cheese, Vegemite, marmalade, honey—and all your favourite sweet or savoury spreads! On sale at your Grocer's, now: Family size, pound packet, 5/6. Half pound, 1/11 (slightly higher in Country areas).

FREE! 60-page Booklet "Slimming to Fashion"

The booklet features new Spring fashions from Europe, dress hints that will "flatter your figure" and twelve easy-to-follow reducing exercises with a commonsense diet.

Fill in the coupon (BLOCK letters, please!) enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope and mail to Dept. Y, "Ryvita", 4 Lyons Road, Camperdown, N.S.W.



SEND IN NOW! Please send me a Free Copy of your 60-page booklet "Slimming to Fashion".

NAME

ADDRESS

New tantalizing flavour!
KRAFT

Cheez Whiz

... for fast cheese dishes and snacks!

SPOON IT

Cheez Whiz is completely different from any cheese product you've ever tasted before. It's so rich... so creamy-thick... with such a tantalizing flavour. And Cheez Whiz is so different in another wonderful way... it starts to melt the moment it touches hot food. For instance, pop a spoonful on hot spaghetti — and in a few seconds there's that rich, tantalizing cheese flavour to add zest and nourishment. So quick! So simple! You've never had anything like Cheez Whiz before!



CREAMY! THICK!
RICH! Different
from any cheese
product you've ever
had before!



HEAT IT

A few minutes in a saucepan over very low heat and Cheez Whiz becomes the most elegant cheese sauce you ever served up! Perfect for party dishes! And so handy for glamorizing eggs, vegetables and left overs. Cheez Whiz has so many uses you'll dip into that jar of golden goodness many times each week.



SPREAD IT

With a 5 oz. jar of Cheez Whiz handy you're all set for all kinds of snacks — hot or cold. Rich, tantalizing Cheez Whiz is marvellous for toasted or plain sandwiches, grand spread on biscuits. You'll find so many quick-tricks with Cheez Whiz you'll say: "How did we ever do without it?"





Often a bridesmaid . . .
Never a bride

Most of the girls of her set were married . . . but not Eleanor. It was beginning to look, too, as if she never would be. True, men were attracted to her but their interest quickly turned to indifference. Poor girl! She hadn't the remotest idea why they dropped her so quickly . . . and even her best friend wouldn't tell her.

Why risk the stigma of halitosis (bad breath) when Listerine Antiseptic stops it so easily . . . so quickly.

**No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs
Like This . . . Instantly**

Listerine does what no tooth paste does—instantly kills bacteria, by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. Bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth is by far the most common cause of bad breath. *Research shows that breath stays sweeter longer depending on the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth.*

No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll does not kill germs—but

Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

**Listerine Clinically Proved
Four Times Better Than Tooth Paste**

Is it any wonder Listerine Antiseptic in recent clinical tests averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odors than the chlorophyll products or tooth pastes it was tested against? With proof like this, it's easy to see why Listerine "belongs" in your home. Gargle Listerine Antiseptic every night . . . every morning . . . before every social engagement



A Product of The Lambert Company

**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better
than any tooth paste**

COUNTRY HOUSE FINE DESIGN

● The plan for a country house illustrated on the opposite page was selected for publication from finalists in the professional section of our recent £3000 Family Home Contest.

JOHAN LANGMEAD, A.R.A.I.A., of Cronulla, N.S.W., who designed this country house, spent a considerable time in studying the requirements of country people.

"In all areas, site limitations are minor considerations, but to people about to build a country home I would stress the following points," he said:

- Select a central and commanding point giving as wide a view as possible without exposing the home to bad weather.
- Give thought to the approach to the home—create an impressive effect.
- Reasonable closeness to a good public road, for deliveries, and in case of emergency.
- Closeness or possibility of water supply.
- Good drainage, good soil.

"My design for a country house to be built of timber and stone was planned to satisfy most sites and climatic conditions," said Mr. Langmead.

"It is designed to be placed on a rise and facing a long curved drive.

"The entrance with its colonnade, porte cochere, and breezeway presents an impressive picture and makes the living-room the focal point.

"Ample room has been allowed for car parking.

"The living area incorporates the colonnade and the formal living-room with a spacious stone-paved court linking up with the less formal dining and sitting room.

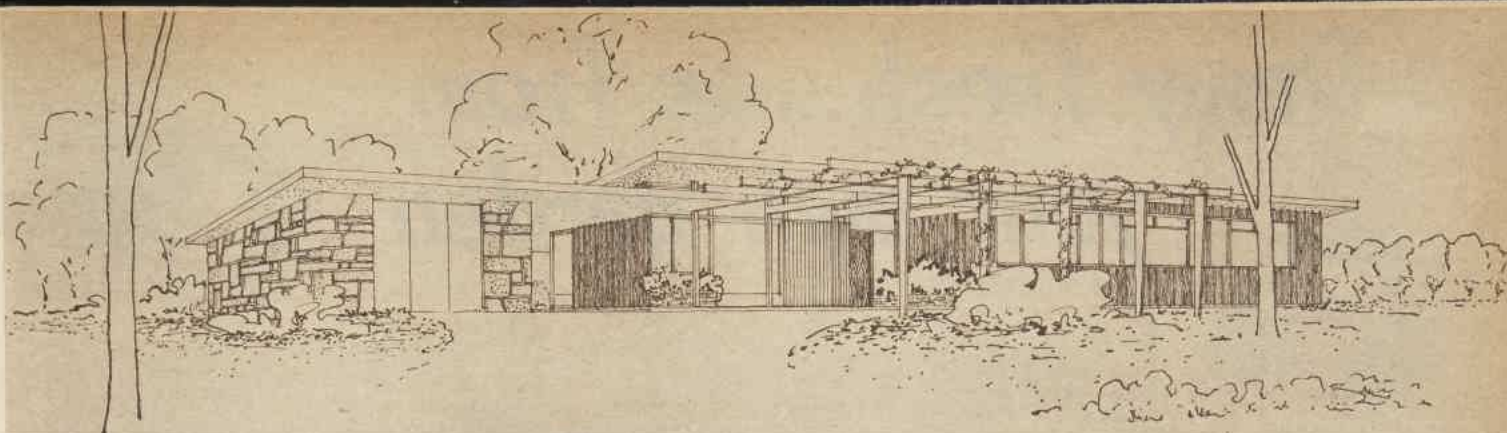
"The bedrooms are placed along the front of the home to take advantage of the cool southern aspect and view. The sleep-out verandah is open to the north. This provides protection from heat during the day and a cool sleep-out at night.

"The verandah provides a place for children to play.

"The service wing, which takes in the utility room and the shower room for outdoor workers, is close to the bedroom wing, the kitchen, and the storeroom.

"The kitchen has a built-in alcove readily accessible from outside—a great help for the staggered meals which must be served in the country.

"The roof is planned to collect rainwater. It would have insulating and heat-reflecting materials to offset extreme weather conditions."

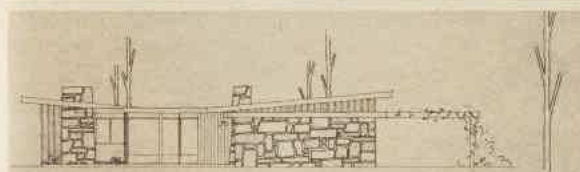


COUNTRY HOUSE

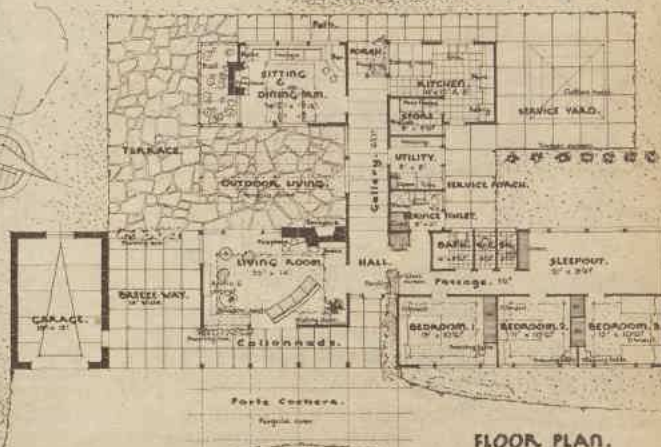
• Perspective of a country house in timber and stone, designed by John Langmead, A.R.A.I.A. This house contains all the space, comfort, and convenience that any family could wish. See page 68 for general description.



• South elevation (above) showing the balanced use of materials, with the entrance and the living area as the focal point. At left: West elevation of the house.



• North elevation (above) and ground plan (right), showing the layout of the house. The design uses protected terraces to enlarge it and give an abundance of indoor daylight.



Just What the Doctors Ordered

UNBIASED AMERICAN TESTING LABORATORIES RATE SPRINGWALL FIRST on all factors specified for ideal relaxing sleep in a recent nation-wide U.S. survey of orthopedic specialists!



Now made by C. C. Rawson Limited under exclusive Australian licence with Eclipse Sleep Products Inc., N.Y.

TIRED MUSCLES REALLY REST ON SPRINGWALL—because it gives support at the four vital pressure points.

Guaranteed for 10 years against structural defects



WHY SPRINGWALL PREVENTS SAG! 12 carbon steel springs—4 along each side, 2 at each end—absorb the shocks that allow an ordinary mattress to sag at the edges. They anchor the innerspring unit so securely that the entire sleeping surface remains firmer from edge to edge, adding years of comfort and extra years of wear. (Patent applied for.)

SPRINGWALL is an invention developed by Eclipse of New York. In Australia it is produced by...

RAWSON



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Write now for FREE booklet, "What Does the Doctor Say?" to the manufacturer—Springwall, Box 571, G.P.O., Sydney.

AT ALL LEADING STORES—IN 4 STANDARD SIZES
2' 6"—from £15/19/6
3"—from £17/19/6
3' 6"—from £20/19/6
4' 6"—from £23/19/6
Spring base extra.

What's the best kind of mattress to sleep on... for ideal relaxing sleep... for anatomically correct sleep posture? The American inventors of Springwall asked over 4,000 physicians (including 2,200 orthopedic specialists) and got the facts: that a mattress should be ever firm all over... avoid sleep sag... and, above all, support the body at four vital pressure points (see right).

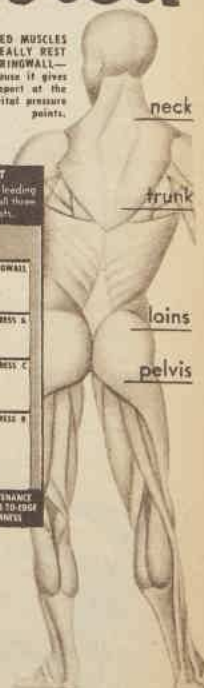
And the amazing new Springwall mattress, patented throughout the United States, proved just what the doctors ordered! In an independent American testing laboratory, Springwall qualified first on these vital requirements:

FIRST FOR FIRMNESS... the most comfortable mattress ever! **SUPPORTS THE BODY** at four vital pressure points specified by orthopedists.

PREVENTS SAG AT THE EDGES—and FROM EDGE TO EDGE—illustration at left shows why.

To ensure ideal relaxing sleep, look for the Springwall label on the mattress you buy.

FIRST BY LABORATORY TEST		
Foster D. Smith Laboratories tested four leading U.S. mattresses and Springwall came out first on all factors specified by orthopedic specialists.		
SPRINGWALL MATTRESS C	SPRINGWALL MATTRESS C	SPRINGWALL MATTRESS C
MATTRESS B	MATTRESS B	MATTRESS A
MATTRESS A	MATTRESS A	MATTRESS C
		MATTRESS B
NO SINKING SAG AT EDGES OR IN MIDDLE	PROPER SUPPORT AT PRESSURE POINTS	MAINTENANCE OF FIRM TOUGH FRAMES



Dewy Fresh... as from your own garden



There's something **special** about Birds Eye Peas

One taste tells you that here are peas at their sweetest and best. Birds Eye peas are grown from selected seed in rich soil. They're picked at their peak, carefully graded so every pea is perfect. Quick freezing by Birds Eye seals in all the goodness and guards that beautiful farm freshness right to your table. So, in season and out, you can serve your family peas that taste like Spring. Good? You just ought to try them.



BUDGET BOON . . . that's Birds Eye. You don't pay for poor quality, dried-out peas nor wasteful pods. Every fresh, tender pea is eatable. And one packet of Birds Eye peas equals 2 lbs. of peas in the pod. What a joy to have sweet green peas all year round without straining the household budget.



SMALL FAMILY? . . . When a packet of Birds Eye peas is more than you want for one meal, a quick blow on a sharp edge will divide the solidly frozen block of peas. Neat! The freezing compartment of your 'frig is the proper place to store. But of course you don't need a refrigerator to enjoy Birds Eye any time.



SO HANDY . . . especially when it's later than you think. Birds Eye peas come shelled, washed, ready to pop in the pot. No tiring kitchen work! And so much *extra* marketing convenience. Put Birds Eye on your shopping list now. You and your family will enjoy the eating; and you'll have less work and no waste.



... and don't forget Birds Eye Beans, Asparagus, Sweet Corn, Brussels Sprouts, Mixed Vegetables, Raspberries, Loganberries and Fish — ALL QUICK-FROZEN for Freshness

Better buy Birds Eye

WHEREVER
YOU SEE
THIS SIGN!

BIRDS EYE



Ways with paint and woodwork

There is no trick to painting woodwork. It is primarily a matter of using the right products and carefully following a few simple directions.

THESE steps should be followed whether you use glossy, semi-gloss, or flat paint:

- Read and follow directions on the label.
- Be sure woodwork is clean, sanded smooth, and thoroughly dry.
- Use a clean, soft-bristle brush.
- Stir paint thoroughly, don't shake it.

To prepare the surface, remove wax, furniture polish, and grease or oil with a cloth saturated with turps. While it is still wet wipe the surface dry with a clean cloth, then sand the glossy surfaces with fine sandpaper to give "tooth" for the final finish.

After sanding, dust the surface with a clean cloth dampened with turps.

In most cases it isn't necessary to remove the old finish for painting, but if it is badly scarred removal may be desirable.

To do this brush paint-remover (there are several reliable brands to choose from) on a small area. Don't brush back and forward, but simply lay the remover on.

Let stand until the finish is softened, then remove the old finish with a putty knife on smooth surfaces, and with steel wool on irregular surfaces.

After the old finish is removed, wash the surface with turps.

Old Woodwork: On previously painted surfaces one coat is sometimes enough to do the job. But for the most satisfactory result an undercoat followed by a finish coat is recommended.

New Woodwork: If the final coat is to be white or a light color, first apply an undercoat followed by one or more coats of glossy, semi-gloss, or flat paint. When using enamel let each coat dry thoroughly and sand lightly with fine sandpaper between coats.

Putty nail-holes after applying the first coat of finish. Putty contains oil which bleeds into bare wood around nail-holes, and won't allow the finish to hold in those places.

When the putty has become firm, sand lightly with fine sandpaper and apply the final coat.

Remember that two thin coats of paint or enamel are better than one heavy coat.

Dip brush into paint half the length of the bristles. Brush across, then with the grain of the wood.

Use a sash brush for painting around windows and a 2in. or 3in. brush for baseboards, door-frames, and similar surfaces.

EASY RUNNING REPAIRS

Here are some of the many small repair and maintenance jobs that can be done by the amateur handyman:

PATCHING wallpaper:

Wallpaper can be patched almost invisibly if you have a spare piece of the same paper. First remove the dirty or torn paper after dabbing it lightly with warm water. Cut out a fresh piece a little larger than the piece you have removed. Tear the edges of the new piece so that they are irregular and jagged and paste the patch carefully in position.

Locks: When door locks begin to stick they need oiling. A convenient way to do this without risk of over-oiling is to place one or two drops of oil on the bolt, turn the handle until the bolt is drawn into the

body of the lock, then place the mouth close to the bolt and blow strongly. Repeat this two or three times.

Cylinder latches and yale-type locks should be oiled only on the bolt. The cylinder, the part into which the key is inserted, should in no circumstances be oiled.

Nail holes: Large nail holes can be neatly filled with a mixture of fine sawdust and glue, poured in hot and pressed tightly down. Leave surface of the filling slightly raised above level of surrounding wood to allow for shrinkage. When hard, the surface should be rubbed down with fine sandpaper.

DOORS and WINDOWS

set the personality of your home



HANDSOME GEORGIAN EFFECT for any front door with elegant raised panels. Ask to see Hudson's D236 design.



SIMPLICITY and good insulating qualities are outstanding in flush doors. Unbroken surface on both sides is formed by selected plywoods.



VERSATILE "Dutch" doors allow you to open the top half for extra ventilation and viewing while keeping the bottom half closed.



CLEAN-CUT LINES are necessary for contemporary home decor. Unbroken lines accent modern design. Ask for D104 Single Panel interior door.



BROAD VIEW is given by Riverside doors opening onto a terrace or garden. They give a feeling of spaciousness inside the house.



GARAGE DOORS to match every home design are a Hudson specialty. Precision finish guarantees smooth running with no dropping on hinges.



FLY PROOF. Screens can easily be fitted to double box-frame windows. Hudson's precision finish provides easy movement.



RAIN PROTECTION and 100 per cent. ventilation at the same time are the main features of Hopper Hung windows.

Show this page to your builder

Well-chosen doors make lasting first impressions! They express your taste, extend your space, say welcome to your guests.

A hundred years of specialization have gone into George Hudson's range of 72 distinctive door designs. Each is a unique piece of craftsmanship, built to give you not only enduring service but beauty in motion. From handsome entrance doors to space-saving sliding doors, George Hudson has the answer to all your door and window problems.

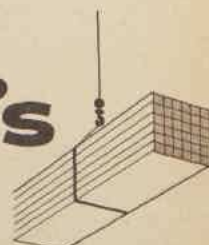
See the range, show this page to your builder. If, on the other hand, you would like your own design, George Hudson will gladly reproduce it for you — and guarantee you accuracy up to 1/100th of an inch.

Whether you are building a new home... or remodelling an old one... George Hudson doors mean a lifetime of beauty at your threshold.

George Hudson's for timber

1 Bridge Road, Glebe (MW2791)

219 Elizabeth St. Sydney (MA6776)





Delicious summer drinks

cost less than 1^d. a glass



Big Sister TUTTI FRUTTI

CORDIAL CONCENTRATE

Easy to make . . . Wonderful to Taste!

You'll save on Summer drinks when you buy Tutti Frutti! Just imagine! One bottle of Tutti Frutti makes up into two large 26-oz. bottles of delicious fruit cordial in the simplest way possible. Keep Tutti Frutti in the house all through the Summer so that you can give the whole family refreshing, wholesome fruity drinks whenever they want them!



LEMON

ORANGE

LIME

Choose from 5 delicious flavours!

PINEAPPLE

RASPBERRY

Another Big Sister success!

LOVE IS A LONELY THING

made years ago, in her first search, after the divorce from Harry. If they hadn't been met at thirty-one, what were her chances now?

The noise of the party grew louder still. Unconsciously, her body braced itself. She felt like an old general with a thoroughly mapped-out invasion plan approaching the first, the most important, phase of a new battle.

Iris closed the door of her room the moment Mrs. Farnham had passed. She had been only vaguely conscious of the short meeting, the interchange of words. Her mind was on other things.

She felt very nervous. Why am I like this? she thought. Why? Why didn't she go inside to the party and chat with older people so that when he came he would see her that way, easy and charming and perfectly at home? After all, it was her home.

Instead, she was hiding in her room. She thought: Like the idiot wife in books who's kept in a padded attic and only her faint cries are heard sometimes by the neighbors.

She was struck by the thought; it seemed funny for a moment and she debated in her mind whether she could tell this boy who was coming about it. He might laugh. "There I was," she could say airily, "lurking around in my room like the idiot wife—"

She frowned, clenching her hands behind her. No, it wasn't any good. He would look at her as if she were crazy. Whenever she tried to be zany—funny like that, she seemed to leave the boy's mind behind, like a train passing a station.

Dupes. They were all dupes. She turned and walked to the mirror, where she gazed dispassionately at herself. She thought: I'm almost ugly; my knuckles are too big and my neck looks scrawny and the bones in my wrists stick out like doorknobs. But then, maybe this boy that was coming to take her out liked square-faced girls with scrawny necks; maybe he was an intellectual who would tell her that she had "a wonderful thin quality." Maybe it would be a union of the intellect; he would be impressed with her, and she with his, and their intellects would kiss and go away.

Iris allowed herself a snort of cynical laughter. And then she thought suddenly: Oh, who cares? I'll go inside. She opened the door of her room and started down the hall. Her sense of nervous excitement increased as the noise of the party grew louder.

When she reached the living-room her eyes moved quickly about the room. She saw her mother chatting with a group and her father, thin and almost bald, listening intently to some young man by the window who was describing something with gestures.

Iris felt her muscles go slack with relief. He hadn't come yet. The youngest person in the room was Maggie Morgan, and she was pretty old, around twenty-three or twenty-four.

Iris moved over towards her, weaving her way through the mass of people. When she was at Maggie's side, she stood up straighter. "Hello," she said. Because she was shy, she had a habit of frowning at moments like this, as if the fierceness of her expression would knock out from anybody's mind all doubts of her complete social ease and indifference.

Maggie smiled. "Hello, Iris," she said. "What gives?"

"Nothing much." "I like her a lot, Iris decided. She treats me as if we were the same age. All the others, like Mrs. Farnham, for instance, would ask: 'How's school?' But Maggie was merely looking at her the way she might look at

any girl and her "What gives?" had a jaunty sound.

Thinking of what lay ahead, Iris felt a sudden yearning swell inside her as she looked into Maggie's face. I wish, she thought, I was as pretty as she is, then I wouldn't have to worry about anything.

Suddenly she blurted out: "I have a blind date, starting any minute." Her hands had begun to perspire again and all the choking excitement was back in her chest.

"Really?" Maggie said. She was looking at her with interest. "Who is he?"

"He's visiting his aunt and uncle here. His uncle is a friend of Daddy's. He doesn't know many girls in New York."

MAGGIE said, "Why, that sounds wonderful. Exciting." She had a cheerful, outdoor kind of beauty and she looked flushed.

In a curious flash of insight, Iris thought suddenly: She's in love with somebody. Her head jerked around to follow Maggie's eyes, but they seemed to be looking at Mr. Hallowell, who was leaning on the fireplace talking to some people. The flare of interest she had felt died away. Mr. Hallowell was old, really old, about fifty, and he was married and seemed tired all the time.

"What a beautiful painting that is over the fireplace," Maggie said suddenly. "You know, I never noticed it before." She began moving towards the other side of the room. "Excuse me, Iris."

"Okay," Iris mumbled. She looked over towards the fireplace, but she couldn't see why Maggie was so excited about the painting; it was only a bunch of flowers, most of it in shadow. Underneath the painting stood Mr. Hallowell with a few people and she watched Maggie walk up to him and say something. Her face looked different, as if her features had taken on a quality of soft excitement.

Iris thought: She didn't even look at the painting; I guess she just wanted to get rid of me. She felt a little sad and she looked around her, wondering what to do next. The thought of George Akers came back to her. She didn't want him to come and find her standing alone like this, as if she were poison to everybody.

She wished suddenly that she didn't have the date at all, even though it would sound good when she told the girls in school about it on Monday. She wished that she could go into her room, put on her old blue bathrobe, and work on her novel. It was about an airlines hostess who fell in love with one of her passengers, a movie star, and the ending was to be the glorious death they met together in a crash over the ocean.

The theme, she thought, was dramatic without being corny, and she had already written sixteen pages, which was much more than she had written on any of the other three efforts which were now stuffed in the back of her bureau drawer, their pages stained with various types of food. She seemed to do her best writing while she was eating something.

As one of the strange maids passed with a tray of canapés, she took two and ate them slowly, looking around her. Her father was nearby, talking to some men, and she moved over there, chewing and swallowing.

When she reached her father, she leaned against him, looking up at the young man who was doing the talking. She recognised him as one of her

father's clients who wrote short stories for the magazines. Her father acknowledged her presence by putting his hand on her arm, his head still tilted towards the other man with a listening air, but when the man paused at the end of the sentence, he said quickly: "You know my daughter, Iris, don't you, Steve? Iris, do you remember Mr. Hugo?"

"Sure," Iris mumbled. She gave her father a quick, adoring look. He always included her like that, he always brought her into the circle, no matter how old the people were or what they were talking about.

Steve Hugo said to her swiftly, "How are you?" but he didn't wait for an answer; he made a gesture with his hand, looking at her father again.

"Of course it doesn't sound like much in the telling," he said. "But I think it will have a definite impact, with the girl going out of the story like that, just when you think the whole set-up is going to be different. A real impact. Do you see it, Ben?" He gulped at his drink.

"Well—" her father said. "I don't know." He patted Iris' arm. "I think a little good old-fashioned hokum would come in nice at the end. The reader would have a sense of satisfaction if the guy and the girl got together."

"But, Ben!" Steve said. He sounded pained. "That's so corny! All you'd have then is a formula boy and girl story!"

"It doesn't be that exactly," her father said in his pleasant, easy-going voice. "It can have just as much impact, if you do it well. Just mull it over a little in your mind, Steve. Maybe you'll see it my way."

"Well—" The young man was staring at Ben. In his mind you could see a pattern breaking up, all the pieces coming apart as in a picture puzzle and then reforming in another way entirely. He looked confused.

Iris, looking at him, thought he had a nice face that went well with his sandy-colored hair. He seemed nervous, though, talking to her father; she felt somehow sorry for him. All authors seemed nervous, even Mr. Hallowell, who had written so many books and was practically famous. And he was not only nervous but seemed so awfully tired at the same time.

Her head turned to the door. She stood motionless. A boy was coming in the door with an elderly couple. He was tall and she could see even from where she was that he was good-looking. Her heart gave two slow, heavy beats and then began to thump inside her.

Her mother was walking towards the foyer, an expectant smile on her face. Now she was greeting them; they were all talking and smiling together. The elderly woman disappeared into the hall but the husband and the boy began to follow her mother into the living-room. Iris could see them moving through knots of people towards her.

She looked around her wildly. Suddenly she whipped off her glasses and stared at Steve Hugo's astonished face.

"That sounds so interesting!" she said. She gave a clear, ringing laugh. "The whole thing sounds fascinating, with the girl dropping out like that!" The man's face was a blur in front of her eyes; the whole room seemed to swim a little. She laughed again. "Simply fascinating!"

Her mother's hand was on her elbow. "Excuse me, Ben," she was saying. "Steve." She pulled Iris a step forward. "Iris, dear, this is George Akers."

"Well, hello!" Iris said, turn-

ing her head as if she were terribly surprised. "How are you?" She stared up at the pale blob that was George Akers' face. Her cheeks and neck were hot. She wished she were dead.

Old Mr. Beebe in the corner was allowed only one drink by his doctor, and he sipped it slowly, his eyes going to the clock every few minutes to see how the time was passing. He was not enjoying himself very much; he felt too alone, even though someone spoke to him once in a while. And yet, when he met his old men friends in the park tomorrow he would tell them about the cocktail party and say that he had a wonderful time. And he would mean it; in retrospect, the party would take on a glamor, a glow.

But now he looked around him with small, moisture-filled eyes of the old. And suddenly his head stilled and he saw the girl, fair-haired and tall, standing near the fireplace.

Something warmed inside him, he smiled a little. Ah, she reminded him of someone, someone far, far back in the dim recesses of his mind, someone who had brought him beauty and joy in his youth, someone who had made his heart quicken and the blood beat faster in his veins. Now, trying to remember, gazing at the girl, he felt only a thin, sweet pleasure.

He wished she would come over and talk to him. It would warm him just to look at her. And he had a little joke ready to tell; from long practice he knew just how the words and phrases fitted together; he always paused at just the right second before the punch line. If she would come up to him now he could work it into the conversation. But, of course, she wouldn't come. His time was past.

CHARLES HALLOWELL leaned against the fireplace. He felt a headache coming on and he wished he were home so that Louise could rub the back of his neck with her experienced fingers, easing the throbbing nerves. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Ben in a corner talking to Steve Hugo. He hoped Ben wouldn't come over and ask about the book. The book was going badly and he knew it; Louise knew it, too.

The worst thing was that lately nothing would come, good or bad; he would sit there at the desk, the empty white sheet of paper waiting to be filled, giving him a feeling of sickness and agonised despair.

As he turned his head once in a while from the group of people, he met Maggie's eyes. Each time, he felt a tangled pleasure and pain. There was such a light in her face. He remembered that he had thought that the first time, months ago, meeting her up in Ben's office.

He had come in, feeling gay and confident because the book was starting well, and seen the girl sitting there in utter stillness, waiting with her fair head turned away from him, wearing some kind of dark, simple summer dress with the sleeves out so that her arms were bared to the shoulder.

Ah, he thought, it was all good that morning; it was one of my good days. But now he leaned heavily against the fireplace and as he moved his head he met Maggie's eyes. He could feel his head throbbing again, and he thought: She will expect me to meet her somewhere afterwards and I don't know if I'm up to it. If only she would not expect things from him!

For the past few days, any demands made upon his emotions frightened him a little; it seemed to him that they were already spread thin and strained to the limit of endurance. He glanced round, caught his wife's eye, and looked away again.

Louise Hallowell stood talking to Marion Taunton near the wall, but although she listened with a seemingly attentive air, her mind was on Charles.

Every time Marion would look away momentarily during her story, Louise's eyes would dart across the room, and like a doctor diagnosing the condition of the patient, she noticed the pallor of his face, the look of strain around his mouth, the shyness of his eyes.

He was terribly tired. He was always tired lately. And it was all wrong; his tiredness was disproportionate to his age. There were a dozen men in this room who were fifty, even older, and they were still young men, quick of step, bright of eye, virile and fun-loving.

But of course Charles had lived his life in a different way. He had never measured or spaced anything to last evenly through the years.

Now, looking at him secretly, she thought: He's getting one of his migraines. She was ashamed because she immediately felt a curious kind of eagerness; it was almost as if, in some twisted way, she looked forward to holding Charles' forehead, to the placing of cold cloths over his eyes, to the darkened room, and Charles' voice, querulous with pain, asking her for something.

She looked down at her glass of sherry with only part of her mind on what Marion was saying. How ironic it was, how pathetic, she thought, that she should take pleasure in having Charles lean on her now. It was nothing more than a basic, naked need for help; a professional nurse, perhaps, would have filled his need just as well. And yet it was something after all—his wanting her.

Her gaze lifted as Marion went on talking, and stole to the blond girl who seemed to be standing alone for the moment. She looked at her quickly, searchingly, and then looked back at Marion again. But she saw the girl's face instead. How young she was! Surely Charles—

She swallowed, gazing with false alertness into Marion's face, not hearing a word she was saying.

Oh, she thought; not again, not again.

Steve Hugo was still confused, a little unhappy over what Ben had told him about the story idea. He had spent an almost sleepless night fired with it; the story had seemed then to be stark, very simple, but powerful in its simplicity, leaving the reader shaken and impressed at the end. During the night, the scenes had come sharply alive; he had heard the dialogue spoken in his ears, simple and true; this morning he had been in a fever to write it all up. And now, in a few words, Ben had changed everything.

Steve could see now that there had been flaws in the theme, that the ending probably was a little stretched; Ben was rarely wrong on these things, he had an editorial eye that was like a surgeon's scalpel, darting unerringly to the weak spot.

He turned his head and saw a girl standing on the edge of a group near the fireplace, looking up at Charles Hallowell. She was tall, with good shoulders; her hair was fine and smooth and light-colored. Who was she? He stood motionless, turning from Ben, watching her with suddenly intent eyes. She

had the kind of face that kept changing all the time you looked at it, variable, fascinating as firelight.

He thought again: Who is she? He felt a little eddy of excitement winding through him.

Ben watched his daughter Iris across the room as she began to talk to the new boy. Even from here he could hear her voice, too high and shrill; he could see her eyes, without her glasses, too bright with the strain of trying to charm.

He felt a sudden pity. He thought, what an age to be. She was probably saying all the wrong things now. Already, the boy had a terribly polite, resigned expression on his face. He was out of Iris' league anyway. Ben thought; he had that look of contained worldliness which startled him sometimes in kids that age.

He had never had it himself at sixteen or seventeen; he had been an awkward, troubled boy, knobby-kneed and inarticulate; his hair had stuck up straight from his head like thin young grass.

Oh, well, he thought, as he watched his daughter; she'll have to learn, she'll have to go through a lot of things. But it hurt him, thinking about it. She was so vulnerable, so fiercely emotional sometimes. Ben sighed.

He turned his head and saw his wife talking to Louise Hallowell. Marion had a chameleon face, he thought, adjustable to whatever type she was addressing. Watching her, something warmed inside him. Behind her rather fluttery air of femininity there was a good mind and a sound core of common sense. But there was more than that—there was tenderness and compassion, too.

BEN remembered something Marion had said a few days ago about Maggie Morgan—"She never looks as if she's really happy."

His eyes turned again, searching, and found Maggie standing at the fringe of a group of people. Looking at her, Ben had a troubled sense that what Marion had said was true. Something was out of line in the girl's life; her eyes were as strained now as Iris' looking up at the new boy.

He felt a new sadness. He liked Maggie. He liked her honesty and her quick mind and the rather breathless way she had of listening when you talked. She had an eagerness about everything that warmed and disarmed. What was troubling her these past few months? Some love affair, of course; it was obvious enough. Sometimes she seemed lit up like a candle inside, at other times, like now—

Ben shook his head faintly. He hoped it would turn out right for her. I wonder, he thought, who the man is.

The sound of the party swelled in volume. Old Mr. Beebe had had a nice little chat with Marion. Now, as she excused herself and moved away, he took out his watch and looked down at it. Six minutes, he thought; we were talking together six minutes.

He had a feeling of pleasure now as he put the watch back into his vest pocket. The time was passing very nicely. Tomorrow he would tell all his friends in the park what a wonderful time he had had at the party.

He looked around him, trying to find the pretty girl again. Ah, there she was, seemingly with a group of people but not with them at all. Looking at her, he felt something warming inside him again; it was as if the sight of her brought back some faint, sweet breath from the past.

And the girl herself, standing

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there with all the eyes turned upon her in so many secret ways, did not know that anyone was looking at her at all. She stood motionless, her fingers grasping her glass tightly, aware only of Charles standing a few feet away.

Oh, darling, she thought, look at me, look at me.

It was all different from the way she had imagined it would be, and she did not know what had happened; she only knew that something was wrong. When he had first seen her an expression had come into his face. Surprise? Yes, surprise, certainly. But what else? Warmth? Delight?

Oh, what a fool she was! How could she expect him to show warmth and delight in front of them all, his wife only a few feet away? He was being discreet and she had to be discreet, too. People were so quick to see those things.

She turned her head and saw Charles' wife across the room. It was the first time she had ever seen her and it gave her a queer feeling.

How could Charles have ever married such a short, colorless woman? But, then, she had heard that it was one of those family arranged things, and of course all of it had happened a long time ago.

She looked at Charles again. If only, she thought, we could slip away now instead of wasting all this time. Somehow there were always prying eyes about them. Would they never be really alone?

Dorothy was beginning to feel better. The liquor was easing something inside her; the terrible sense of urgency she had felt before was no longer quite so terrible but something she could push into the background of her mind and forget about for a little while.

She turned her head away from the group she was with and saw a young man only a few yards away talking to Ben. Her hand holding the glass stilled. There was something reminiscent about him. He was a type she had found very attractive as a young girl. There had been two types, then, for her. Harry Farnham had represented one—the tall, heavily muscled young man, dark-eyed and dark-skinned. The other type had been very different, of only average height and build, the face thin, perhaps, and with a look of breeding and charm, the eyes intent with knowledge. The young man talking to Ben was like that.

Now, as she watched him and his conversation with Ben and move towards the bar for another drink, she felt a desire to go over and talk to him. She hesitated, not because the method of getting into such a conversation presented a problem—she was an old hand at such things—but because she knew she would be wasting her time.

It would be better for her if she stuck to a group that attracted people; in that way she could meet married couples who, if interested, would invite her to their homes, where there would be still other people—even eligible men, perhaps—and thus set into motion small but ever-widening ripples in a social pool that was too often stagnant for her.

Yet some compulsion, quick, inexplicable, made her turn to the group she was with. "I'll be right back," she said as she moved away.

Her target was a place at the bar near—but not too obviously near—the young man. She reached it and put down her empty glass on the bar counter. She did not look at the young man, but she was very conscious of him only inches

away. As the bartender turned, she said: "A martini, please. Very dry. No onion. Make it lemon peel." Now she turned her head with a vague motion. Her eyes met his. She lifted one eyebrow quizzically.

"Maybe," she said, "I should have come in for a fitting."

"You're a brave woman to drink martinis at all," he said. "Even two of them put me under the table."

"Is that bad?" Dorothy said. "You meet the most interesting people that way." She wanted to smile, but she knew that the fountain of tiny lines would spray suddenly from her eyes and mouth and so she allowed her lips to curve only faintly. The bartender had handed her a cocktail and she lifted it towards the young man.

"Cheers," she said. She felt suddenly, wonderfully gay.

"Cheers," Steve said.

They clinked glasses. Dorothy lowered her eyes and shifted her position so that the light was at her back. Some inner voice asked: What are you wasting your time for? This isn't going to get you anywhere. She shut her ears to it.

MORE people were crowding around the bar, and Dorothy moved closer to the young man, as if she had been pushed that way. "You look like a Bourbon man," she said. "Bourbon and soda."

Steve looked surprised. "Right," he said. "Are you always this good?"

"My parents had me wired for occult messages at an early age."

Ah, she felt good. It was all easy and gay now; the liquor inside her warmed, softened, all the sharp angles were gone. She loved the badinage with the attractive young man whose name she did not know; she loved the warm air filled with smoke and a commingling of expensive perfumes; she loved the sound of ice clinking in tall, sparkling drinks and the staccato bursts of laughter around her.

She loved it all; she had always loved it; at eighteen, her father had called her a "party girl," and it was still there inside her at forty. It was one of the reasons why she had split with Harry; he had hated parties after a while.

She looked up at Steve, her cocktail poised at her lips. "I'll bet I know other things about you," she said. "That you smoke a pipe, for instance."

"Lady, you frighten me." He cleared his throat. "I might as well have the dollar reading. With cards, this time. What do I do for a living?"

Dorothy tilted her head, surveying him cautiously. "You sell bonds," she said.

"You'd better get another deck," he said. "I write fiction. My name is Steven Hugo."

There was hope in his eyes. Dorothy thought, I've never heard of him. She was surprised; for some reason she hadn't typed him as one of Ben's clients. Young male writers had always been lumped in her mind with rumpled hair, baggy suits, and nicotine-stained fingers.

She said thoughtfully: "Steven Hugo. You had to be a writer with a name like that." She looked up at him. "It doesn't ring a bell in my mind, but that wouldn't mean anything. I only read 'Woman's Wear' and the signs in the bus."

With his head back, he gulped at his drink and a gentle convulsion passed through his throat. He looked at Dorothy again and she saw that there were faint tears in his eyes from the raw burn of the carbonated drink going down. It gave him a very young, surprised look.

How old is he? she thought. Twenty-eight, thirty? He can't be more than thirty. She was wasting her time.

And yet she did not go. She tilted her head, looking up at him, and with all the noise and smoke and movement of the party around her, she felt the old challenge to attract and charm. As ridiculous as it was, the feeling was nevertheless there.

"At what hour," she said, "do your creative juices begin to flow?"

"Sometimes at no hour at all," he said.

"You mean nothing comes to you? Not a line? Not a word of dialogue?"

"Lady," he said, "there are days when turning out a line of dialogue like 'Well, well, well,' leaves me drained for two hours."

"I should think a writer could work out a sort of system," Dorothy said. She tilted her head. "Couldn't you write a lot of descriptive passages and a lot of dialogue and a lot of romantic scenes and then start three stories at once, dipping into the reserves wherever needed?"

"A sort of literary deep-freeze," Steve said. "Why not? Write the stuff when the muse is red-hot and then put away in cold storage. Only I'm not so sure about a thawed-out love scene."

Dorothy looked thoughtful. "You may have a point there. How are you on love scenes, anyway? I suppose you have to do a lot of research in the line of duty." She stirred and heard the frative rustle of her dress. Meeting his eyes, she felt a secret, vaguely exciting rapport.

Maybe he isn't too young, she thought; he could be thirty-five—even thirty-seven? What's three years between us?

There was a stir at her side and she turned impatiently. She met the boring black eyes of Marion's maid, who was holding out a silver tray of canapés. It was only for a split second; the gaze was lowered instantly, but Dorothy felt a small sting of shock. In the colored woman's eyes there had been amusement and contempt.

She straightened abruptly, as if she had been caught in some ridiculous position. And then, annoyed with herself because she had reacted in any way to this woman who was, after all, less than nothing in her life, she said shortly: "No, thank you."

"Ah," Steve said. "Thank you." He picked up something and popped it into his mouth. Chewing and swallowing, he looked across the room as the maid moved on, his eyes going to the fireplace.

He coughed. "I wonder," he said, "if you'd know the name of that girl standing by the fireplace? The tall one with the light hair?"

"Maggie Morgan," Dorothy said. And now something was sliding over the good feeling; she felt inside her the sickening drop to reality even while her senses, beguiled by the liquor, still floated foolishly ahead.

She glanced around at Steve. "See you," she said. "I have to get back to some people." And with a faintly amused smile on her mouth that said: "It was enjoyable, but, after all, I have other things to do," she moved away. She moved quickly, wondering if Steve were watching her, but knowing in the next moment that he was not, that his eyes were probably back on Maggie Morgan.

Now she saw Marion across the room, moving with purpose towards the foyer, and she quickened her step. "Marion," she called out.

Her voice somehow pierced through the layer of noise. Marion hesitated, turned, and saw her.

"Oh, Dorothy," she said. She looked faintly harassed. "I was just going into the kitchen. I don't know what's happened to the hot hors d'oeuvres." Her plump white hand went up in a nervous gesture. "And Iris wants to go out with a thin little summer coat. I told her that it was getting cold, but she won't listen to me. She's acting so peculiarly with that new boy, I don't know what"

Dorothy put her hand on Marion's arm. "Darling," she broke in lightly, "what about this new man you told me about on the telephone?"

"New man?" Marion said. She looked blank. "What new man?"

Dorothy felt a needle of terror go through her. There's nobody, she thought; there's nobody coming for me.

But at that moment Marion's face changed. "Oh, Ed," she said. "You mean Ed Klinger. He'll be here; he said he'd be a little late."

Relief flooded Dorothy; almost instantly she felt gay again. "Klinger?" she said. "Who is he? What's he like?"

"Well—" Marion said doubtfully. "You may not like him, Dot, but he's the best I could dig up. Of course," she added with haste, "he's very nice. Tall. Nice and tall. He has really enormous shoulders." She looked a little happier. "Comfortably off. He's in the picture-frame business. Ben and I met him this summer on that trip to the lake, and he said he'd call us when he got back, and he did."

The door buzzer sounded and the heads of both women turned, watching the maid move from the dining-room to answer it. The door opened and Marion's face changed. "Speak of the devil," she said.

Over Marion's shoulder Dorothy could see the bulky outline of a tall man coming in. She thought, we're both standing here like a welcoming committee. And the overhead foyer light was bad for her, very bad.

But it was too late to escape; he had seen Marion; he was already coming towards them. Dorothy looked down suddenly at her empty glass, the quick beat of her heart filling her body. There was a dry, metallic taste in her mouth. Let it be something, she thought—Oh, let it turn out to be something.

After the woman moved off, Steve shook his head slightly, watching her walk away, slightly stiff-legged, towards the mirror. He thought, I wonder if she ever relaxes? Even the short interval with her had left him faintly tired, he didn't know why.

He looked over again to the girl standing by the fireplace. His awareness of her astonished him a little, it was so sharp, so intent. Now he knew her name and he said it in his mind: Maggie Morgan.

Something quickened in his memory. Maggie Morgan. He had seen the name somewhere, under a by-line in some magazine; he was almost sure of it. His head jerked around to find Ben and he saw him a few feet away, gazing through his glasses with his usual inattentance at the face of some woman talking to him.

Steve's heart warmed. Ben was, to him, a great person, infinitely wise, infinitely understanding, a man whose slightest word was to be listened to carefully and instantly respected.

But seeing Ben with his guest, he hesitated; his eyes went back to the girl. He told himself, I don't need a formal introduction as if we were United Nations delegates.

up I have to do is go over and talk to her.

But he did not move away; he was content for the moment to stand there in his small pocket of space at the bar, looking over at the girl.

"Not really?" a feminine voice, rather shrill, said nearby.

Steve turned his head and saw Ben's daughter, Iris, talking to a young boy of perhaps sixteen or seventeen. The girl had taken off her glasses and her face looked small and white, and rather desperate. Steve suddenly remembered her remarkable outburst about his story a while back, when he had been talking to Ben.

It came to him now that the boy she was with was terribly important to her in some way and that the situation, whatever it was, was going badly for her. He felt a stirring of pity.

Iris jerked her head in his direction; she seemed to be peering blindly at his face and then, as recognition came, her features changed. She lifted one hand and fluttered her fingers in casual greeting, as if they were old friends.

"Hi," she called out. Turning to the boy, she murmured something; Steve caught the words "author" and "magazines" and then they both moved towards him, the boy's face a little wary. He was wearing a well-cut grey flannel suit.

As they came close, he made his voice grave and courteous. "Hello, Iris," he said.

A look of relief came over her features. "Hello," she said. She cleared her throat. "I was just telling George about you. This is George Akers."

Steve thrust out his hand to the boy. "Steve Hugo," he said. "Very glad to meet you."

"Hi," the boy said. He seemed very much at ease. "I hear you write for the magazines. What magazines do you write for?"

Somewhat taken aback by this direct approach, Steve took a moment to put his empty glass on the bar.

As he talked, a look came into the boy's face; it was as if he had decided suddenly that maybe this man rated a little

LOVE IS A LONELY THING

of his attention after all. "How do you go about getting the stuff printed?" he said. "What I mean is—" He cleared his throat. "I've got some stories back at school that I turned out. The guys in my class tell me that my stuff is pretty good."

Everybody writes, Steve thought; the pen is mightier than the intellect. "Try it out, then," he said to the boy. Someone crowding at the bar had nudged him gently towards the centre of the room; a woman at the bar gave a hoot of startled laughter that rose above the top layer of noise.

Steve turned to Iris, searching in his mind for something that would set her up a little with the boy; it was obvious that she was tense and ill at ease. He wished he could tell her that she looked beautiful, but she was, as far as he could see, only a thin, sweet-faced kid with scared eyes.

"Well, Iris," he said. "From all I hear, you're quite a gal." He accented the "quite" as if it hinted at untold fascinations not visible to the naked eye.

Iris blushed. She looked down at the floor. "Oh," she mumbled. "I'm nothing much." But she looked a little happier.

The boy barely seemed to have noticed. He was shifting his weight and frowning as he looked down at Iris. "Guess we might as well move on," he said. "You want to go to the Music Hall? They have Humphrey Bogart. He kills me, but those stage shows are strictly for the birds."

"I'll get my coat," Iris said in a rush. "Excuse me." She turned and was gone through the knots of people.

Steve, watching her, saw her put her glasses back on before she was halfway across the room. It came to him then that their whole small scene together must have appeared to her through a blur of astigmatism. Vanity, he thought; all is vanity. I can remember a dozen adolescent vanities—and now here's this kid with her

glasses and that supercharged woman at the bar who was scared to smile for fear she would crack her face—and who cares about any of it?

But it would always go on; it was going on right now—somewhere there was a man who had just dubbed his golf shot in front of friends, a woman who had lost her lipstick while dining with a man, a girl whose hat didn't look the way it did at the store—and all of them fretting a little and unhappy, and nobody else giving a hoot.

"Pardon me," the boy said. "I've got to dig up my aunt." He turned to go and then paused to give Steve a rather kindly look. "I'll keep an eye out for your stuff."

"Do that," Steve said gravely. He was relieved to see the boy go; he didn't like him very much; he seemed too wrapped up in his own image of maturity.

TURNING his head to the fireplace again, Steve saw that the group had broken up. Charles Hallowell had moved to the window; he was saying something to his wife, and the girl—Where was the girl?

He had a moment of panic as his head swerved around the room. And then he saw her standing quite alone by the desk, not talking to anyone. Venus Unobserved, he thought, and, looking at her, he felt the quickening again, the small eddy of excitement winding through him.

He walked towards her, brushing against people as he moved. Reaching her side, he said, "Miss Morgan?"

"That's right." "I'm Steve Hugo." And as he paused for a fraction of a second, he felt a sudden anger with himself, realising that there was a note of expectancy in his voice. He thought, you'll have to stop that.

"Hugo?" the girl said.

"Steven Hugo?" she smiled suddenly and her face filled with interest. "I've read one or two of your stories. I thought they were good."

He was absurdly pleased. "Well, well," he said. He cleared his throat. "If you hear a slight sighing sound, it's my ego inflating."

She smiled again, but it was almost an absent-minded smile this time, as if her mind were only partially taken up with his words and his presence. "How did you know my name?" she said.

"It was mentioned," Steve said. "I'm sure I've read it as a by-line somewhere." And he thought, looking at her lifted chin: She's tensed up about something, too. What was there about the women today? They all seemed to be nervous, highly charged—first that woman at the bar, then Ben's kid, and now this girl.

She looked around at him slowly, as if her head had been pulled with reluctance. "I do feature stories once in a while for magazines." She looked away again.

Steve waited for a fraction of time and then it came to him that she wasn't saying any more, that she wasn't, in fact, giving of herself at all. She would answer him, he thought, if he asked her something; she would be polite; if he said something funny she would laugh. But she wasn't giving.

He was puzzled, a little piqued; he was attracted to her as he had not been attracted to a girl for a long time, and it seemed to him that she was behaving perversely, unfairly, in not responding to him in kind. He was not conceited, but he had a pretty good idea of his effect on most girls and it was not this. Why, she wasn't even looking at him.

He followed her eyes and saw that they were on Charles Hallowell, who was talking with his wife near the window. Something leaped in his mind. He remembered that it was at

Charles Hallowell she had been looking before. There had been a curious eagerness then in the line of her body, the lift of her head.

He turned and looked at her again. And in that moment her face was naked, unguarded. The thought came: She's in love with him. And with it, there was a knife-edge of jealousy cutting into him, so sharp, so sudden that he could only stand there, staring at her, astonished at what had happened to him.

Maggie, watching Charles talking to his short, thick-set wife, thought: What is he talking to her for? Why had he broken away from the group, away from her? Oh, something was wrong, terribly wrong; she didn't know—

And then she realised that the young man beside her was saying something. She turned to him distractedly.

"I beg your pardon?" she said. And her thoughts kept moving in a narrow groove inside her head; she thought: If I could only get him alone for a minute everything would be all right. There must be some way, without attracting attention, that I could—

"What kind of feature stories do you do?" he was saying.

With an immense effort, Maggie focused her eyes on the young man.

"Mostly articles on home life in America," she said. "About all different kinds of families—high and low income groups." Don't look around, she thought; you've been looking at him too much, too much—you have to be careful. But it was somehow painful, keeping her head turned towards the young man, talking politely to him, while she wondered what Charles was saying, what he was doing.

The young man had a nice face, she thought; very attractive, really. But of course not like Charles, never like Charles. Charles' face was more than handsome, it had subtlety, it had elegance. And then there was the way he moved, the way he spoke, his voice so deep and with the words slurred just a little as if he were lazy about getting them out—

She turned her head abruptly

and saw that Charles was standing near the bar, quite alone. Involuntarily her hands jerked so that the remaining liquid in her glass sloshed from side to side. And I've been standing here, she thought. Already her mind, her heart agonised over the lost moments—how many, she did not even know—heedlessly wasted.

She turned quickly to the young man again. "Excuse me," she said. "Mr. —" What was his name? "—Hugo. My drink—"

"I was just going to get one myself," he said easily. "Let's make it a joint project."

The tightness came back. Oh, no, she thought; go away—can't you see that I want you to leave me alone? But his eyes, meeting hers, had a pleasantly implacable look and she had to turn with him and start moving towards the bar through the knots of people. And suddenly it came to her that maybe it was better this way, with the young man acting as a kind of screen protecting her from prying eyes.

And so, as she moved through the swirls of smoke, hearing the chatter and laughter around her, she looked back to the young man at her elbow and murmured something to him, laughing about nothing.

As they reached the bar she said to the young man: "Scotch and water, please." But everything was bright and blurred before her eyes. Now, she thought, I can turn to him now. And she moved her head and met Charles' eyes.

He was smiling faintly. "Well, Maggie," he said. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

"I wasn't until now." The words, low and quick, seemed to hang foolishly on the air. She wanted to say: "Will we be together later?" but she was afraid that something was wrong and that he would tell her that it was impossible. She drew in her breath. "I thought I'd never get to speak to you."

"You know how these affairs are," he said. His eyes moved around the room, and he shook his head. "How alcohol does lubricate the tongue, I suppose if this party were measured

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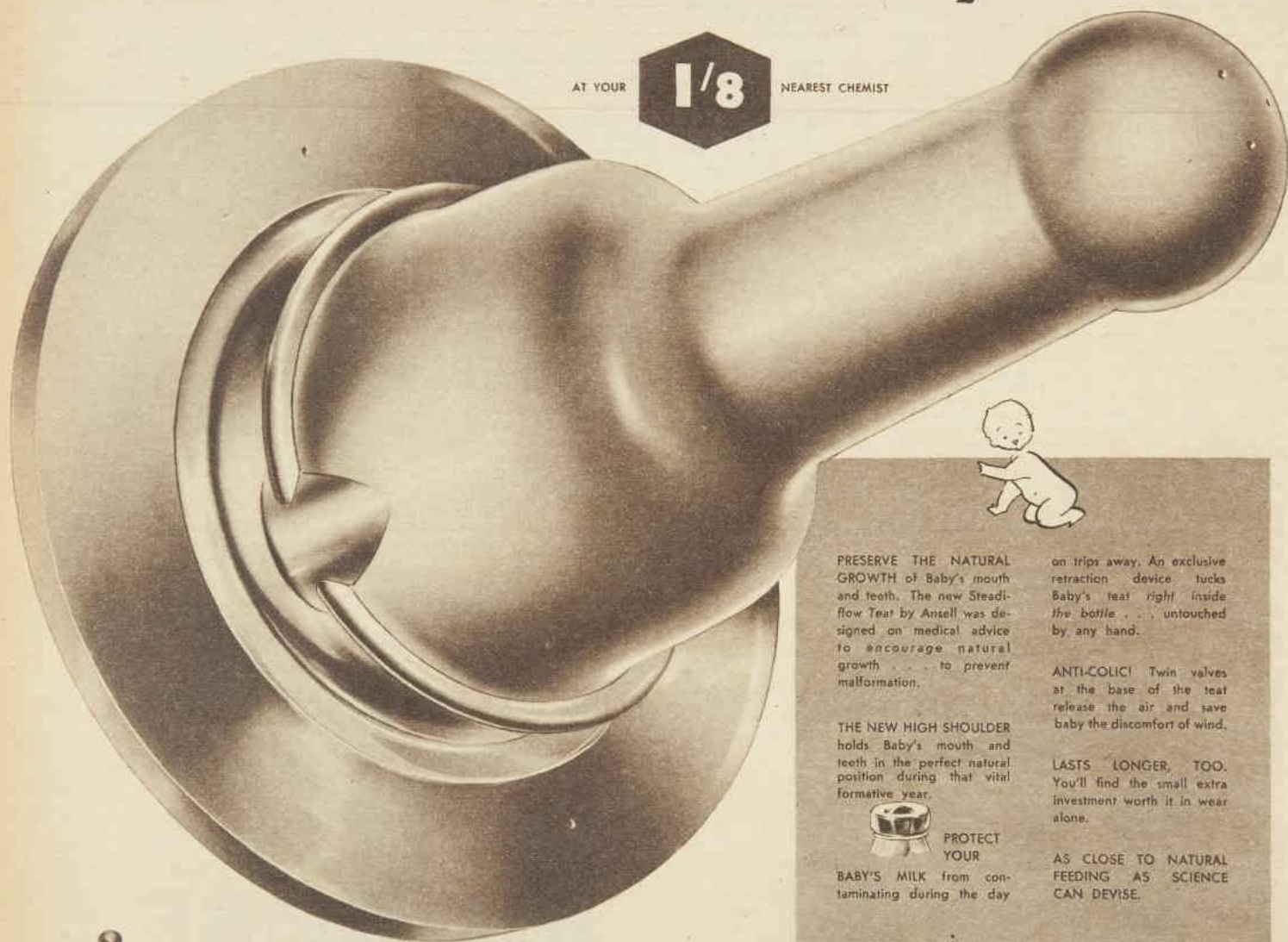
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by dechels alone it would be thought a smashing success."

She wanted to pull his eyes back, resenting even the few seconds in which they were turned away from her. "Have you been working hard?"

"Very hard." He was looking at her again and the flatness was back in his voice. "But the results have not exactly been overpowering. However, we won't talk about that. How have you been?"

"A little lonely." (For you, I haven't seen you for eight days, did you know that? Eight days and three hours and about forty minutes. Eight long, arid days.)

She was aware of the moments going by. Soon the young man would return with her drink, or some stranger would walk over and say hello to Charles, the man would laugh and start to talk and never know that he had done a terrible thing, an unforgivable thing.

A kind of despair filled her. Something, she thought, always comes between us before we've had any time together. "Were you surprised to see me here?" she asked.

"Surprised and delighted," Charles said. But his voice sounded tired, as if the words had emerged with an effort. "You look beautiful, Maggie. A little frightening."

"Frightening?" "All that wonderful energy." He smiled. "It seems to be spraying from your pores. It comes out to me in waves, like a radar machine."

"Oh, Charles." She hated it when he brought up differences between them like this. Now, feeling a stir at her side, she turned her head. The young man was back from the bar with two glasses in his hand, one of which he was holding out to her. "Scotch and water," he said. "I hope the percentages are okay."

"Fine," she said, taking the glass from him. There was a sickness inside her. She wanted to shout at him: "Go away! Go away! You're intruding, can't you see?" And then she met his gaze.

She felt a cold shock go through her. She thought instantly: He knows how I feel about Charles.

LOVE IS A LONELY THING

For a moment her mouth went dry, and then she felt a surge of recklessness. Let him know, then—what did she care? Only if he knew, why did he stick around like this when he wasn't wanted? But even as the question formed in her mind she had the answer. He was sticking because he knew; her feeling for Charles had amused or angered or annoyed him for some inexplicable reason, and now he felt one of those grimly humorous determinations to thwart them both.

She turned to Charles. "Do you know Mr. Hugo?" Mr. Hollowell. And watching the two men shaking hands as they murmured something, she saw the startling difference in their faces. Seen next to Steve Hugo, Charles looked suddenly old, tired, his face curiously grey in color.

She stood motionless. A memory had leaped into her mind; she saw her father quite clearly, glancing up from some papers on his desk at home, smiling a little into her eyes.

She looked down abruptly into her glass. Why did I think of him? she thought, confused. An eddy of guilt wound through her, strange, inexplicable.

Miz Morgan? She lifted her head and saw that Marion's maid had come up to her side. "Yes?" she said. "What is it?"

"There's a telephone call for you."

"For me?" Maggie felt astonished. Who knew that she was here? Nobody, as far as she knew. She turned quickly to the two men. "Excuse me," she said. "I'll be right back." And as she met Charles' eyes her own said: Wait for me—I'll be back as soon as I can.

For a few moments Charles watched her go. Ah, my darling, he thought. He felt a tenderness welling inside him and he was pleased, grateful to Maggie because she could evoke tenderness and a faint stirring of emotion in a place where nothing had stirred for such a long time.

Then the feeling drained from him, the tiredness was back, and he wished only that she hadn't come, that she was not so patently waiting for him to make some plan for meeting later on.

"I've enjoyed your books, Mr. Hollowell," the young man was saying. "Especially 'The Survivors'."

"Thank you," Charles said. Years ago, at the beginning of his writing, his ego had warmed with the sincerity, the praise that were in this young man's voice now. But, since then, past accomplishments had counted for little in his mind, there was only the present, the terrible fear with each book that he could never do it again, that the touch was gone and the warm flow of words and ideas was stanch at the source.

Now, with the thought, came the certainty that this time it was actually true, no longer a fear but a fact. He could write no longer. With each phrase, each line, each page he had ever turned out had gone a little piece of his brain and his heart, and now there was nothing left.

Oh, stop it, he told himself. Stop worrying. Almost angrily he thought: It's no wonder that I haven't been able to write lately. There were those terrible headaches, his sleeplessness at night, a hundred and one small things connected with the mechanism of his body that had gone subtly wrong. His brain was slowly being defeated by his body.

Feeling the heavy throbbing in his head, he made an effort and looked at the young man by his side. He's waiting, Charles thought, for me to say something brilliant. And sud-

denly he felt an anger growing inside him. Why did they expect so much from him? Maggie, Ben, this young man, everyone in this room? All of them expected, demanded something from him—wit, brilliance, charm—all except Louise, who had never demanded anything and had never got anything, either.

Suddenly he said: "We spend all our lives living up to other people's expectations of us." With the words out, he felt suddenly foolish. He made a helpless gesture towards the crowded room. "I was just thinking that we're drinking because it's expected of us, wearing certain kinds of clothes because it's expected of us, laughing, being polite, saying certain things because it's expected of us." He shook his head.

"Any one of us could create an instant furor just by making the slightest move over that line of expectation; if one woman called another a liar, for instance; if a man gave a girl a pinch in the wrong place; if someone fainted from lack of oxygen—Shock. Gasps. Pandemonium."

The young man grinned. "We might try it and see," he said. "I'll be the one that pinches the girl."

"And I," Charles said, "will probably be the one who faints from lack of oxygen." A muscle twitched in his cheek; he felt the tiredness again, as if his brief speech, even the effort of marshalling his thoughts for the young man, had been too much. The pain seemed to be gathering force at the back of his head, creeping higher like slow, groping tentacles, and he looked around the room instinctively for Louise.

JUST then Louise was talking to a thin, neat old man in the corner. Locating her, Charles thought: Should I take something? He stood watching her, not seeing her at all but debating in his mind whether to take two of the headache pills she always carried around in her purse for him. Almost immediately he rejected the temptation; he had already taken three pills this morning; too many brought on queasiness, nausea. It was better, if he could, to ride out the pain and hope that, through some miracle, it would subside.

His eyes focused on his wife—small, plump, familiar, her face round and pale and sweet. She was wearing a dark dress made of some heavy silk stuff, its lines and cut were undistinguishable from any of her other things and she smiled faintly, thinking that she had picked it up from some rack in a department store because it was the "kind of thing you can wear anywhere, any time of the year."

Years ago, for a birthday present he had sent her to a famous couturiere, insisting that something be designed for her. But the final dress, while a triumph of carefully planned color and cut, had somehow drawn attention, through the very artfulness of its thinning lines, to the deficiencies in her figure. She had hated it and gone back, with a kind of relief, to wearing her familiar unpretentious dresses.

Charles turned his head and saw Maggie returning, threading her way through the thick clusters of people. Her head was held high, and her eyes glowed with a kind of secret joy. He felt a pang, although he didn't know why.

Coming close to them, Maggie smiled full upon him.

"It was my room-mate on the phone," she said. "She's going to spend the week-end with

friends in Pittsburgh and didn't want me to worry. She isn't coming back until late tomorrow."

Charles' heart began beating hard. Her eyes met his with exciting impact. He thought suddenly of holding her in his arms, and the image made his mouth go dry. But as quickly as the feeling came, it slid away again. He wanted to close his eyes. It was too overwhelming. His head began throbbing worse than before. His feet hurt from standing so long and he should not have eaten the fish paste, which always disagreed with him.

His mouth twisted faintly. He thought: I have youth and beauty offered to me on a silver platter, and I think of my liver and my feet.

"Why in the world," Steve Hugo was saying, "would anyone want to spend the week-end in Pittsburgh?" He seemed to have stiffened in some way. "Will you be afraid to be left alone?"

Maggie's short burst of laughter was like the release of some inward pressure. "Hardly," she said. "I sleep with brass knuckles on." She held out her glass to him. "I wonder—? Could you have them put a little more water in this?"

For a fraction of time the young man seemed to hesitate; his mouth looked tight. "Certainly," he said.

As he moved away, Maggie turned to Charles; she didn't seem to be breathing.

"Oh, Charles," she said. "Darling. Will you come? We can have the whole place to ourselves; I can't believe it. It will be marvellous!"

Charles' hand, holding his glass, trembled a little.

"Ah, my dear," he murmured. And suddenly he loathed himself, loathed his tired feet and the indigestion in his chest and the throbbing nerves that pounded in his head. A faint surge of defiance started somewhere inside him and gathered strength until it exploded into words.

"Yes," he said, "I'll come." "When?" she said quickly. "Nine? Shall I expect you at nine?"

"Nine." For a moment he was infected by her excitement. Then he shifted his weight, conscious of his aching feet.

There was a time in life when to do a foolish, reckless thing was a joy that set your blood beating in your veins. But that time was gone for him—long since gone.

"Maggie," he said, "I don't

It was as if the sensed what was coming. The young man had returned with her drink and she turned to him with almost startling vivaciousness.

"Perfect," she said gaily. "Just the right color now for my hair." She held the glass up to the light. "Can you imagine? There was a time when this stuff tasted just like medicine, and now—" She looked up at Steve, shaking her head. "Would you believe it? It tastes just like medicine."

He laughed. "Then why do you drink it?"

"Oh—sometimes it makes me feel good."

Charles thought: She's avoiding my eye. He felt a mixture of amusement and despair. Now that she had pinned him down to the date for later, she was fearful of making the slightest move that might change his mind.

Again, he looked instinctively around the room for Louise, as if seeking help. He saw her in the opposite corner of the room, still talking with the thin, neat old man. His face was flushed and lighted with speech, he was making little gestures with his hand. Charles' mouth twisted

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faintly. Louise's silences always made other people talkative. Their marriage had been founded on her silences; he had always been able to depend on them.

His eyes went back to Maggie and Steve Hugo and suddenly it came to him that they looked fine together. Steve had murmured something to her; she had laughed and looked away. But Steve was still gazing at her, a curious stillness in his face, and Charles thought suddenly: He wants her.

He stood motionless, his body held stiffly.

Steve Hugo looked up and their eyes met. The young man's face changed instantly. His gaze was steady but his eyebrows went up, there was a faintly taunting smile on his mouth that said: Well? What do you think you're going to do about it?

The young man turned to Maggie. He said something that Charles did not catch and Maggie laughed again.

Charles stood without moving. I've been dismissed, he thought, as a competitor. It was all so ludicrous that he could have laughed. Instead, he felt a faint excitement surge through him: it was as if he had been challenged and was going out to meet that challenge.

His head gave a sudden throb like a warning, a reminder, but he stood unheeding, smiling faintly.

Louise stood near the wall, listening to Mr. Beebe's voice without hearing what he was saying. She had estimated at the beginning of the conversation that, in his gratitude for her presence, he would require only a modicum of attention and this suited her perfectly.

She kept her face turned only partially to the old man, and with the rest of her sight and mind free she watched Charles. She watched patiently. It was the kind of patience that had congealed, over the years, into a kind of stolidity. She had been watching Charles for such a long time.

Now there was this new girl, Louise, looking at her, seeing what was written on her face, felt only a faint stirring inside her. She had little pity to waste on anyone, much less on this girl who was young and beautiful and who would suffer a little over Charles and get over it. If she had pity for anyone, it was for herself, and she had never allowed herself that luxury, knowing where it would lead.

"My married son," Mr. Beebe was saying. "We used to go up to Vermont every summer to see them. Very pretty country up there." He paused, waiting for her answer. His small eyes were bright and happy.

Louise turned quickly to him. "Oh, yes," she said, trying to look alert. And as his voice flowed on again like a thin, aimless stream, her eyes moved away from him once more to Charles' handsome head on the far side of the room. He's getting quite grey, she thought.

"Wouldn't you think so?" Mr. Beebe was saying.

Louise turned to him again. "Oh, yes," she said, "I would."

She smiled faintly. And then her face changed. She saw that Charles had turned away from the girl and the young man

and was beginning to weave his way through the groups of people in her direction. His headache was worse, she thought; he wants to go home.

She turned swiftly to Mr. Beebe. "Pardon me," she said. "I must speak to my husband about something."

Mr. Beebe made a courtly little bow. "Certainly," he said. "I've enjoyed our conversation very much." And as Louise turned away she saw him take out his watch from his vest pocket and look at it.

She walked a few steps towards Charles, her eyes on him. And then she stopped abruptly; she stood motionless.

He was walking straighter, his shoulders thrown back; there was an almost youthful arrogance about the way he held his head. A dull, familiar pain started up somewhere inside her.

He met her in a tiny oasis of space. "Could I have two of my pills?" he said in a low voice. "You have them in your bag, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have them." Her hands fumbled at the bandbag on her arm. "How is your head? Don't you think we should go home?"

"In a little while," he said. "As a matter of fact, the head isn't too bad; I want the pills only to keep it from getting worse." He cleared his throat. "I'll just be going home to wash, Louise. I have to go out again later." He stared down at her. "What's the matter? You look strange."

"Nothing's the matter," she said with difficulty. But she was trembling and this astonished, frightened her; it had been so long since she had allowed anything to penetrate that wall of insulation she had built around herself. Now strong shivers of rage ran up and down her spine; she wanted to shout: "Don't you know when you've had enough?"

But she said nothing, because she never said anything. She stood motionless, staring up at him with her pale eyes. And in her mind, the words ran round and round, faster and faster: Just one more river, just one more river to cross.

MARION said pleasantly, "Dorothy, this is Mr. Edward Klinger. Ed, my friend, Mrs. Farnham."

Dorothy looked up from her cocktail glass with a terrible awareness of the overhead foyer light shining down on her. "How do you do," she said. Her eyes did not focus on his face; she was conscious only of a blurred impression of dark hair and a broad masculine outline of head and shoulder.

"How do you do," he said. "If you'll excuse me, Ed," Marion said, "Dorothy will show you where the bar is." She turned away with the faintly relieved look of a messenger who had just delivered a package. "I'll see you just as soon as I've taken care of something inside."

Dorothy turned her back to the light, moving forward as she said: "I don't think I really have to show you where it is, Mr. Klinger. Wherever people are jammed together, you'll invariably find the bar." With the light behind her she felt a sudden sense of ease and deliverance.

Reaching the bar she turned and handed him her empty glass. "If you will," she said. "A very dry Martini with lemon peel." For the first time she really looked at him. She felt a gradual dropping of her spirits. He wasn't really attractive after all. It was just his bigness, his dark hair that had given that first impression.

He was a man in his late forties and his skin was pink. Once he had been good-looking, except for his eyes, which were too small. Now his face had fallen into a slightly sagging disrepair; a young man's features thickened into flabbiness.

Oh, stop being a fool, she told herself instantly: stop it, stop it. Nothing mattered except that he was eligible; he was well-fixed.

He took her glass. "Coming up," he said. His glance went over her with the flashing quickness of a snake's tongue and then he turned to the bar, his face expressionless.

Dorothy looked at the wall. He didn't miss much, she thought. A warning sounded in her mind, a faint bell tolling through the thickening mists of alcohol. His glance, quick as it was, had been filled with caniness and a shrewd appraisal. Ed Klinger, whoever he was, hadn't been born yesterday.

He gave her her drink and lifted his own highball.

His eyes went over her again with that shrewd, quick appraisal. "Marion tells me you're divorced." He took a gulp of his highball. "When did that happen?"

"Almost nine years ago," Dorothy said. She had lifted her voice to a bright, lively note.

"I'm surprised that a good-looking girl like you didn't get married again."

"You know the old saying. A burned child dreads the fire. Besides, I'm kept so busy with a career and friends that I hardly have time to think of it."

"Is that so?" he said. "What do you do?"

"I'm a buyer at Brak's. I buy dresses."

"Yeah?" His face had brightened. "I tell to Brak's. You know Sam Oppenheim on the sixth floor? Mirrors and picture frames?"

"I'm afraid not," Dorothy said. "Is that what you sell?"

"Picture frames. Manufacturing end. I have a nice little factory in Long Island City."

She drew a deep breath. "Tell me more about yourself," she said. And she thought: About the cheering things—your bank balance, your investments, the value of your property.

His face took on gravity; he cleared his throat. "Well, you might say that I'm a man who's pulled himself up by his own bootstraps." The cigar, stuck in the corner of his mouth, looked perfectly natural, as if it had grown there. "I come from poor, hard-working people and I've never been ashamed of it."

Dorothy made her voice low with respect. "Why, I think that's wonderful," she said. "I really do. To have made so much out of nothing, I mean."

"I never had a college education," he went on, as if the phrases, the sentences were coming in a neat sequence that had been arranged a long time ago. "I learned from the school of hard knocks. But I'm not complaining. I've built up a nice little business."

He cleared his throat again. "Next time you go riding towards the Queensborough Bridge on Northern Boulevard, you look on the right side and you'll see my factory. Klinger Picture Frames. You can't miss it."

She saw that his face was very pink, very happy. They chatted a while longer. And then it came. He asked suddenly, "You have a date for later?"

She was bathed in a quick, liquid moment of triumph. "It just happens," she said, "that I'm free. A date was broken only this morning; these people were called out of town."

"Well, how about it?" he

said. "Shall we have dinner together? Go right on from here?"

All her muscles went slack and there was a general loosening inside her. "All right," she said. "Why not?"

Suddenly she was reminded of a sentence she had seen carved over the facade of a bank building: "A journey of a thousand miles begins with but a single step." She felt almost gay.

And just then she saw Marion threading her way through the groups of people, her eyes darting around as if she were looking for someone. When her gaze came to Dorothy, it stopped; her step quickened and Dorothy saw that she looked flushed, excited about something.

"Dorothy," Marion said when she was close, "could I speak to you for a moment?" She turned to Ed. "Would you forgive us, Ed—for a few seconds? Ben's in the corner, dying to talk to you, anyway."

Ed lifted his almost empty glass. "You two girls go right ahead," he said. "I've been wanting to say hello to Ben." He took his cigar out of his mouth, waved it vaguely in the air, and turned away.

As soon as he was gone, Dorothy looked at Marion. "What is it?" she said. "What's happened? Did Iris win a prize in her debating class?" It would be just that kind of thing that Marion would get excited over.

"Oh, no," Marion said. "Something to do with you. You'll never guess." Her hand went out to Dorothy's arm.

"Guess what?"

"Harry's in town," Marion said.

Dorothy's face had gone white, and Marion thought: She still loves him; she's always loved him, no matter what Ben says.

"How do you know?" Dorothy said.

"Selma just called me," Marion said. "I took it in the bedroom because there was so much noise. She didn't know there was a party on, and I felt so guilty. I suppose I should have asked her."

"But what did she say?" Dorothy said. Her voice sounded thin, a little frantic.

"What did she say about Harry?"

Marion looked back at her. She took a deep breath. "Well, it was the funniest thing. She didn't say anything about him until the very end. We were just talking. Suddenly, right at the end, she said: 'Guess who I saw yesterday? Harry Farnham.'"

Dorothy was standing very still, she saw, holding on to her cocktail glass with both hands, as if to steady it. "Where did she see him?" she said. "Was his wife with him?"

"No, he was alone," Marion said. "It was in Schrafft's at dinnertime."

"He must have come on business," Dorothy said.

"Yes, I imagine he came on business—or maybe a kind of vacation?" Marion's hand went out to Dorothy's arm again. "Honey, why think about Harry? That's all water under the bridge now; it's dead and gone."

"Dead and gone," Dorothy said like an echo, the words thin and without meaning. She gave a sudden little laugh and raised her glass to her mouth. "You think I'm mooning over Harry these days? I have other fish to fry, Marion."

"How do you like Ed Klinger?" Marion said. And she added in a rush: "He was quite a spender up at the Cape; he had the most gorgeous car. He really has such a good heart. Dorothy; he took everybody on long tours at the drop of a hat."

"Really?" Dorothy said. "He asked me for dinner later, and I said all right."

She cleared her throat. "It just turned out that I was free; a

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 6, 1954

date was broken this morning because some people had to go out of town."

"Well!" Marion said. Warmth spread inside her. "I told Ben this morning that he would go for you."

Dorothy took a sip of her drink. "I think I'll go inside and re-do my face. My skin is beginning to feel like an old board."

"You do that," Marion said, "although, really, you look fine." She felt a relief, but a vague sorrow, too, as Dorothy put down her glass on a nearby table and moved to the foyer.

Her eyes moved away, darting expertly around the room. The party was going well; it was at its ascendancy. Like the swizzle sticks mixing the highballs, it needed only the slightest stirring to set off a fizz of laughter, a bubble of words.

Familiar voices were saying familiar things. There were spiced flirtations going on between the married groups, all of it like a familiar and pleasant game that had been played for so long that everyone responded instantly on cue.

Thinking suddenly of old Mr. Beebe, her eyes searched and found him close by, talking to Louise Hallowell. She had a feeling of relief and satisfaction; it was like finding, in a twisted assortment of old silk stockings, two that matched after all, making a serviceable pair.

Her eyes moved and she saw the girl, Maggie Morgan, talking to Charles Hallowell and that nice young man—what was his name? She couldn't remember. Maggie, she knew, had had a telephone call only a few minutes ago, and now she looked flushed and happy, as if she were excited about something.

Maybe the call was from some young man, Marion thought; maybe she'd had a fight with him, and now every-

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thing is all right again. She was glad for the girl, glad that things seemed to have straightened out for her in one way or another. Usually she had a slightly lost look.

Now if I were in her place right now, Marion mused, I would be attracted to the young man she's with. Such a nice-looking, charming young man. What was his name? She was terrible with names.

She had turned to the centre of the room and it seemed to her that everyone had someone to talk to; they all looked gay and flushed, and a little taken out of themselves. That was the nice thing about big parties, she thought; once you got them started, they rolled along of their own momentum. This one certainly did not need her for the moment. It was a good time to find Iris.

But as she looked further around the room she saw only the boy, George Akers, talking with his aunt and uncle near the bookshelves. He was really very good-looking. Iris, she thought, must be beside herself with excitement. Oh, a blind date could be so wonderful when you were young.

She turned quickly to the foyer and started down the carpeted hall, the hubbub of the party receding in volume as she moved. When she reached Iris' room the door was closed. She knocked. "Iris?" she said.

There was a moment's silence and then a muffled "Okay." Marion turned the knob and entered the room, closing the door behind her. Iris was bent over an open drawer, rooting feverishly for something with both hands. Her bed and the top of the bureau were crowded with objects she had taken out—piles of sweaters and pyjamas, odd

wool socks, empty perfume bottles.

"What are you looking for?" Marion said.

Iris glanced up. Her face had a flushed, excited look. "My chiffon handkerchief," she said. "The one I got for Christmas."

"What do you want that for?" Marion said, moving closer.

"Oh, Mother!" Iris said, with impatience, bending over again instantly, her hands flying. "I want to wear it, what do you think?" Her hand stilled suddenly in the air and then pounced on something. She straightened and lifted out a large brown chiffon handkerchief. "Here it is."

FOR some reason, Iris looked enormously relieved. She gave the handkerchief a little flit in the air and then began to fold it carefully into a large square, then a smaller one, then a smaller one still. Turning, she picked up a grey leather shoulder bag from the bed, opened the clasp, and stuffed the handkerchief inside.

Marion opened her mouth to say something and then closed it again. She wanted to tell Iris that you didn't wear a large brown chiffon handkerchief with a grey sportsbag and a navy wool dress, but something in Iris' face stopped her. She thought: She's all tensed up about something.

"Darling," she said, making her voice gay. "Isn't George stunning? I must say you know how to pick a blind date."

Iris turned her face away. "He's okay." She cleared her throat and looked down at something on the bureau, and her straight dark hair fell like an opened fan in front of her

check. "I guess I'd better get started." But she did not move.

Marion began to feel vaguely uneasy. "Iris?" she said. She stepped forward. "What's the matter?"

Iris looked up. And suddenly her face crumpled, distorted. "I-I don't want to go!" she said quickly. Her breath came in short jerks, but the tears, so near the surface, were held back through some miracle of control.

"Darling!" Marion's whole body moved instinctively towards the girl and then stopped short. You couldn't pull Iris close and murmur comforting words. If you did she would stand utterly motionless, suffering the embrace because she didn't want to hurt your feelings, and then she would slide away in embarrassment. There was a strange, fierce pride inside her—the kind of pride that would not let the tears fall now. Oh, she was a strange child all round, Marion thought now as she stood there, helpless and baffled and filled with pity.

"Why don't you want to go?" she said.

Iris' body suddenly stilled. Her face smoothed out like a piece of crumpled paper.

"Oh, I don't know," she said calmly. She turned away again to face the window. "I guess I'm just not in the mood."

She's scared, Marion thought. She's scared to death. Everything that was maternal in her rose in a swelling, enfolding wave of protection.

"You don't have to go," she said. "I can make some excuse—tell him you're sick or something."

She looked at Iris. For so many years she had thought: When she's grown up we'll have so much to tell each other;

we'll plan clothes and parties; we'll talk about boys—oh, she'll be surprised to find out how much I know about such things!—we'll be close, very close. In her mind she had seen them both enclosed within some warm, bright circle of love and trust and intimacy; people, friends would say admiringly: "Why, you're like sisters! What a beautiful relationship you have there!"

Now she gazed at her daughter's back—the line of the shoulder-blades faintly visible under the stuff of her dress, the thin, terribly young neck arching forward. Her eyes went down to Iris' hands, touching the edge of the desk, and she saw with a surprise that the stubby fingernails were covered with polish.

Something assailed her suddenly, hurting, because there was a secrecy about the polish, which Iris had never used before, there was a secrecy in the set of the shoulders, the stillness of the head, in the girl herself. She wanted to cry out: "Tell me! Tell me things! I'm your mother!"

For a moment, standing there, Iris was tempted. If she turned to her mother now and said: "Yes, yes, tell him I'm sick; tell him anything, I don't care!" she could stay just where she was; she could take off her dress and put on her old blue bathrobe and her bunny slippers and lose herself in a book or her novel or her dreams; the tightness inside her would ease at once; she would be happy again.

And he'd be relieved, she thought; he'd be glad not to be stuck with me any more. In her mind, she could see George Akers rushing from the party in sudden freedom, darting into the first telephone booth on the street to call some pretty girl; she could hear him saying: "Whew! Did my family almost stick me with a terrible date!" She could hear him laughing,

and the girl laughing, too. Her jaw set. Ah, the heck with that, she thought; he's probably a dope; they're all dopes and I wouldn't give him the satisfaction.

She turned to her mother. "I'll go," she said. The words seemed to ring out nobly in the room and she was instantly touched by the drama, the gravity of the moment. I'm going out to meet life, she thought. Suddenly she felt reckless, almost gay; her thoughts, with the elasticity of adolescence, leaped to a vision of herself startling George Akers with her stinging wit and her rapier-like mind; she saw him looking down at her with respect and admiration in his eyes.

She straightened her harlequin glasses on her nose and picked up her grey saddle bag and gloves from the bed. Moving to the closet, she took out her grey spring coat, with everything inside her girded now, and waiting for her mother's speech.

"Iris," her mother said instantly. "It's getting cold out; I want you to wear your heavier coat."

Iris turned, frowning fiercely because it was part of the attack. "I would rather die," she said.

"You can't go out on a chilly evening wearing that thin little thing! You'll catch pneumonia!"

"Oh, Mother," Iris said with infinite weariness. "Nobody catches pneumonia any more—they have all those new drugs."

Her mother's mouth opened, then closed; she sighed with defeat and exasperation. "All right," she said. "Have it your own way. But if you start shivering in the street later, maybe you'll wish you had listened to your mother." She turned towards the door, the harassed expression back in her face. "I have to get back. I'll

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tell George you're coming right out."

Iris, looking at her mother in that moment, felt a confused instinct to make some move, some gesture towards her because she had given in on the coat; it was so strong that she took a step forward, with something inside her reaching out hesitantly. "Mother?" she said.

Her mother turned her head. "Yes? What is it, Iris?"

Thoughts gathered, became entangled in Iris' mind; she couldn't think of anything she really wanted to say. The color rose in her face.

"Nothing," she mumbled. Tell him I'll be right out."

When she presently followed her mother out, the hubbub of the party came towards her in a wave of sound that rose higher as she walked forward. The thought that one of the myriad of voices belonged to George Akers made the feeling of cold nervousness come back; her hands went up to her glasses and took them off.

Everything immediately blurred; the lines of the wall wavered slightly and as she reached the foyer and looked towards the crowded living-room a step below, it was like gazing underwater at dark, amorphous shapes topped by pale blobs that she knew were faces. She stood with her coat held lightly on her arm, and on her face was the cryptically bored look she always assumed when she was out of her element.

Then, without warning, she saw George coming towards her. His face was blurred and it came to her that she hadn't really seen his features yet.

"Well, hel-lo!" she said, her voice gay. "Are we ready?" And she thought with an inward burst of bravado: If he thinks I'm going without my glasses for him all night, he's crazy. Carelessly, like an afterthought, she lifted her glasses and placed them on her nose as if she were putting on sunglasses against a sudden glare.

"All set," he said. She saw that he was staring at her glasses and she felt a perspiration breaking out on her back. With his face in clear, sharp focus, with the impact of his good looks full upon her for the first time, she felt the last remnants of her confidence draining from her like sand from an hourglass.

She turned her head towards the living-room, smoothing the fingers of one glove with the other in long, jerky strokes. "I'll just say so long to my mother and father," she said. But even as she spoke she saw her mother threading her way towards her through clusters of people.

Iris' hands stilled. There was something changed in her mother's face; the smile she wore was tender and happy; her eyes seemed to be moving from her daughter to George and back again. It came to Iris that she was happy because of the picture they made standing there—the young girl, her coat over her arm, ready to go out with the handsome boy. It was almost as if she could hear her mother saying softly: "How sweet they look together—how it brings it all back!"

Iris felt uneasy, vaguely guilty. Looking at her mother's softly bemused face as she came closer, she had a brief glimmer of understanding. For all these years, her mother had kept the pattern of her own image as a young girl; she had placed it a hundred times against the reality of her daughter and been baffled and irritated and grieved because it did not fit. But now it did fit, if only for a moment; the little tableau they made was

so normal, so right, so sweet in her eyes. She was happy.

"Well, are you all ready?" she said when she reached them. She turned to George, smiling. "I know you won't keep her out too late, George."

"No, ma'am," George said. He shifted his plaid topcoat from one arm to the other. He looked very gloomy.

Her mother turned to Iris. "Well, have a wonderful time!" she said. "I know you will!"

"Okay," Iris said thickly. She wanted desperately to find her father and say good-bye, but, glancing at George's stolid face, she decided against it. All this fuss about her leaving seemed to indicate only too clearly that it was a special, unusual thing.

She looked up casually at her mother. "Tell Pop good-bye for me," she said. "So long." She pecked her mother's cheek and turned away. Her legs jerked as she walked and the back of her neck felt stiff. She could hear George making his good-byes, his voice, the words polite.

In the hall, with the door closed behind them, George pressed the elevator button and turned to her. "You'd better put on your coat," he said. His hand went out.

She gave, for no reason, a rather startled laugh as he helped her; there was an agonising moment when her hand, after two attempts, couldn't find the sleeve. But finally the coat was on and she stared fixedly at the carpet, frowning, the color high in her face. You're on your own now, she thought; say something; he's waiting for you to say something. Her mind scrambled frantically to come up with a bright scrap of conversation. But there was nothing there, nothing, nothing, and the silence seemed to tighten between them like a stretched string.

FURTIVELY, Iris looked at George. She saw that he was whistling soundlessly and thumping idly at the wall with one fist. She looked down at the carpet again. She wished frantically that he would speak, that the elevator would arrive, that anything would happen to snap the terrible silence.

George's fist stilled on the wall. "You know," he said, looking at her sideways, "I was thinking that maybe, after the movie, we could go to a party."

Her head jerked up. "A party? Where?"

The elevator came, the doors opened with a hissing noise; they stepped inside.

"Oh," George said, "a girl I know on the West Side." He cleared his throat. "Nice kid, pretty smooth crowd." His hand went into his vest pocket and drew out a metal cigarette-case.

Iris felt a mixture of relief and apprehension. If it was a crowd, she wouldn't have to cope with George alone, but if it was a "pretty smooth crowd"—

"Well?" she said hesitantly, looking at him. And then, at something in his face, she added hastily: "Why not? It sounds wonderful." She coughed, as if she had a delicate obstruction in her throat. "I'll try anything once." Suddenly fortified by the buoyant sound of the words, she gave him a vague, secret smile.

"Yeah?" George said. "What have you tried so far, for instance?"

She gave a rather strangled laugh.

"Oh, you'd be surprised," she said. But it sounded lame, feeble; the color rose in her face and she stared straight ahead at the door of the elevator. She

coughed again. And then one hand opened the flap of her shoulder bag, fumbled inside. She drew out the brown chiffon handkerchief, gave it a flirt in the air to loosen its folds, and lifted it carelessly to her lips.

Steve watched Hallowell move away through the crowd to find his wife. His dark back had a narrow, somehow elegant look. Steve, lighting a cigarette, blew the smoke out slowly, his brows drawn together. Whether he liked it or not, he had been impressed with Charles Hallowell aside from his writing. He didn't think he liked him; he had an uneasy feeling he didn't understand him, but he was impressed with him.

Acknowledging this in his mind, Steve was nevertheless irritated. He wished he could turn to the girl beside him now and say: "He's a poseur, a phony—can't you see that?" But he knew it wouldn't be true.

His head turned and he looked at Maggie. She was standing there looking happy and excited. The cheek turned towards the light was as pink as a peach and its curve showed downy.

Something assailed Steve. He felt angry with himself. To fall for a girl already in love with another man, he thought, was the silliest thing he had ever done.

"You look furious," Maggie said suddenly. "What are you thinking about—your income tax?"

With his brows still drawn together, he said: "No, I'm just angry at myself for something."

She grinned. "Do you do that, too? Sometimes I don't talk to myself for a week." She shook her head. "I do such stupid things." She lowered her eyes to her glass. "Really stupid."

"Like what?" Steve said. She lifted her eyes and their intense blueness, seen suddenly like that, startled him a little. "Oh—" she said. "Like leaving packages on buses. Worrying. Spending money for silly things I can't afford."

She's giving out now, Steve thought; she's projecting herself a little. He wondered why he didn't feel warmed, encouraged, why, instead, there was only this faint uneasiness. And then it came to him that her relaxed manner now was a direct result of her having settled the thing that had made her tense before.

She had probably arranged a date with Hallowell for later, he thought, and he knew instantly that this was the cause of his uneasiness.

He glanced away abruptly and his eyes found Charles Hallowell at the other side of the room, talking to a small, rather dowdy woman. Something stilled with shock inside him. Hallowell had said he was going to find his wife. Was that his wife? But it couldn't be.

The woman had opened her purse and given him something. They were talking together. Yes, it was his wife. There was something in her face and his, something about the way they stood facing each other. A kind of tacit acceptance, each of the other, an acceptance of the whole without seeing any of its parts.

Suddenly he felt deeply angered; the whole set-up, he thought, was intolerable. A middle-aged man with a wife, making a date with a young girl. It was monstrous. It wasn't the wife's fault—she was undoubtedly helpless. Nor the girl's—she was momentarily enamoured and couldn't see straight. But the man? He was a swine.

Steve breathed shallowly, with something tight in his face. Then he saw Hallowell's hand go up and press tightly the place between his eyes; he saw the eyes close and the whole body sway slightly, as if with fatigue.

He's tired, Steve thought. The anger dissolved slowly inside him, something else formed gradually in its place. He turned to Maggie, and the sight of her face warmed him; he began to feel suddenly buoyed up, exhilarated. What was he afraid of? A tired, ageing man suffering from emotional anaemia?

"You know," Maggie said, "you're really confusing me. One minute you look as fierce as a wooden Indian, the next like Little Boy Blue about to blow his horn."

"The man of a thousand faces," Steve said. "Come to think of it, I once nurtured faint hopes of becoming an actor. Actually, I never got beyond one line in a school play."

She laughed. "I once had a part in a school play, too," she said. "I stepped forward from a line of children and said: 'I am a diphtheria germ!'"

Steve, looking at her, felt something stir inside him. She seemed to have brought her own warm sunlight into the smoke-filled room; he wanted to reach out and pull her close, to put his cheek against her light hair.

Suddenly he felt a sense of urgency. The moments were flying by and Hallowell could be returning at any one of them. There was so much he wanted to tell her, so much he wanted to hear in return.

"Look," he said, surprising himself. "Let's stop kidding around. Am I getting anywhere with you?"

Maggie, looking at him, felt the color rising in her face. She hesitated, her mind floundering. It would be so easy, in order to gain time, to say: "I don't know what you mean."

She met his eyes. Something quickened inside her. Her mouth felt dry and she was confused because of the quickening; it bewildered and made her vaguely uneasy.

He's very attractive, she thought.

She looked down into her glass. She said in a low voice: "You don't want to get anywhere with me."

From nearby came a concerted burst of laughter that hung high on the air; someone called out: "Hey, Mac! Come over and settle a point for us!"

She looked up and saw Steve's face through a delicate haze of smoke. He had a fine mouth, she noticed, cleanly modelled and strong. She swallowed, and all her vague uneasiness was back.

"But I do want to get somewhere with you," Steve said. "I want to very much."

For a moment, she gazed at him and then her eyes swerved, searching, and found the tall figure of Charles moving towards the foyer and the dining room; she saw his handsome profile, the clipped mustache, the wings of greying hair at the temples.

Her heart moved and all the soft excitement came back. Looking back at Steve, she knew why she had been uneasy a moment ago. It was because no emotional distraction, such as this young man offered, must be allowed to weaken or dilute, even slightly, the clear distillation of her love for Charles.

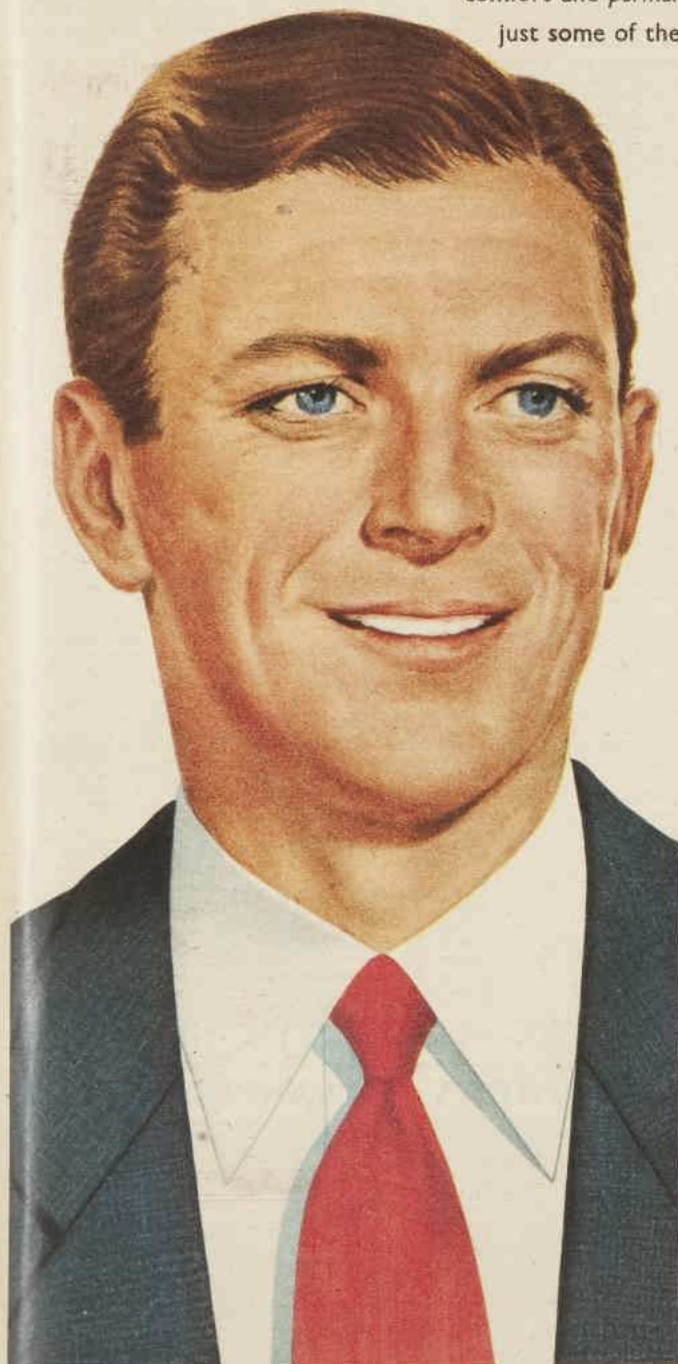
She thought: I'll leave him a minute; I'll make some excuse and move away. But there was no reason, after all, why it had to be exactly at this moment.

"We'd better talk about something else," she said. "I'd like that. I'd like to talk

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about a lot of things. I'd like to find out how you feel about skiing and salted peanuts and Debussy and the New York Yankees and modern art. Only there isn't time. For some reason, there doesn't seem to be much time for anything."

"But there is time," she said. "I like talking to you."

"If that's true, will you let me take you to dinner from here?"

She felt a twinge of uneasiness again. "Oh, I'm sorry," she said. "I have a date for nine o'clock."

Something happened to his face; it changed, tightened in some undefinable way; an unseen curtain came down. "That's too bad," he said. And then he added lightly: "Would you like another drink?"

"I'd better not," she said. "Then I think I will, if you'll excuse me." His voice was polite. "Are you sure you won't change your mind?"

"No, thank you." She felt confused, unhappy. Only a little while ago it had been such fun to talk with him and laugh. Now the good, shared feeling was gone. With her refusal, he had shut her out. He started to move away.

"Look," she blurted out suddenly. "I guess I can make it for dinner and still keep my date." She was taken aback by her words; she thought wildly: Why did I say that? I'm only complicating things.

He had stopped abruptly and now his face, turned to her, grew warm again, and alive. "I know a fine place nearby," he said. "Everything they serve comes in flaming on a sword—even the ham sandwiches."

"Well—" she said. "All right." She turned away as if she were escaping from something. "I'm going inside."

She began moving, weaving her way through the clusters of people, not sure of where she was going but wanting only to be alone for a little while. Her eyes, searching the room, could not find Charles and she was almost relieved. She realised that while talking to the young man she had forgotten Charles for minutes at a time, and the knowledge shocked her.

Moving to the wall, she put down her almost empty glass. She looked around her. Ben was talking to some people near the fireplace. Charles' short, thickest wife was standing alone only a few feet away. Their eyes met.

It was only for a moment. But as Maggie looked away and began walking swiftly towards the foyer, it was as if the breath had been knocked out of her. Reaching the comparative quiet of the hall, she stood motionless. She swallowed. What had been in those strange, water-colored eyes? Hatred? No, something colder than that, something controlled and hard and appraising.

WHEN Charles Halliwell took the two small headache capsules from his wife's hand, he saw that her face had a strange, almost flushed look.

"Are you all right?" he said. "You're not ill, are you?" But because she was never ill he now felt the kind of shock you might feel upon seeing a figure in a painting move imperceptibly.

"I'm not ill," she said. As she spoke, the flush faded from her face and it became pale and impassive again.

As if in escape he turned his head. In the mirror above the sofa he caught the reflection of a crowded segment of the party near the bar, and at that mo-

ment a group divided and he saw Maggie and the young man standing where he had left them. The young man was saying something and now she laughed, her head thrown back and her eyes shut tightly.

Charles looked away at the wall. I certainly left him a free field, he thought. He marvelled at his self-confidence in leaving them together like that—the two beautiful young people who looked as if they belonged. He had underestimated the young man's charm and wit and attractiveness.

No, he hadn't! Because he did not underestimate himself, either. He never had.

He looked at the mirror again, but now Maggie's reflection was blotted out by other forms. He did not have to see her. Ah, she was beautiful today; she glowed like a star, and the knowledge that the glow was for him exhilarated him. He realised now with a kind of wry amusement that the young man's obvious desire for her was an added titillation, bringing a new and provocative flavor to the affair. But of course it was a joke, the whole thing was a joke—the two of them in open competition for the girl.

Age versus Youth, he thought, or There's Life in the Old Boy Yet—Now Playing at Your Neighborhood Theatre. But, of course, it was all a joke. Fifty-one, for a man, wasn't even remotely old; he was just being funny. Yet, knowing that this was true, why was it so desperately important to prove himself?

The whole thing was somehow inextricably entangled with his thoughts of the book, and his mind went back to his desk at home, very orderly with the sharpened pencils lying in precise rows, the yellow paper pads with their corners evenly together. And the typewritten pages in a neat pile—how many were there? Thirty-nine?

He felt a faint panic. Were there only thirty-nine? Surely there were more—sixty, seventy-five?

He stood motionless, and the babble of voices around him blurred against his mind like water across a silk screen. Only thirty-nine. And he had been working for almost two months. What had happened to him?

He was trembling. His hand went up to press the place between his eyes. I must rest, he thought; I must go home and lie down.

His hand dropped and he opened his eyes, seeing Louise looking up at him, her face im-

passive. She said nothing. She seemed to be waiting; and it struck him that she always seemed to be waiting—waiting with infinite patience for something to happen. Only what was it? What on earth could she be waiting for?

He looked around him restlessly. "How I loathe these affairs," he said.

"We had to come," Louise said. "This is the third time we were asked."

The third time, Charles thought; going, going, going down for the third and last time. In his mind the cold, green water closed over his head and he was sinking, arms flailing; the bubbles rose around him and exploded in his ears; his lungs were on fire and he threshed and fought to rise to the surface—

He caught himself with a start. A cold perspiration had broken out on his forehead. I'm getting morbid, he thought.

"When do you think we can leave without being rude?" he asked Louise.

"In a little while," Louise said.

He looked wearily about him. The party was coming to an end. The groups seemed to have broken up in some intangible way, like a fabric in which the threads had subtly loosened. Now a couple moved towards Marion and Ben; hands were being shaken, amenities mouthed. Some women, still chattering, began walking down the hall to the bedroom.

Charles felt a sag of relief. He wanted desperately to sit down but was afraid that if he did it might be torture to rise again. Anyway, the ordeal of the cocktail party was almost over.

He did not see Maggie anywhere about, nor did he want to; not now, not at this moment. He could not rise to the effort of projecting charm or making conversation; he wanted only to be home, lying down on his bed with the shades drawn and cool cloths over his eyes and Louise padding silently in the room, seeing to his comfort.

Now his eyes searched the room and found her, waiting silently, standing alone and yet not looking lonely at all. It was, he thought, a curious quality that she had, a quality of containment and isolation; she was like a rock by the sea, undistinguishable from the others, against which the waves crashed and foamed and streamed away only to reveal the rock again just as it

was before and as it would always be.

Now the very solidity of her shape afforded him a faint comfort as he moved towards her. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw a dark figure coming in his direction. His body stiffened and he thought: I don't want to talk to anybody.

But he heard the male voice saying: "Mr. Halliwell—"

He had to turn. He saw that it was the young man, Steve Hugo. His hand was outstretched and he was smiling.

"I just wanted to say goodbye," he said. "And to tell you how much I enjoyed our talk."

"Oh?" Charles said. "You're leaving?" He took the hand, pumped it once, and dropped it.

"Yes." The young man cleared his throat. "I'm waiting for Maggie now. We're going out for dinner."

Meeting the grey eyes, Charles felt a cold shock; it was as if something had flicked sharply against an exposed nerve. The young man's face was smooth with respect, but there was a faint undertone of triumph behind his voice and eyes.

"Ah," Charles said smoothly. "A charming girl. I hope that you enjoy yourselves. Good-bye, Mr. Hugo." But as he turned away, the echo of his words sounded stilted in his ears, like an exit line from an old English drawing-room play, and he had a furious feeling that the young man was laughing at him.

He walked to Louise, hardly seeing her at all. His mind and his emotions were undergoing a painful upheaval; he was shocked that Maggie was going out with the young man after having known him for only a little while. He had underestimated the young man, after all, and now he saw the girl—so fresh and vital and beautiful—slipping away from him as everything else was slipping—his youth, his strength, his fine talent.

He stood motionless as he reached Louise. Was it over, then, for him? He felt a slow, salt ache in his throat, moving downward.

"Charles?" Louise said. "Is anything the matter? Did you take your pills?"

His face focused on her for the first time. "I took them," he said. A faint wave of nausea washed over him, a lifting that was followed by a sickening drop. I need to lie down, he thought as he felt his head throb; if I just rest for a little while I'll be all right for later.

"We can leave now," he said.

To be concluded

EMBROIDERY TRANSFER OFFER



• Frolicking animal motifs that all small children love are featured on embroidery transfer No. 199. The sheet measures 24in. x 28in., and it has more than 50 motifs, which include birds, fluffy kittens, pet puppies, and circus elephants. The designs are ideal for bibs, dresses, playuits, nursery curtains, or anything connected with a child or his room. Price of the sheet is only 2/6. Orders should be sent to our Needlework Department. See address, page 85.

HOLIDAY DRESS

This clever little American-styled dress can be easily made in one hour. It is made of towelling and worn with a high or low handknit collar and cuffs.

YOU will need 2½ yds. of 36in. wide towelling in white or selected color, and 2 yds. matching binding.

Cutting Out: Cut off an 8in. strip along one selvedge edge, leaving a piece 28 inches wide. Fold this in half and mark the neckline and armholes as shown in the diagram. Cut out neck, allow ½ in. turning. Mark shoulders, centre back, centre front.

To Make Up: Stitch up the side seams. Turn in ½ in. round neck and armholes, snip the turnings where necessary to make them lie flat and tack them in place. Stitch the neckline and armholes on to the knitted neck and sleeve bands. The zip of the high neck, or the join of the low neck, should be at the centre back; the remaining quarter marks on the knitting fit shoulder lines and centre front. Join sleeves at underarm.

Put the dress on and belt in the waist, arranging the folds evenly. Level the hem, allow a 2in. turning and cut away any surplus. Bind the raw edge, turn the hem up once and sew.

Oversew raw edges of side seams.

COLLAR AND CUFFS

Materials: Patons 4-ply "Boehve" fingering, Patonised (this is the only wool which should be used); high neck and cuffs, 4oz.; low neck and cuffs, 3oz.; 1 pair each Nos. 9, 10, 11 Queen Bee knitting needles; 6in. zip fastener.

Pattern: Worked on a multiple of 3, plus 2 sts. Every row—K 1, * k 2 tog., w fwd., sl 1. Rep. from * to last st., k 1.

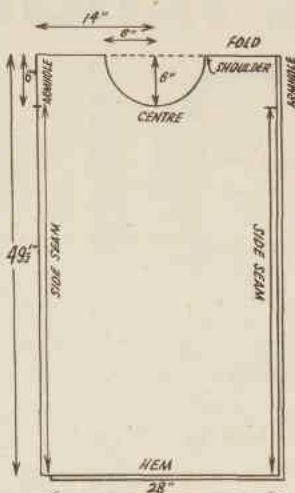
CUFFS

With No. 10 needles, cast on 149 sts. work 2in. in patt. Cast off, using a No. 9 needle. Join into a circle.

HIGH NECK

With No. 9 needles, cast on 209 sts. Work 2in. in patt. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. until work measures 9½ in. from beg.

Next Row: K 1, p 2 tog., * w fwd., sl 1, p 5 tog. Rep. from * to last 2 sts. w fwd., sl 1, k 1 (107 sts.). Cont. until work measures 4½ in. from beg.



Change to No. 11 needles and cont. until work measures 6½ in. from beg. Cast off. Stitch side edges of this yoke on to zip-fastener. Mark lower edge into four sections.

LOW NECK

With No. 9 needles, cast on 254 sts. loosely. Work ½ in. in patt. Change to No. 10 needles and work ½ in. Cast off, using a No. 10 needle.

Join this strip into a circle and mark it in four sections. (The design has been made available by "Good House-keeping Magazine.")



ABOVE: The American-styled beach or country holiday dress made of cherry-red towelling is shown above with its high, white handknit collar and matching sleeve bands. Inset: The dress worn with the low, collared neckline.



THIS cleverly designed ribbed bolero was selected at a recent exhibition of handicrafts in London arranged by the Women's Home Industries. It is quick to make, easy to carry, and so snug to wear.

MAKE it in white or any desired color. Here are the directions:

Materials: 12 skeins F. W. Hughes "Twinprufe" 4-ply fingering wool (used double throughout); 1 pair No. 8 needles.

Measurements: Length from cast-on edge to cast-off edge, 14 in. Width across widest portion, gently stretched, 36-38 in. Width across narrowest portion, gently stretched, 10 in.

Tension: 5 sts. to 1 in. on No. 8 needles.

To test your tension: Using double wool and No. 8 needles, cast on 20 sts. and work a square of stocking-stitch. Cast off but do not press.

Now measure your tension: If you have more than 5 sts. to the inch, work another sample using a size larger needle. If, however, the first sample had less sts. to the inch, test again using a size finer needle.

To turn after a knit-stitch, put wool to front of work, slip the next st. from left hand needle over to right hand needle, put wool to back of work, slip the st. back on to left hand needle, turn.

To turn after a purl-stitch, put the wool to back of work, slip the next st. from left hand needle on to right hand needle, put wool to front of work, slip the st. back on to left hand needle, turn.

This method of turning avoids a hole, but care must be taken not to pull the wool tight at the turn.

LEFT SLEEVE

Using No. 8 needles, and double wool, cast on 216 sts. Work k 3, p 3 rib thus—

1st Row: (Right side of work) K 4 * (p 3, k 3) 17 times, turn.

2nd Row: (P 3, k 3) 17 times, turn, leaving 4 sts. unworked.

3rd Row: (P 3, k 3) 16 times, turn, leaving 6 sts. unworked.

4th Row: (P 3, k 3) 15 times, p 3, turn, leaving 3 sts. less unworked.

5th Row: (K 3, p 3) 14 times, k 3, turn, leaving 6 sts. less unworked.

6th Row: (P 3, k 3) 14 times, turn,

Fascinating new bolero

leaving 3 sts. less unworked.

7th Row: (P 3, k 3) 13 times, turn.

8th Row: (P 3, k 3) 12 times, p 3, turn.

9th Row: (K 3, p 3) 11 times, k 3, turn.

10th Row: (P 3, k 3) 11 times, turn.

11th Row: (P 3, k 3) 10 times, turn.

12th Row: (P 3, k 3) 9 times, p 3, turn.

13th Row: (K 3, p 3) 8 times, k 3, turn.

14th Row: (P 3, k 3) 8 times, turn.

15th Row: (P 3, k 3) 7 times, turn.

16th Row: (P 3, k 3) 6 times, p 3, turn.

17th Row: Work in k 3, p 3, rib to end of row, ending in p 1, k 1.

18th Row: K 2 * p 3, k 3. Rep. from * ending row, p 3, k 1.

19th Row: K 4 * p 3, k 3. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 6½ in. from the straight cast-on edge (not the shaped edge) ending with a 19th row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., right across row. (108 sts. now on needle.)

Next Row: As 19th row.

Next Row: As 18th row.

Rep. the last 2 rows until the work measures 11 in. from the straight cast-on edge (not the shaped edge) ending with a 19th row.

Next Row: K 2 tog. right across row. (54 sts. now on needle.)

Next Row: As 19th row.

Next Row: As 18th row.

Rep. the last 2 rows until work measures 14 in. from the straight cast-on edge. Cast off very loosely.

RIGHT SLEEVE

Using No. 8 needles and double wool, cast on 216 sts. Work k 3, p 3 rib thus—

1st Row: (Wrong side of work) K 2, (p 3, k 3) 17 times, p 3, turn.

2nd Row: (Right side of work)

(K 3, p 3) 17 times, turn, leaving 5 sts. unworked.

3rd Row: (K 3, p 3) 16 times, turn, leaving 6 sts. less unworked.

4th Row: (K 3, p 3) 15 times, k 3, turn, leaving 3 sts. less unworked.

5th Row: (P 3, k 3) 14 times, p 3, turn, leaving 6 sts. less unworked.

6th Row: (K 3, p 3) 14 times, turn, leaving 3 sts. less unworked.

7th Row: (K 3, p 3) 13 times, turn.

8th Row: (K 3, p 3) 12 times, k 3, turn.

9th Row: (P 3, k 3) 11 times, p 3, turn.

10th Row: (K 3, p 3) 11 times, turn.

11th Row: (K 3, p 3) 10 times, turn.

12th Row: (K 3, p 3) 9 times, k 3, turn.

13th Row: (P 3, k 3) 8 times, p 3, turn.

14th Row: (K 3, p 3) 8 times, turn.

15th Row: (K 3, p 3) 7 times, turn.

16th Row: (K 3, p 3) 6 times, k 3, turn.

17th Row: Rib to end of row, ending p 3, k 1.

18th Row: (Right side of work) K 4 * p 3, k 3. Rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 1, k 1.

19th Row: K 2 * p 3, k 3. Rep. from * ending row, p 3, k 1.

Now continue as instructions for left sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Do not press. Fold each section lengthways, and weave side edges together. Ridges on the rib at decreases are the right side of work.

Now lay each portion flat, widest part to widest part, with the seams at the top, and the straight edge facing you (curved edge underneath).

Count down from the top seams, 13 ribs (39 sts.) of each portion, then join the two portions by weaving together the next 22 ribs, thus leaving the remaining 37 ribs free on the other side of garment.

There's a rose in every cheek . . . because they're

Happy 'LITTLE VEGEMITES'



No Cowboys and Indians for Rex Racklyeft—he's a member of the St. George Archery Club, Sydney! "Rex has the makings of a champion", says his father. "Tons of energy—Vegemite helps keep him healthy and active."



Two-year-old Garry McQuillan is "Australian Champion, 1974" . . . according to his proud grandfather, who has trained Vic Patrick. "Garry loves to don the gloves", says Mrs. McQuillan. "Vegemite every meal-time keeps him healthy."



With that cheery greeting and alert manner, tiny Vivien Wetzler of Melbourne earns top marks from phone callers. "She's really advanced for her age", says her mother. "I give her plenty of Vegemite and it keeps her happy and healthy."



Every week, young Bill McWilliam is out playing golf with his father at the Beverley Park Golf Club, N.S.W. "An afternoon on the course uses up a lot of energy", says Mr. McWilliam. "But we find Vegemite helps keep Bill strong and active."

VEGEMITE is rich in these 3 VITAMINS your body can't store

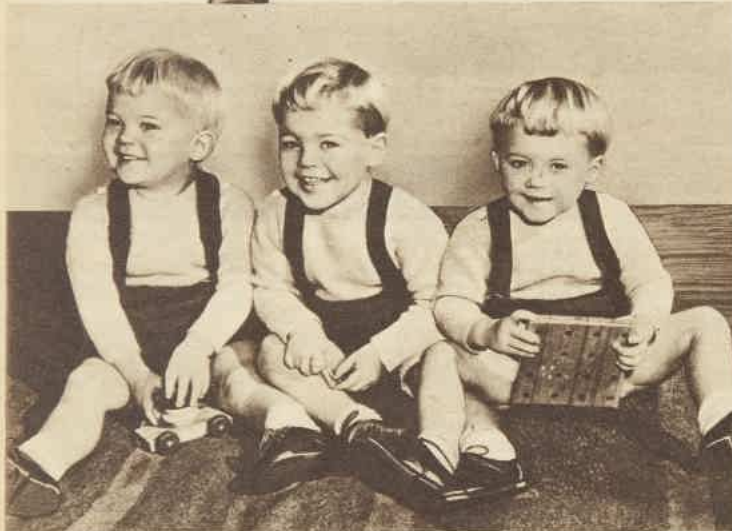
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B2 — for firm body tissue

Niacin — for good digestion and clear skin

Your children deserve the healthy nerves, firm body tissues, good digestion and clear skin provided by a fresh supply of Vitamins B₁, B₂ and Niacin every day. And nutrition experts say we must have a daily supply of these vitamins because our bodies can't store them

up for future use. Delicious Vegemite is a rich source of this important vitamin group because it is a pure, concentrated yeast extract. And all children love Vegemite's rich, satisfying flavour. So make sure your family enjoys Vegemite every day. Spread it on toast for breakfast, in sandwiches, over cooked vegetables and add it to hot milk for a delicious, nourishing drink. Available in 2, 4, 6, 8 and the big family-size 16 ounce jars — Vegemite puts a rose in every cheek.



These happy smiles are from triplets Lindsay and Garry and Antony Mattox of Newport, N.S.W. "They're lively, sunny-tempered youngsters", says Mrs. Mattox. "And plenty of Vegemite helps keep them that way . . . replaces lost energy and builds up their health and strength. Vegemite-time means smiles all round, too—it's a real favourite with all three!"

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PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3370.—Beginner's pattern for a small boy's playsuit. Sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/6.

Fashion PATTERNS



F2457A.—Sunrock and bolero can be made in striped material with a white accent, or in all floral material. Sizes: Lengths 27in., 31in., 34in., 36in., and 38in. for 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. striped material and 1½ yds. 36in. contrast, or 4½ yds. 36in. floral material. Price, 3/6.

F3375.—Halter-neck sunrock and bolero. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., 31in., for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. plain material and 1½ yds. 36in. coin-spot material. Price, 2/6.

F3376.—



F3371.—Sunrock with heart-shaped bib-top. Sizes: Lengths 18in., 20in., and 23in. for 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires 1½ yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. bias binding. Price, 2/6.

F3372.—

F3373.—

F3374.—

F3375.—

F3376.—

F3377.—

F3378.—

F3379.—

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F3414.—

F3415.—

F3416.—

F3417.—

F3418.—

F3419.—

F3420.—

F3376.—Tailored one-piece and matching hat. Sizes: Lengths 27in., 31in., 34in., and 36in. for 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material and 4 yds. striped bias binding for trim. Price complete, 3/6.

F3377.—Sleeveless one-piece and bonnet-shaped hat. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material, plus 1½ yds. bias binding; hat, ½ yd. 36in. material. Price complete, 3/6.

F3378.—Halter-necked sunrock. Sizes: Lengths 27in., 31in., 34in., and 36in. for 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. dark material and ½ yd. light material. Price, 2/6.

F3379.—Pinafore-style beach dress. Sizes: Lengths 20in., 23in., 27in., and 31in. for 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/6.

F3380.—Bloomer-legged swim-suit and separate tie-on skirt. Sizes: Lengths 18in., 20in., 23in., 27in. for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 1½ yds. pin-spot material and ½ yd. 36in. plain material. Price, 2/6.

F3377

F3370

F3378

F3372

F3384.—One-piece party frock. Sizes: Lengths 27in., 31in., 34in., 36in., and 38in. for 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3369

F3384

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 751.—INFANT'S LAVETTE

Four-piece lavette obtainable cut out ready to make with easy-to-follow instructions. The embroidery motifs are not traced on the garments but can be obtained in a transfer, No. 143. Price, 2/6 extra. The material and color choice includes white flannelette, cotton lawn in white, lemon, sky-blue, and pink; rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel, pink, and blue. Prices: Jacket in flannelette or lawn, 6/3; in rayon crepe-de-chine, 12/9. Postage and registration, 8d. extra. Frock in flannelette or lawn, 12/6; in rayon crepe-de-chine, 22/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Nightgown in flannelette or lawn, 13/3; in rayon crepe-de-chine, 23/3. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Petticoat in flannelette or lawn, 6/6; in rayon crepe-de-chine, 13/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Complete set in flannelette or lawn, 37/3; in rayon crepe-de-chine, 69/6. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.

No. 752.—SMALL GIRL'S FROCK

The frock is obtainable cut out ready to make in good quality striped cotton cambric. The color choice includes blue and white, red and white, lemon and white, green and white, pink and white. The rick-rack braid trim is not included with the frock. Sizes: Length: 20in. for 4 years, 15/6; postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 21in. length for 5-6 years, 17/6; postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 27in. length for 7-8 years, 18/6; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 31in. length for 9-10 years, 19/11; postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

VERA-ELLEN who appears in M.G.M.'s musical "DEEP IN MY HEART"

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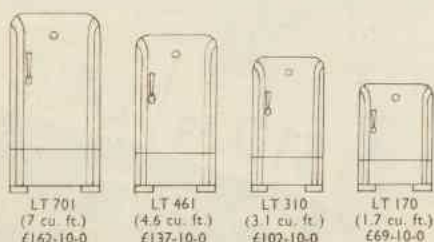
FROCK OF THE WEEK: (Style 5132) Paisley bayadere in washable, crease-resistant cotton has a cross-over bodice, tiny magyar sleeves, very full skirt.

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SPECIAL FAMILY DISH

A weekly recipe for a special family dish that is substantial, interesting, and yet inexpensive is our new cookery feature.

EACH week's recipe will be planned so that its ingredients cost no more than 10/-. This week's family dinner dish should delight budget-balancing housewives.

Prices may fluctuate during seasonal changes and in different localities, but we estimate this week's dish—savory steak and tomatoes—for four will cost approximately 5/-.

Most housewives can produce an elegant meal if they

don't have to consider the cost, but it takes forethought and practice to serve such a meal on a limited allowance.

This new cookery feature will give you each week recipes that will help you to gain a chef's reputation.

Like all cheaper dishes, you will find that more time is necessary in cooking and preparation.

But you will be amply rewarded at your family's appreciation of a delicious meal.

SAVORY STEAK AND TOMATOES

One pound minced steak, 1 large onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, salt,

pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 large carrot, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 dessertspoon gravy powder, little extra water, 2 tomatoes, 2 rashers bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Place minced steak, three-quarters of onion (chopped), water, salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, and diced carrot in saucepan. Cover and cook over gentle heat 40 to 45 minutes, or pressure-cook 15 to 20 minutes. Stir in flour and gravy powder blended with little extra water. Simmer 3 to 4 minutes, turn into heated ovenware dish.

Cook chopped bacon (rind removed) gently until fat melts, remove. Cook balance of onion, finely chopped, in bacon fat until lightly browned. Add chopped tomatoes, simmer 4 to 5 minutes. Season lightly, spread over meat. Top with grated cheese and bacon, dot with shortening. Cook in oven (if oven is in use) or under moderate grill until top is bubbly and brown.

This dish is particularly good served with spaghetti. The addition of one green vegetable is sufficient, as carrot and tomatoes are included in the meat dish. This brings the cost of the main dinner course to approximately seven shillings.

Complete the meal with a tart or a light steamed pudding.

Prize recipes

A delicious cake cooked with a layer of apples in the centre of the mixture wins the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

CONSOLATION prizes of £1 each are awarded to two savory dishes for luncheon or dinner. One combines rabbit flavored with bacon, red pepper, and onion; the other cooked lamb and pineapple.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

APPLE LAYER CAKE

Cake Mixture: Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 4oz. flour, 4oz. cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt.

Apple Mixture: Three apples (peeled and grated),

grated rind of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Spread half the mixture in greased slab-tin. Cover with grated apple mixed with sugar and lemon rind, then with remaining cake mixture. Prick surface with a fork. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. When cold, ice with lemon-flavored warm icing and sprinkle with cinnamon.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Fuller, Spring Ridge, via Quirindi, N.S.W.

SAVORY LAMB WITH PINEAPPLE

Two cups chopped cooked lamb, 4 slices pineapple, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste.

Saute pineapple slices in the shortening until lightly browned, arrange in bottom of thickly greased 7in. or 8in. cake-tin. Combine meat, bacon, breadcrumbs, egg, milk, parsley, salt and pepper. Fill into tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out on to heated serving-dish.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Leitch, 35 Bond St., Ringwood, Vic.

RABBIT AND CHEESE SHORTCAKE

Two cups self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 cups medium thickness white sauce, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons diced cooked bacon, 2 cups diced cooked rabbit.

Sift flour, salt and cayenne, rub in shortening. Add sugar and cheese. Mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Fill into greased loaf-



BAKED APPLES are ever-popular. Serve them sometimes, flavored with honey and decorated with angelica strips and cherries. See recipe for cherry-cross apples below.

tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Combine sauce, capsicum, onion, bacon, and rabbit. Reheat, fill into split cheese loaf, serve in thick slices.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Harrison, 62 Pine St., Cammeray, N.S.W.

CHERRY-CROSS APPLES

Six large cooking apples, butter or substitute, sugar, 6 cloves, 2 dessertspoons honey, 2 tablespoons quince or cherry jelly, 6 glacé cherries, angelica strips.

Cut a slice from top of each apple, remove cores carefully. Place apples in greased oven-proof dish, three-quarters fill core cavities with sugar, add a little honey to each, a clove, then a knob of butter or substitute. Cover base of dish with water, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes until apples are tender. Top each apple with a little quince or cherry jelly, criss-cross, two pieces of angelica on each and top with a cherry. Serve hot or cold.

MOTHERCRAFT

HOT WEATHER TROUBLES

By Sister Mary Jacob, Our Mothercraft Nurse

HIVES is a common and troublesome complaint among babies and children, especially in hot weather.

The cause of this rash may be constitutional, due to wrong feeding, to general overfeeding, or overfeeding with one particular food.

The mother can often find out, by a process of elimination, if a food to which a child is allergic is the cause.

A leaflet outlining causes and the simple nursing treatment of this complaint and other simple skin rashes is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.



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Honey

Contest

THE last of four progress prizes of £5/5/- each in our £250 honey recipe contest is won by Miss J. Gargett, Nuriotpa, South Australia, with a recipe for honey-topped coffee cake entered in Section 1.

The major prize-winners in this contest, for which thousands of entries were received, will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly in the issue of October 27.

Honey-topped Coffee Cake

One and a half cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Topping: Quarter cup butter or substitute, 1-3rd cup honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped cooked and drained dried apricots, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded coconut.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt, add sugar. Beat egg, add milk and melted shortening, fold into dry ingredients. Fill into greased 8in. square or round cake-tin, spread with apricot pulp. Cream butter or substitute and honey, spoon over apricot pulp. Sprinkle with coconut, bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes, serve hot or cold.



A boon to busy mothers

What a lot there is for the mother of a baby to do... and only one pair of hands to do it all!

Donald Duck Strained Foods save busy mothers so much precious time. It's no trouble at all to prepare a variety of tasty meals for baby this new, convenient way and it's money-saving too. Donald Duck meals for baby are wholesome, varied, tasty, and made under the most hygienic conditions from only the finest selected Australian raw fruits, vegetables and meats.

Doctors and Baby health centres approve prepared Strained foods and only chemists stock...



DONALD DUCK
STRAINED FOODS

Who is the constant invader?

TO-DAY'S BIGGEST BREAKFAST BARGAIN

One third of
your daily food
needs here ★

New U.S.A. Recipes
by



Kay Kellogg

of Kellogg's Home Economic Services

Any Time is Cookie Time

Looking for a new cookie recipe? One that doesn't need any tedious rolling out, or expensive ingredients? This is possibly the easiest — and the nicest — you ever tried, and it doesn't use even one precious egg!

AFGHAN CRISPS

2 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup desiccated coconut. Cream shortening, sugar and cocoa. Add vanilla, coconut and Corn Flakes. Stir in sifted flour and salt. Bake small portions on greased trays in a moderately hot oven (2-15 minutes).

★ Nutrition experts know that it isn't how much we eat that counts, but what we eat. For instance, an average serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and toast, supplies as much as one-third of your food needs for a busy, active day.

And remember, one large packet of Kellogg's Corn Flakes gives you 24 big, energy-packed breakfasts. (Compare the cost per serve with bacon, eggs or meat and add up the money you save!) And Kellogg's Corn Flakes save you time when moments count... save you washing greasy griddles, messy pots, and pans! You serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes straight from packet to plate.

Big model Aircraft Carrier for the youngsters!

Thrill the youngsters with a big, authentic cut-out model of the aircraft carrier "Sydney." Just send a 2/- postal note and two packet tops from Kellogg's Corn Flakes to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Desk 6, Box 40, P.O., Mascot, N.S.W. Don't forget to include your name and address. If you live in South Australia or Queensland, send postal note only. This offer does not apply outside Australia.

Watch those spoons fly when they taste that **FRESH LIVELY FLAVOUR**

Just look at 'em — those big friendly flakes you know so well. We don't have to tell you they taste better than any other breakfast cereal. Everyone knows they taste better. We don't have to remind you of their deep-down goodness. Everyone knows they're better for you... didn't you grow up with them?

The point is: have you got plenty on hand? Spoons fly faster these bright mornings, so you'd better get two packets next time you're shopping. Two packets of the biggest, crispest corn flakes in all this world. Two packets of Today's Biggest Breakfast Bargain — Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

HEY KIDS!
Make a cut-out model of
the AIRCRAFT CARRIER
"SYDNEY". See offer
on back panels



PICNIC

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

AUSTRALIA provides sunshine, beautiful beaches, bushlands, and plenty of space for relaxing in the open air.

Fresh air brightens the spirits, sharpens the appetite, and peps up digestion so that the quantity of food must be considered as well as the quality.

Salads, bread concoctions, pies, scones or loaves, fruit, and drinks are the order of the day on a picnic. They're easy to serve, easy to carry, and good to eat.

If transport is a problem, plan meals that can be eaten in the fingers so that there is no need for plates or serving-dishes.

Pack the food carefully so that when served it is as fresh and attractive as it is at home.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

PICNIC MENU

Devon Dagwoods.

Asparagus and Vienna Bread.

Hard-boiled egg salad.

Apple pie and cream.

Spicy sultana loaf.

Fruit.

Tea or soft drink.

DEVON DAGWOODS

One small square loaf bread, thickly sliced luncheon sausage, butter for spreading, mustard pickles.

Cut bread into thick slices, spread with butter. Sandwich slices together and wrap in greaseproof paper or clear plastic food-wrapping. When ready to serve, open out slices, place a slice of luncheon sausage on each, and top with generous spoonful of mustard pickle.

APPLE PIE

Eight ounces flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, 6 tablespoons water, 1/2 cup solid-type white shortening, 1 1/2 to 2 cups cooked tinned apple pulp, sweetened to taste, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/4 teaspoon grated lemon rind, icing sugar.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add sugar, rub 1/4 quarter of the shortening into flour. Mix to stiff dough with water. Knead well on lightly floured board. Roll into thin oblong shape. Soften remaining shortening to spreading consistency, divide into three. Spread one portion over dough, leaving 1 in. margin all round. Sprinkle lightly with flour, fold in three, then turn half round so that open end faces you.

Roll out straight from you only. Spread with another portion of shortening, repeat folding and rolling as before. Spread with remaining shortening, fold, and roll again. Fold without any shortening. Divide into two, roll to fit 9 1/2 in. tart-plate. Line plate, fill with apple pulp mixed with cinnamon and lemon rind. Glaze edge with water, cover with remaining pastry. Trim edges, glaze with water, bake in hot oven 8 to 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, cook further 15 to 20 minutes. Dust top with icing sugar, serve with cream.

SPICY SULTANA LOAF

Two cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, 1/2 teaspoon spice, 1/2 cup seeded raisins, 1 cup sultanas, 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, good 1/4 cup milk, 1-3rd cup melted shortening.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spice. Add raisins, sultanas, and brown sugar. Beat egg, add milk

and melted shortening, add to dry ingredients, mixing well. Fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Allow to stand 5 minutes in tin before turning on to cake-cooler to cool. Wrap in greaseproof paper or clear plastic food-wrapping to carry. Serve sliced and spread with butter.

SALMON SALAD IN BREAD BUNS

One medium-sized tin salmon or fish cutlets, 1 cup diced celery, 1 or 2 dessertspoons chopped red or green pepper, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion or shallot, 1/2 to 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, pepper to taste, 6 to 8 round or oval buns, butter for spreading, lettuce and tomato.

Drain and flake salmon or other tinned fish, mix with celery, red or green pepper, onion or shallot, mayonnaise, lemon juice, Worcester-

shire sauce and parsley. Season to taste with pepper, chill. Pack into large jar or covered container. When serving, break open rolls, butter both sides, and cover generously with salmon salad. Serve with lettuce and tomato.

DATE AND COCONUT SCONE

One egg, pinch salt, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup milk, vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 dessertspoon coconut.

Separate white from yolk of egg, beat white stiffly with salt. Add sugar gradually, beating well. Fold in egg-yolk, milk and vanilla alternately with sifted flour. Fold in dates and melted butter or substitute, fill into greased 7 in. sandwich-tin. Sprinkle top with brown sugar, cinnamon, and coconut mixed together. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

THIS APPETISING picnic food tastes as good as it looks. Unbreakable plastic or wooden dishes are serviceable and attractive. See picnic menu and recipes on this page.

When cold, wrap in greaseproof paper or clear food-wrapping plastic, serve sliced and buttered.

ONE-EGG MAYONNAISE

One egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons vinegar, salt, pepper and mustard to taste, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon condensed milk or cream.

Beat egg with sugar, salt, pepper, and mustard. Add milk, then vinegar one drop at a time. Melt butter in double saucepan, gradually add egg mixture and stir over boiling water until thickened. Cool quickly. Add condensed milk or cream, mix well. Fill into jar with plastic lid (not metal as vinegar causes corrosion). Shake well before serving.

• Simple, satisfying, and easily prepared food makes outdoor meals a delight in warm sunny weather.



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special...

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Jams made from orchard
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sugar are in so many
delicious varieties. For
table use or baking day
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MIRA PLUM — PEACH — SOLUS APRICOT
— RASPBERRY — FIG — BLACK CURRANT
— MARMALADES — QUINCE.

WARNING!

Early successes of "EVERGLAZE" led to many imitations. Considerable quantities of inferior weak fabrics which will not stand the wash tub have been sold as "Everglaze" giving much disappointment. Buy only from reputable firms. Insist on genuine "Everglaze". Remember ONLY "Everglaze" stands for WASHPROOF CREASE RESISTANCE in easy-to-care-for cottons.

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EVERGLAZE

fabrics include POLISHED COTTONS, GLAZED CHINÉ, PLASTPRINTS, EMBROIDERED COTTONS AND PLAIN SURFACE COTTONS.

Flower arrangements

● Homemakers who enjoy doing the flowers will want to try out the two flower arrangements pictured here.

IN the small line arrangement featured at right, Berin Spiro, New Zealand flower expert, has used yellow irises and nerines with the showy leaves of the fire-bush.

A shallow container and a needlepoint holder were used for this design.

The simple arrangement is easy to copy. You will notice that the stems have been cut in graduated lengths, to achieve the "live" effect. The natural curves of the iris stalks add to the charm of the arrangement. Other blooms, of course, may be used instead of these.

The striking arrangement illustrated at the extreme right was designed by Mrs. Frank Hammel, of Staten Island, New York, for a hall table. Pink rhododendrons and their leaves, cineraria, single stock, and Japanese pine give the contrast of color, line, and texture. The low base is excellent for the sprawling, high arrangement which is so dramatic.



SIMPLE but effective line arrangement, above, which anyone who loves "doing the flowers" can copy.

RIGHT: This dramatic arrangement is suitable for an entrance-hall wall table.



BOOKSHELVES WIN PRIZE

● An old-style draining rack for dishes converted into a set of bookshelves is the prize-winning entry this week in our "something new from something old" contest.

The cash prize of £3/3/- is awarded to Mrs. J. E. Bruce, C/o P.O., Narre Warren, Victoria, who sent in this entry.

"In our kitchen there was an old draining rack fitted over the sink," she writes. "It was made in the days when huge meat dishes and 15in.-wide dinner plates were in vogue, but it was practically useless for modern crockery."

"We took the rack down, drew out the dowels which formed the slides for the plates, turned it upside down, and tacked masonite shelves on the divisions. With a coat of paint the rack is now a useful small set of shelves for books."

Each week a cash prize of £3/3/- is given to the reader who sends in the best idea for this contest.

Address your entry to The Editor, Home-maker Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



THIS dish-draining rack was made into the bookshelf shown in the opposite drawing.



FITTED with shelves and turned upside down, the rack makes quite a neat bookshelf.

MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES SAYS:

IF rubber articles have to be folded for storing purposes dust them with a generous amount of talcum powder or cornflour.

A SPRIG of mint added to cabbage not only improves flavor but prevents odor.

HARD-TO-TAKE medicine is easier to swallow if an ice cube is placed on the tongue for a few minutes before a dose is taken.

IF food that is being cooked in an earthenware dish has to be stirred, use a wooden spoon to avoid nicking the glaze.

IF YOU LIKE to group miniatures in different ways (left), use gramophone needles and you will not mark the wall.

FIT a door handle, similar to those used on wire doors, to one side of a step-ladder. It can then be carried like a suitcase.

IF only a small portion of an onion has been used and the oven is in use, slice the remainder and let the slices dry to a golden brown. Store in a tightly covered jar for use in soups or stews.

RUB the outside of barbecue cooking saucepans and pans with soap before placing them over the fire. The soot will then wash off quite easily.

USE discarded fabric belts to cover coat-hangers. Unpick enough stitching at the centre to insert the hanger, then gather at the top and bottom and draw up to the right size.



Shop for stunning
new *'Celanese'* acetate
beauty fabrics

'Celanese' acetate
beauty fabrics drape
so beautifully . . .

'Celanese' ACETATE BEAUTY
FABRIC ROUND THE CLOCK

You'll be cool, calm and collected
in a morning dress of *'Celanese'*
Celshung, *'Celanese'*
Celacord or *'Celanese'* Pique
Jersey. These lovely fabrics
wear and wear,
wash like a charm.



Lunch in an attractive
printed dress of *'Celanese'*
Acetate Crepe-de-chine.

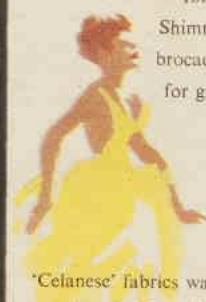
Pretty, crease-resisting,
infinitely tub-able.



On to cocktails in
the elegance of subtly
draped *'Celanese'* Acetate
Jersey. Such a clever fabric—
run-proof, washable,
and dry cleans without damage.



'Celanese' Acetate Taffeta
for bouffant ballerinas.
Shimmering *'Celanese'*
brocades and satins
for grand occasions.



'Celanese' fabrics wash,
dry, iron in a jiffy. It's so
simple—just whisk through
lukewarm suds, rinse in tepid
water and use cool iron while still damp.



'Celanese' Acetate fabrics drape beautifully.
'Celanese' Acetate fabrics dry clean perfectly.
'Celanese' Acetate fabrics wash, dry, iron in a jiffy.
'Celanese' Acetate fabrics resist creasing.
'Celanese' Acetate fabrics wear well.
'Celanese' Acetate fabrics resist perspiration damage.

from page 3



Mrs. Curtis Roosevelt, wife of the grandson of the late President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. "I just couldn't do without Pond's Cold Cream", Mrs. Roosevelt says.

"You'll be thrilled at the immediate, see-able change in your skin!"

says Mrs. Roosevelt.

Many women don't realise that the cause of most complexion problems is hidden dirt—dirt that works its way into pore-openings—and hardens, making your pores look large, your skin look muddy.

Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the deeper dirt that less efficient cleansings skim over. Its unique oil-and-moisture formula quickly softens and floats out this hardened, embedded dirt—leaves your skin flawlessly clean—looking clearer in colour, finer in texture.

1. Every night—briskly circle fluffy fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream up from throat to forehead. This Pond's circle-cleansing frees embedded dirt. It stimulates lazy circulation. Tissue off.

2. Now—"rinse" with fresh fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly—leaving invisible traces of Pond's for softening your skin overnight, protecting it by day.

See a fascinating change come over your skin! Go today to your favourite cosmetics counter and get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Also available in handy tubes. **PC43**

paint, but my heart is with the gods." He chuckled.

"So, my buckos! You seek the higher flights of fancy, would don the velvet cloak of make-believe—Ah! 'Tis the dream of many, but the dramatic gifts are given to few. Those who would act need a poet's tongue, soaked in the wine of Omar, fed on the muse of Shakespeare."

He produced a large white monogrammed handkerchief and proceeded to mop a high brow.

Suddenly he said: "In yonder field, I spy the wheeled chariot of the ice-cream man—perceive, in my hand lies the key to its cold treasure, go forth my boy and bring back"—he paused to count—"bring back six of a kind."

Ginger took the coin and hared across the field.

Mr. Summers sank down on to the grass verge, a veritable king.

On the following Sunday afternoon the stout form of an elderly man was to be seen wielding a baseball bat.

His coat was off, and his shirt with the lace front made a splash of white in the green field. A large diamond had been formed by placing a pile of coats at each point.

The boys were based, and the pitcher was ready.

"Now," said David, "the idea is to hit the ball into the diamond and out of it if you can. You get three strikes, you're allowed the first two, but if you miss the third—you're out."

"Ah!" said Mr. Summers, none the wiser. "All is clear, let us proceed."

The ball left the pitcher's hand. Mr. Summers swung wildly, and his bat, meeting no resistance, continued to swing.

"Strike one," yelled David, catching the ball neatly in a gloved hand.

Mr. Summers stopped spinning.

"Ready?" said Ginger.

The bat swung again.

"Strike two!" said David, sending the ball back.

"Last chance, sir, keep your eye on the ball."

Two hands gripped the bat determinedly. Up it went—down it came—SMACK!

Oh, the sheer delight of contact, fair and square in the centre—the ball sailed over the diamond.

"A real homer," gasped David. The boys cheered.

Mr. Summers glowed with pleasure. He was enjoying himself.

Later in the afternoon they all stretched out on the warm

grass, having picnicked on lemonade, sandwiches, and ice-cream. It was Mr. Summers no longer, Merideth, he had insisted, henceforth.

David, his hands clasped behind his head, gazed at the sky reflectively.

"Does it cost much to be an actor, Merideth?" he asked.

"Ah! Davey my boy, you must be prepared to give your heart, but she is a fickle woman, the stage; indeed, there is every chance of losing it."

"But, how much money?" persisted David.

"As for that," said Merideth, "not one bright penny—just tears, toil, and talent."

"And a sword?" added William.

The boys lay pondering. Merideth dozed.

And the afternoon crept blissfully after the sun.

Sunday after Sunday, Merideth and his young friends would gather, and he would stir their imaginations with splendid orations. Long and eloquent were his speeches, vigorous the action.

Under the cool shade of trees they would sit while "Hamlet" came vividly to life.

Then "Hamlet" would play cricket.

In his warm friendliness and generous nature they found the perfect companion, who became a full-blown member of their brotherhood.

DAVID would often remain behind when the boys returned home, and they would talk of many things.

Merideth's gentle philosophy, its quiet wisdom, went deeper than any school book.

"David," he would say, "life is a challenge best met with laughter. Its strongest weapons fall before a happy spirit. The world is full of bitter men, each jealous of the other's power, and why? David, why?—because their ambitions have overridden their natural desires. We are so busy these days guarding our liberties that we have no time to enjoy them."

"Tis a strange world, David, but a beautiful one, and there is greatness yet to be found in the souls of men."

Then he would smile at David. "But enough! Your world is not of such stuff, my tongue is of ill-timing."

David learnt to pick out the "mere trinkets of speech," as Merideth called them, and glean the truth from his words.

And the summer days ripened into golden evenings.

It rained that Sunday, hard and fast, drumming in a steady staccato on the leaves and branches.

The boys were standing under the trees, panting and swallowing, after their race for shelter.

It was strangely cosy and intimate in the green shade. The earth smelt fresh and sweet.

Merideth would have liked this, thought David.

"Maybe he's sick," said William suddenly.

The voice projecting on his thoughts startled David.

"No," he answered, "more likely he could tell it was going to rain—no sense in getting wet through."

He wondered all the same, they were so used to the sight of his friendly figure—his hearty greeting.

The lads tossed a cricket ball to each other listlessly, shirts and spirits damp.

Thunder clouds loomed overhead like black galleons in full sail.

"Shower, huh?" said Ginger, glowering at William.

William sighed heavily. "Of course, I arranged the whole thing," he said. Then added, using his own brand of logic, "It'll have to stop soon, 'cos we've got to get home."

It was over an hour before the storm abated, however, and the sun, when it finally did blink through the grey clouds, was in no triumphant mood.

The boys trooped homeward, consoled by the thought of tea—and maybe hot scones.

David leaned over the bridge after his swim watching the thrashing bodies below, lifting his eyes every so often to glance along the path.

William joined him, the water gleaming on his skin. "He won't come now, David, it's nearly five," he said.

David shook his head. "Can't understand it," he said. "Three weeks now—he must be ill."

"Maybe he just doesn't want to come any more."

"No, not Merideth," answered David. "Besides, I've still got two books of his."

"Tell you what," said William slowly. "They would know at the Gala Theatre—might even see him there."

"Of course!" cried David. "That's what we'll do." He grinned at William.

"Brains," said that youth.

"Hey, fellows," yelled David. "Come on out—we've got an idea."

They arranged the expedition for the following Satur-

day afternoon. David, being the eldest, would make all the inquiries.

Saturday afternoon found them outside the Gala Theatre. A narrow laneway ran alongside the theatre. The boys followed it through, into a courtyard.

A large cat, basking in the sun, lifted a sleek head and stared lazily at the boys.

Beyond the cat was a door marked "Private—Stage Door—Only."

"Wait here, chaps," said David, "and no noise."

He paused at the door and glanced back at the group. William grinned. "You'll be it," he said.

David entered.

The passage was dimly lit but farther along he could see a kind of office. It was glass-partitioned, and a man sat in its bright glare, smoking a pipe.

For the first time David felt a little nervous. The man took his pipe from under a large moustache, and jumped to his feet as he approached. The glass window shot up.

"Hallo—Hallo—what's then?" he exclaimed.

"It's all right, sir," said David. "I'm not—I mean, I only wanted to see Mr. Merideth."

"Who the—"

The man broke off as another voice interrupted. "What is it, Johnson?"

Johnson turned to the inner office. "Lad here wants to see a Mr. Merideth, sir," he said.

David looked up at the man as he came through the doorway. He had a pleasant face.

"Mr. Summers, that is, sir," said David. "If you don't mind."

The tall man said quickly. "Are you a friend of his, Sonnie?"

"Oh, yes, sir, a jolly good friend," David couldn't let the pride creeping into his tone.

"Let him through, Johnson," came the soft voice.

David followed him into the other office.

"I'm the stage manager, Mr. Burns," said the tall man. "What's your name, young fellow?"

"David, sir."

Mr. Burns put a hand on David's shoulder.

"Well, David," he said very gently. "I'm afraid I have no news for you. Mr. Summers—he died two weeks ago."

David felt a sudden stinging sensation behind his eyes. The grew hot and blurred. He stood quite still. Somehow the sound of shouting came to his ears and he caught a mental vision of an old man holding a baseball bat. Then all was silent again.

Mr. Burns said, "He was a fine man, Mr. Summers—theatre was his life—been an actor once himself I believe till it broke his heart—and he was the best stage-door keeper we ever had."

David looked up with stricken eyes. "Stage-doorkeeper," he said humbly.

"Fifteen years," said Mr. Burns. "Grand record, we were proud of him."

Outside, the sudden flash of the sun made David blink. The cat was still stretching out, the claws in its soft paw twitching with ecstasy. The boys moved forward in a bunch.

"Well," said William eagerly. David thought swiftly, watching the bright faces of his comrades.

He said, "Merideth's got to England. Biggest theatre in London—they want the best actor."

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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

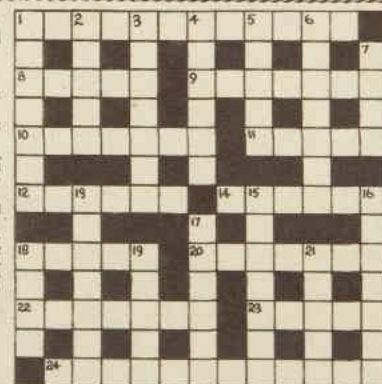
- This bird could not have been well disposed towards young Shakespeare (12).
- One of the faculties of which the common one is the most valuable (3).
- Herd with a wind instrument on its limb (7).
- Suffering which is more troubled inside (7).
- Porays, the centre of which may help (3).
- Nocturnal quadruped at a sweet potato (6).
- Border which seems to spoil the spirit (6).
- Head-dress on fowl (3).
- Riddles found in games (7).
- Blackguard in a melody for the ideal region of rustic contentment (7).
- Change in capital territory (5).
- Done by the actor who has the role of Cord in Shakespeare's "Love's Labour's Lost" (3, 3, 4).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Sound like the antonym of suit, but its opposite meaning is unlicensed premises (4).
- Local to a clip (7).
- Give life to (7).
- Opening to admit air and smells (7).
- Meal for father in rest (6).
- Fellow who with a book represents popular literature (4).
- Stomper whose head seems to incline slightly (3).
- Turn a male cat to a maxim (3).

M C A R U M S I E
A G A I N N P A N E L
S L I N G T I M O U S T
N R E V E T I E
A A E E
T I M E M A R C H E S O N
A N A S P E N I S
A C H E S A D E V O N
C O H O R S E O I
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S D N O S E S Y E
Solution to last week's crossword.



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Continuing . . . Everybody's Two People

from page 9

down. "That's what I told the police," she said.

There was Vanny's corner room, across from Dora's, beside the elevator, and next to the elevator there was the stairwell with the bathroom just beyond. Bill's room was across from the elevator. During the space of 15 minutes a man who knew this end of the hall could dodge in and out and here and there like a squirrel with several exits to the underground nest.

Bill, feeling odd little pricks like alarm beginning along his nerves, stared at Vanny. She looked back with big eyes.

"I wish I knew which one of you is you," she said, and, rising, cleared the table with deft and tidy speed. "I'll wash and you wipe. I like to help people and have people help me."

"I don't," Bill said. But what could he do later when, opening the door to his clothes cupboard, she hung her capacious apron on one of the hooks. Hooks were available because what should have been on them was lying on the floor.

"Goodness," she said, "this is messy. It's bigger than mine. But it's in the same position, right beside the door, and I keep banging the doors into each other, going in and out. I suppose you do, too?"

"No," Bill said. But he suspected that one of him was beginning to sag a little, and it might take both of him, plus, to be a match for this zany.

She came back to him and laid a small hand against his cheek.

"I don't think you walk in your sleep," she said.

She went away. He scarcely noticed. His cheek where she'd touched it was smoking, and he was still standing where he was, feeling peculiar, when the law called on him for the second time. Sullivan walked in, followed by Squatty.

"Make yourself comfortable. Have a cigarette," Bill said wearily.

Sullivan was patient.

"Do you ever go to fairs?" he asked.

"They're all nuts, Bill thought. "Listen," he said, "I want you to understand me. Most people don't. I'm studying pharmacy. I have no dough. I work afternoons. Nights I study, get it? I don't go out with girls. I don't go to fairs."

"The woman on the other side of you here, and the woman in the apartment beyond that went to the fair. Stayed overnight," Sullivan said, "last night."

"If a Zulu native collected human pelts next door to me I wouldn't know it," Bill said. "I use earplugs, remember?"

"There wasn't anybody in the next apartment, either," Sullivan continued in his pains-taking voice, "nor the one across from it. Travelling salesman. Gone last night. Who would know all those people would be gone last night? Well," he rubbed his badge on his breast. "Do you ever walk in your sleep?"

"No," Bill said loudly.

"But you take those little pink things out of your ears, sometimes, in your sleep," Squatty said, leaning close.

"I roll over sometimes, too," Bill said. "I kick my blankets off. But I don't walk in my sleep."

Sullivan stood up.

"Routine question. Clears up a couple of matters."

"Who found her?" Bill said.

"If she died between twelve and twelve-fifteen it didn't take you boys long to start looking for the guilty man."

"Janitor found her," Sullivan said. "Came upstairs around twelve-thirty to mop the hall and saw the door standing open. Reached in to close it and saw the body, lying on

the bed. Moonlight helped. Well, we'll talk to Miss Price again. She's been helpful."

Bill didn't get much sleep that night, and the next day began with trouble, too. A man in plain clothes was waiting for him outside his door.

"Are you planning to be back here again tonight?" he said.

"Yes," said Bill.

Gavin Polk, that afternoon, wanted to know if Bill had friends in the apartment.

"No, fortunately," Bill said. "Bill," Gavin Polk said, "a good pharmacist is friendly. He likes people. He wants people to like him. He talks to people. He wants them to talk to him. You're in trouble, and you need friends. Friends could help you."

"I don't want help," Bill said through his teeth.

Vanessa stepped into the elevator just ahead of him when he came home that night. Lafa started the cage. It rattled on its cables, and the single unshielded light bulb overhead shed trembling light.

Vanessa didn't seem to have anything special to say to Bill. But she was glad to see him. She said so.

"So you can tell the police?" Bill said.

"We are still infested with the stalwart representatives of law enforcement," Lafa said, banding the three in the cage together against the injustices of the world, but Vanny said she had grown fond of Sergeant Sullivan, and she would miss him.

"Where are you going?" Lafa said. "Nobody's allowed to move out."

"I'm not going," Vanny said. "Sergeant Sullivan is. They all are. I've come to know them quite well in the last day of two, and they told me."

"It's a change, having them tell you something," Bill said. "I understand you've been telling them."

"I just told them what I told you. I told them about hearing someone breathing in the elevator. But I didn't tell them about seeing a man dodging into the elevator, just before I heard him breathing." The cage stopped at the tenth floor.

"I'm not sure I recognised who it was I saw, anyway," Vanny said, stepping out. "It was a short, chunky man, but it wouldn't be helpful to them if I wasn't absolutely sure."

"What are they pulling out for?" Bill said. "They haven't got the murderer."

The cage rattled downward again, and Vanny halted with Bill at his door.

"They're awfully smart, with a little help, police are," she said. She gave him her bright smile and moved across the dark hall to her own room.

She didn't come back for dinner. Bill waited an hour or so before he heated the can of soup he'd expected to use for last night's meal. It tasted less like soup than usual. Nothing tasted good to Bill, including life, when he laid out his books and tried to study.

He wondered what Vanny was up to now. He wondered if she could commit murder. He wondered if she'd made up all that about hearing someone breathing in the elevator. About seeing somebody short and chunky. Hey, Bill thought, I'm short and chunky.

Her knock made him jump. It was a gentle knock, too, but it yanked him right out of his chair.

"I baked an apple pie," she said, "and I brought you a piece. Your light was still on. I saw it shining under the door."

He didn't get it. He just didn't get it. And when, a

very little while later, she looked at her watch and said it was almost midnight and she mustn't stay, he didn't get that either. She put her warm fingers to his face again, for goodnight.

"Go right to bed," she said, "and stay there."

Leaving, she had a brief battle with the cupboard door. Bill took off his dressing-gown and put it on the floor and crawled into bed and shivered.

He lay awake and thought that a dismal day had ended with a dismal night, and tomorrow looked dismal, too, and maybe the next day, and maybe the rest of his life. But the touch of Vanny's hand remained warm and gentle on his cheek, and the warmth began to spread like a growing murmur through his veins, a murmur that mounted and mounted until his head was ringing.

The horrible thought came to him that, maybe, in spite of himself, he was becoming one people. He began to sweat. But the murmur grew until the ringing in his head exploded into thought, a flashing furrow of clear thought.

Vanny was no murderer. She wasn't even crazy. She had come to him in honest need of help. Why? Because if Vanny had seen the murderer he had seen Vanny, too, and she had come to Bill, popping in and out of his room, to indicate to anyone who might be observing that she had Bill's protection. And Bill? What had he done? He'd nursed his grudge against the world. Especially Vanny.

He pushed back his covers. His bare toes curled back again from the cold bare floor, but he scarcely noticed. He went to his door and pulled it open and started into the hall. At exactly that moment Vanny's door, open, flooded with moonlight, silhouetting a man, began to close quickly, furtively.

Lafa. Short, thick-set Lafa, driven berserk by Dora's screeching. After Vanny now to wipe her out before she became absolutely sure she had recognised that figure darting into the elevator.

Bill kept on moving. He was almost at Vanny's door when a man touched his arm.

"Get out of here," a dead voice said, not a whisper, something less than a whisper, but distinct, vigorous in his ear. "We'll get him when he comes out. We saw him." It was the man who had stopped Bill with a flash of his badge that morning in the hall.

"Vanny's in there," Bill said, but somebody behind him slugged him with a hard, persuasive instrument. He felt arms easing him to the floor. "Stay there," that dead voice said, "and shut up."

They got Lafa when he came out. He wasn't in Vanny's room long. There were no shots. Bill, watching from the floor, saw the short, furious tussle as the plainclothesmen took Lafa's gun away and clapped him into handcuffs. They wasted no time. They hustled him into the elevator and started it down.

Bill got up and, staggering a little, made a dizzy start for Vanny's door, but somebody took hold of him again, tugging him back towards his own apartment.

"Bill, for heaven's sake, I told you to go to bed and get to sleep."

"Vanny," he said, all tenderness. "Dear little Vanny."

She got him inside his room. She turned on the light and sat him down. She stood lashing him with an angry glance.

"After all the work I've done," she said. "After all the trouble I've been to, planning this whole thing, persuading the police, hiding in your cupboard, all to prove to them that you didn't walk in your sleep and you couldn't have killed Dora, and then you have to get up and go wandering around in your pyjama pants, spoiling everything. What will they think? They'll think we're both crazy, that's what they'll think. Honestly! Honestly! Now we'll never get Lafa."

"They've got him," Bill said. He was still dizzy. "And I think I'm bleeding."

"Bleeding," Vanny said. "Bleeding, Bill. Oh, darling, you are bleeding."

He didn't say much while she washed and bandaged him. He was thinking that when one people got angry she certainly got angry. He was thinking she'd put herself in considerable danger for a man who'd been downright mean to her throughout.

And then that murmur began along his veins again, and he had a thought, one flashing thought.

"When did you first make up your mind to marry me?"

"The first time I saw you, naturally," she said. "Would I go to all this trouble if I hadn't?"

"No," he said thoughtfully. "No, I don't suppose you would. And all that talk about one people was part of the picture, too, I suppose?"

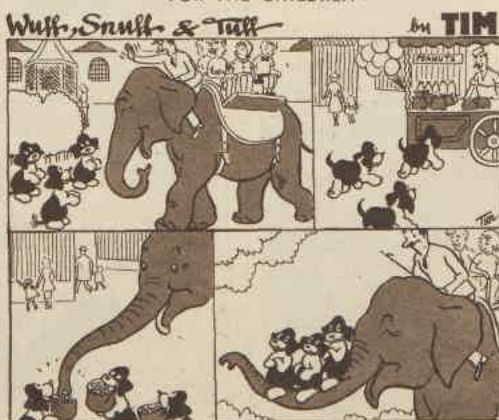
"Oh, no, Bill. She stooped to bring her blue eyes level with his. "No, that's the truth. When you're one people you know exactly what you want, and you never pretend, and you always tell the truth, and you never get angry or upset." She paused. "Well, occasionally, you might," she said.

He reached out and drew her to his knees.

"I've got a different slant on this one people business," Bill said firmly. "It starts and ends with no one else in the world but you and me."

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